# Collier's

AUGUST 30, 1947 10¢

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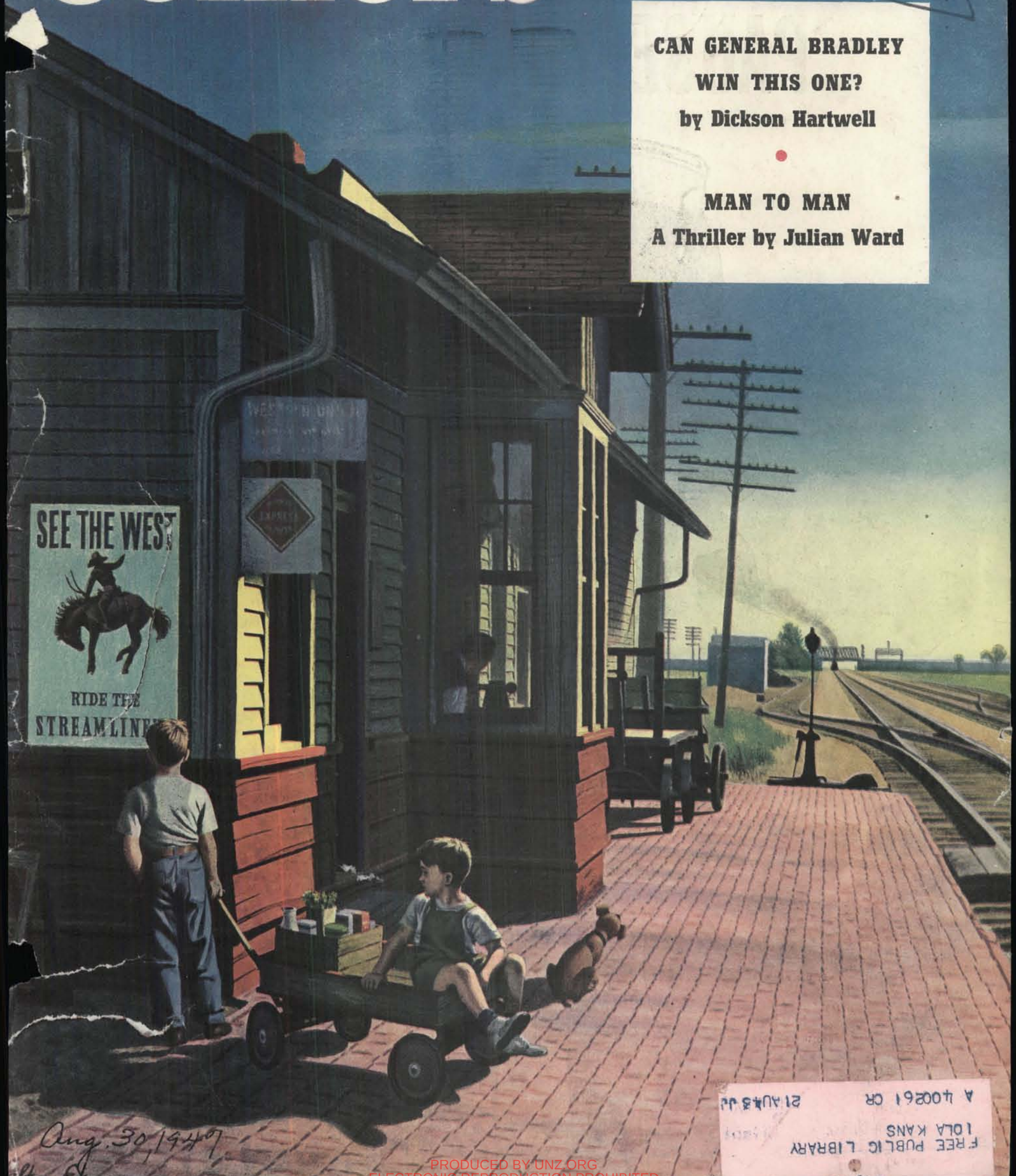
**CAN GENERAL BRADLEY WIN THIS ONE?**
**by Dickson Hartwell**

**MAN TO MAN**
**A Thriller by Julian Ward**




Aug. 30, 1947

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# The cop took a ticket from me!

**"I think I'd make a good cop,"** I told Officer Riley, "because every Doctor of Motors has to do some sleuthin' now and then.

"Take your car, f'rinstance. An open and shut piston ring case. There were plenty of clues—gray-blue smoke, high oil consumption, dirty plugs, and no pickup. Fortunately, it was an easy case to solve!"

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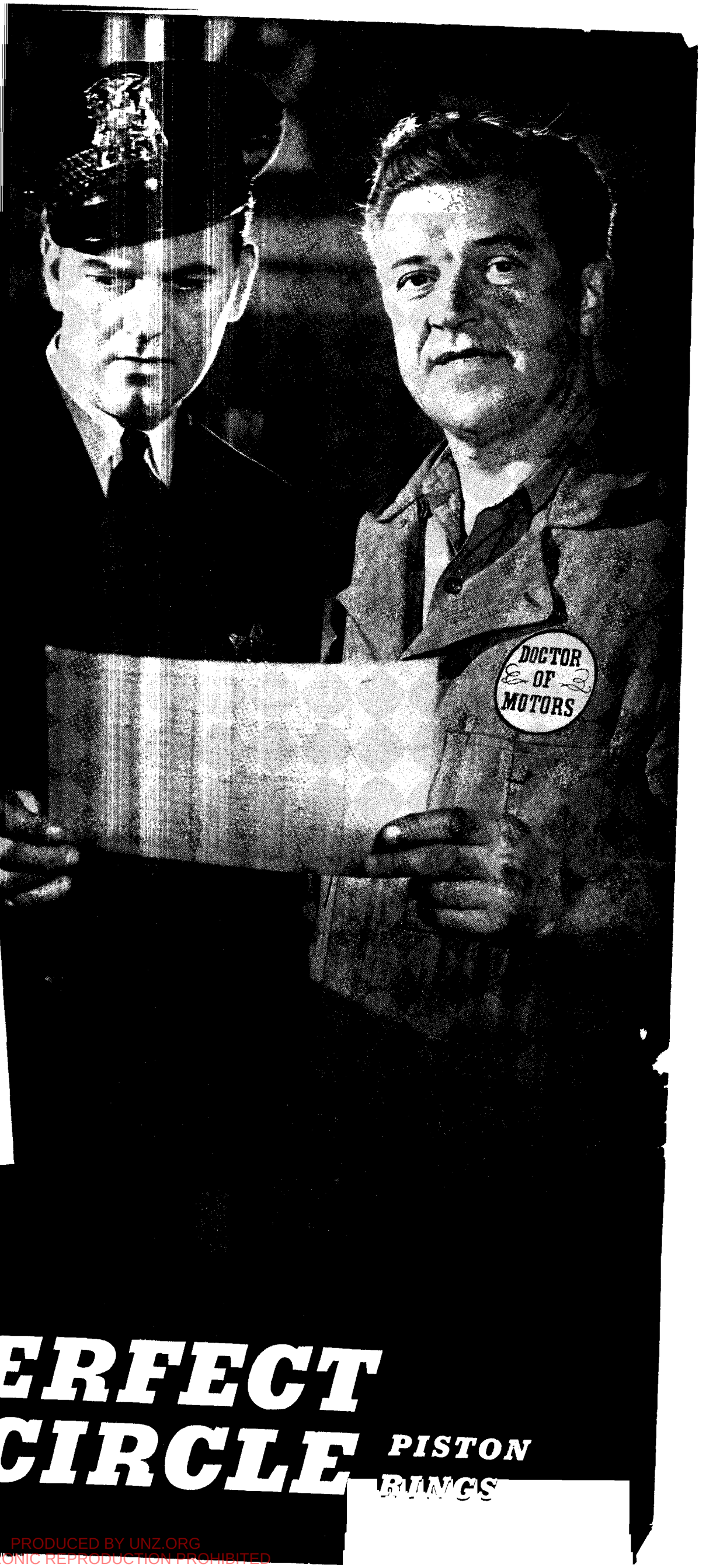


PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RINGS

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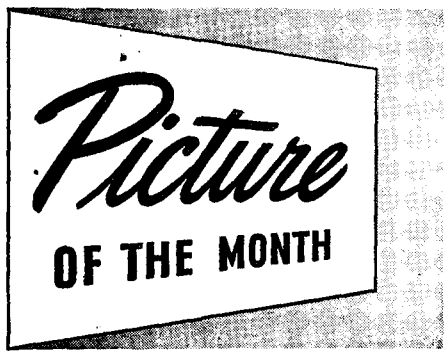



*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents*

KATHARINE HEPBURN · PAUL HENREID

ROBERT WALKER

*in* "SONG OF LOVE"

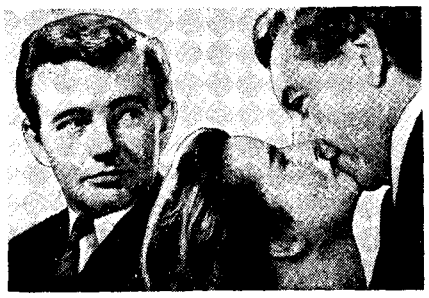
A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

*with*

LEO G. CARROLL · HENRY DANIELL

HENRY STEPHENSON

Screen Play by Ivan Tors, Irmgard Von Cube and Allen Vincent and Robert Ardrey
Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN



This month finds us in a romantic mood, for the screen has given us a brilliant and sensitive enactment of one of the most wonderful (and certainly the most lyrical) love affairs of all time.

In "Song of Love" M-G-M brings us the story of the devotion of two young and ardent composers for the loveliest and most gifted piano virtuosa of her day. She was Clara Wieck (played by Katharine Hepburn), and the young composers were Robert Schumann and Johannes Brahms (played by Paul Henreid and Robert Walker).

For her ears both geniuses wrote immortal music; for her heart, both men would cheerfully have given their lives. Yet their three-way friendship was often incredibly gay.

When you get a vital threesome like that together in an absorbing triangle, you're very likely to have something exciting, something touched with greatness. This has it.

Katharine Hepburn is sincere and convincing. Paul Henreid is at his suave and continental best. Robert Walker does a superb job.

"Song of Love" would be a triumph even with a minor cast of supporting players, but M-G-M largesse has given it Leo G. Carroll, Henry Daniell (as Liszt), Henry Stephenson and many others.

Possibly other directors or producers might have done great things with "Song of Love", but M-G-M gave it to none other than Clarence Brown, whose sensitive and beautiful talent was so wonderfully evidenced in "The Yearling".

To the quartet of screen writers—Ivan Tors, Irmgard Von Cube, Allen Vincent and Robert Ardrey—go our felicitations.

"Song of Love" is far and away the Picture of the Month—and that makes this the most romantic month of the year.


# COLLIER'S

August 30, 1947

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## THIS WEEK

### FICTION


OLD SNAKE IN THE GRASS — By JAY WILSON — 12
*What with women, it's a wonder there are any sailors at sea.*

STORMY WEATHER — By ANN MAULSBY — 16
*Their marriage grew damp and mildewed in the everlasting rain.*

MAN TO MAN — By JULIAN WARD — 22
*The murderer was stiff with fear. The victim whistled a tune.*

MAN RUNNING — By SELWYN JEPSON — 26
*The Serial Story. The fourth of six parts.*

THE GRAY HAIR — By LOUISE LEE OUTLAW — 55
*Like the sword over Damocles, her future hung from a single hair.*

THE GREAT EXPERIENCE — By WILLIAM FULLER — 59
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*The Veterans Administration chief is endangered by bureaucracy and politics.*

WHO TIED A KITE TO FOOD PRICES? — By LESTER VELIE — 14
*An inquiry into the causes of the housewife's devaluated dollar.*

FLIGHT INTO THE FUTURE — By CAPT. CALEB B. LANING and LIEUT. ROBERT A. HEINLEIN — 18
*How space ships could maintain world peace.*

BROTHER JAZZ — By EDDIE CONDON and THOMAS SUGRUE — 20
*The second of three parts. The author and his fellow musicians please some and shock others in high society.*

THE GEESE ARE FLYING — By HANS GROENHOFF — 24
*A visit to James Bay, Canada, where they rest en route south.*

GOOD AS GOLD — By RUTH CARSON — 34
*A swim suit of this new fabric will glamorize any gal's figure.*

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COVER — By *STANLEY EKMAN*


## THE WEEK'S MAIL

### GRIPE

DEAR EDITOR: We, by luck, got ahold of Collier's of May 17th and I am fed up with all these comments and cartoons of Korea. The people in the States think it is a big joke being over here.

The Congressional Investigation Committee only went to Seoul; didn't come to the outposts farther south such as Taejon, Korea. At one time we were darn' near starving. Our water supply was ten gallons to each company per day and that went to the mess hall. We didn't get water for showers till March and then you big shots at home came out with this stuff that we sit in lounge chairs and drink cocktails. We are allowed three cans of beer a day

LEONARD DOVE

"It's really funny to think how I worried during the war about my old job back at the Brownsville cement plant"

or three shots of liquor. It is summer now and it sure is hot. We have one cooler in the club and it is still not working. We are serving hot beer.

There isn't any place to go, there's nothing in town. Our movies, when there is one, breaks every five minutes. We don't have a Red Cross Club. And when we get a USO show it comes about once every two months. And they are going to stop them because they say they can't afford it.

Our Snack Bar opened this month and they only have ice cream to sell this week, and last, they ran out of ice-cream mix.

I suggest you redraw the cartoon as an unshaven ragged soldier sunk waist-deep in a rice paddy licking the mixing spoon from the Officers Club.

Yes, we have baseball and volleyball. We have no swimming pools and all bodies of water are "Off Limits."

E. M. STEWART, Taejon, Korea

*(Continued on page 33)*

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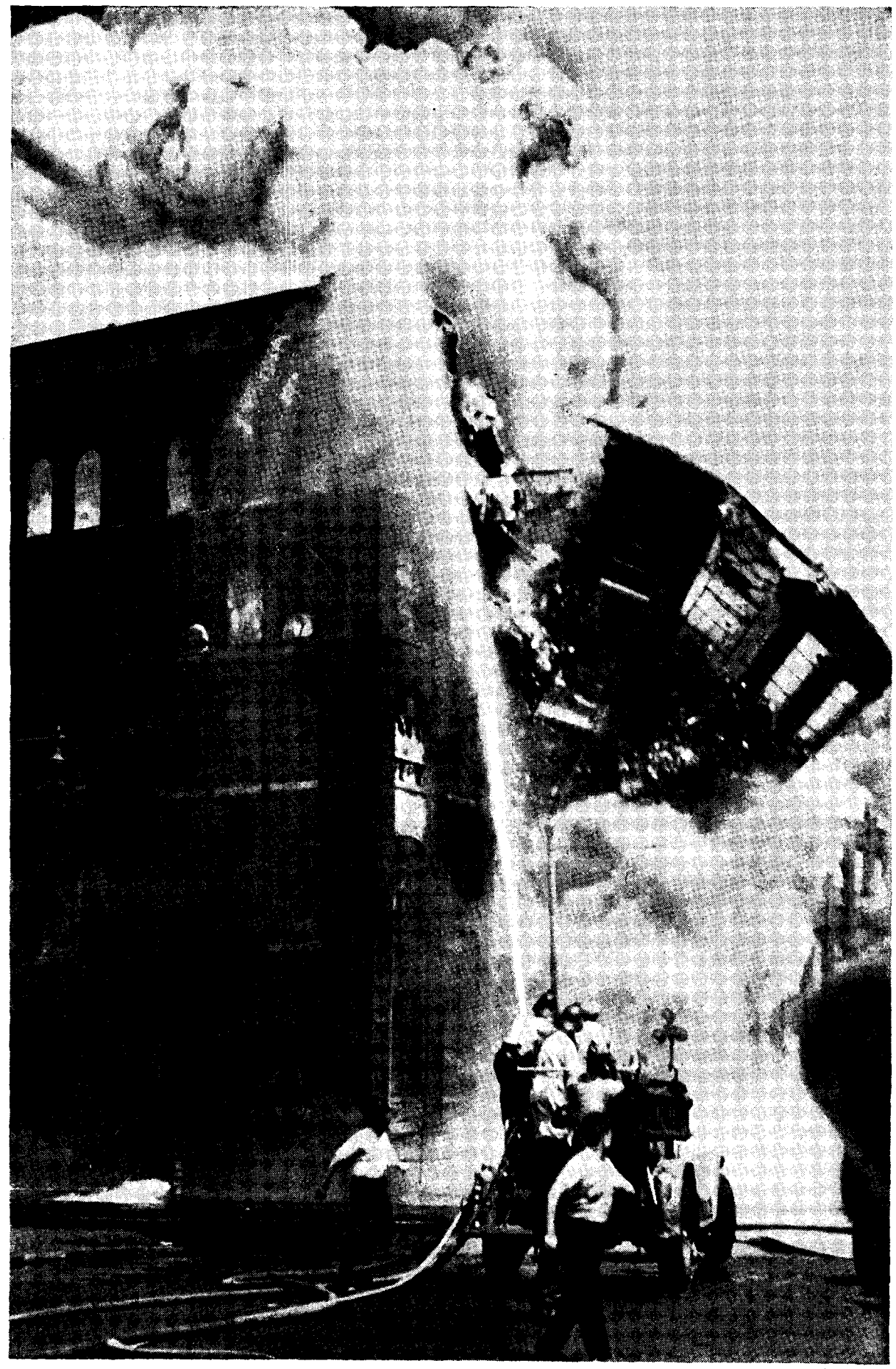
# You'll have the news before the flames are out!



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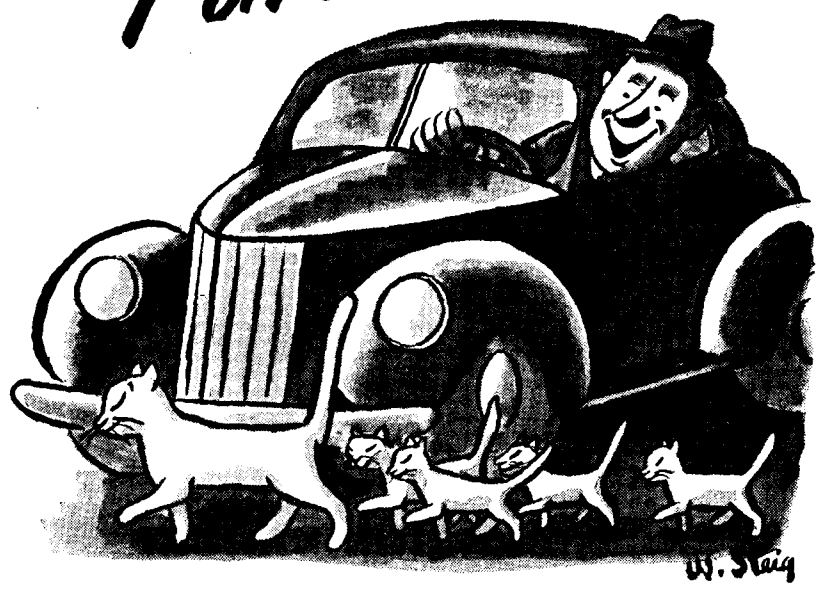
# For radiator PURR-FECTION...



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

**BY FRELING FOSTER**

*To attract* tourists as in prewar days, Scotland is reviving the tale of its Loch Ness Monster, a giant dragon-like animal said to inhabit this Highland lake. Since its "discovery" on May 1, 1933, a thousand persons have claimed to have seen the monster. Yet an organized group of 20 men spent six weeks in a fruitless search for some trace of it. Today, a circus still offers $100,000 for its capture, and a newspaper will still pay $500 for a genuine photograph of the alleged creature.

*The* magic mirrors, which distort images—making short people tall, thin people fat, etc.—and which are found in amusement parks and penny arcades, are complex optical instruments. By the scientific arrangement of numerous curves on their surfaces, they are made to produce hundreds of odd effects, the most incredible being that of one such mirror when two people stand before it. One is reflected normally right side up, while the other is cut off at the waist, the upper part of his body being replaced by a second pair of legs extending upward.

*As late* as 150 years ago, England considered suicide a crime as serious as murder and, therefore, a person found guilty of an unsuccessful attempt to take his own life was liable to execution by hanging.—*By Pauline Hathaway, Pelham, N. Y.*

*The* covered wagons in which the pioneers of the West began crossing the continent in the 1840s were not made obsolete, as commonly supposed, by the coming of the railroads. In fact, until 1924, the sale of "Emigrant Wagon Covers" was large enough to justify their inclusion in the catalogue of a Chicago mail-order house.

*Owing* to the method by which they were sealed, bottles found in ancient tombs have sometimes contained much of their original liquid contents. Among recent cases, a bottle of wine discovered in a 1,700-year-old grave in Germany was one-third full; and a bottle of honey found in a 3,300-year-old tomb in Egypt had undergone no change whatsoever.

*A baby* weighing seven pounds and three ounces (3,259 grams) at birth weighed, during its fetal development, two grams at the end of the second month, 30 grams after the third month, 180 after the fourth, 450 after the fifth, 875 after the sixth, 1,425 after the seventh and 2,375 grams after the eighth month.

*The* most decorated man in the U.S. Army is Colonel Edgar Erskine Hume who is connected with the Civil Affairs Division of the War Department. Since 1914, he has received 56 medals and other decorations—12 from the United States and 44 from 20 foreign nations.

*Since* 1874, the mints of the United States have been making coins at cost for foreign governments, whose combined orders have at times exceeded the volume of domestic requirements. For example, during January, 1947, our mints produced 190,414,400 coins, 60 per cent of which were for other countries.

*At the* present time, 18 countries, including the United States, are engaged in atomic-energy research for which, it is estimated, they employ some 125,000 scientists and are spending about $500,000,000 annually.

**Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission**



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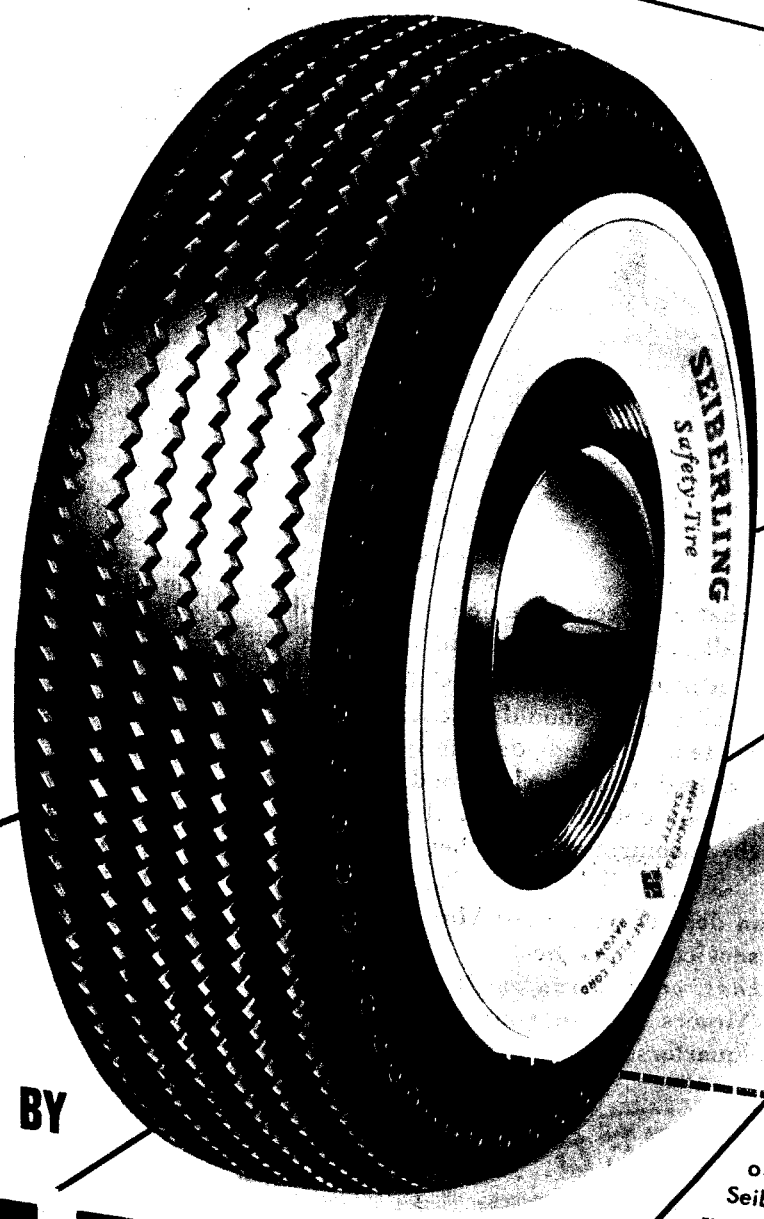

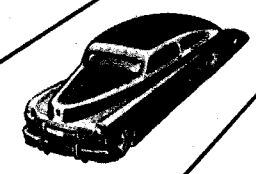

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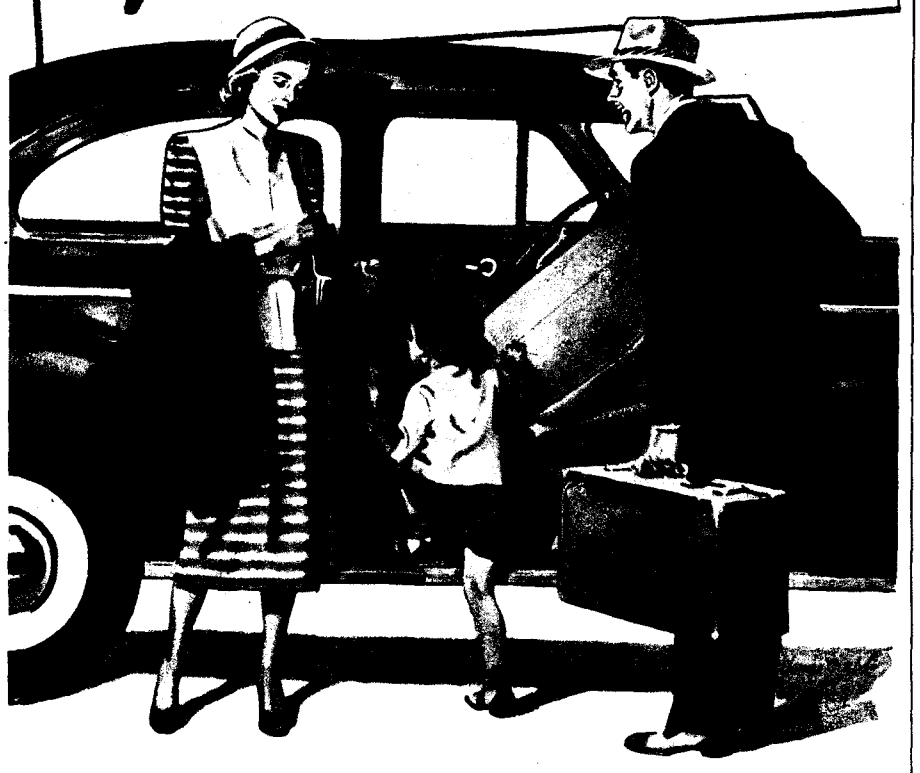
# What you should know about keeping *your car Safe*



STATE reports indicate that a defective vehicle is involved in at least 15 per cent of all fatal motor car accidents.

The way to keep your car out of this "danger class" is to have a complete safety check—*now!* Brakes should be checked and adjusted, brake linings inspected, and the hydraulic system put in good order. Headlamps should be properly aimed, with replacements made on all worn or defective parts. If shock absorbers are causing a rough, uncontrolled ride, they should be serviced.

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**Keene Crockett assumes the role of Knight in Armor**

THE other day the Collier's typists were typing at summer speed, the editors editing, and Miss Maggie Miles, Mr. Walter Davenport's most able secretary, was on the phone saying sorry, Mr. Davenport was filled up on articles about the Mean Rainfall in Ethiopia, when in clanked a knight in armor. There was a scream, contributed by Miss Miles, and the great publishing wheels ground to a stop, while everybody took a delayed double-take. What the disappointed contributor talking to Miss Miles said on hearing her scream is not known.

When everybody gathered around, it turned out the gentleman in the iron pants was Keene Crockett, an actor, and he was modeling the very latest in Middle Ages metallic cloth, so Mr. Jumbo Karger, the photographist, could get some contrast shots for our magnetic article on the twentieth-century variety: Good as Gold, p. 34, by Ruth Carson.

It seems that Mr. Karger had rented the Personal Tank, which weighed 50 pounds odd and was worth $1,700 (cheap considering its wearing qualities), from a theatrical costumer. He chose Mr. Crockett to model it because of Crockett's knightly patience, humor, and husky 185-pound frame. It took him over two hours to install Mr. Crockett in the glorified tin can, the armor having nine pieces, which fitted over a 10-pound suit of chain mail, which in turn fitted over Mr. Crockett's unmentionables. "There were no zippers," Karger explains.

Proudly, Mr. Karger then decided to show Crockett to the boys at the office. He hailed a cab. When the cabby got his eyeballs back into place, he assisted in pushing and shoving Crockett aboard, no mean feat since modern cabs aren't built to lug knights to the lists. Crockett crashed in finally, sprawled catty-cornered across the cab. Karger sat on the floor.

Followed a long series of passers-by registering double-takes and fleeing for Bellevue, and a battle at 250 Park Avenue with an unarmed elevator man who insisted Crockett would have to ride the freight lift. "A freight elevator for Sir Lancelot?" snorted the statuesque Karger. "Nuts!"

Crockett, while he did find the clothestrophobic confines of armor like a Turkish bath (he lost 5 pounds on the job), cited advantages. He sees armor excellent for elbowing through crowds; and the helmet can be removed to make coffee in. The entire ensemble might house a homeless veteran, after attaching a lightning rod for stormy weather. An umbrella should be carried to avoid rusty pants. Armor might be just the thing to fight Joe Louis in, provided an emergency escape hatch is cut in the back. That way, Joe can be kept swinging ten minutes without knowing the occupant had fled.

IT IS only natural Captain Laning and Lieutenant Heinlein should pilot you on that Flight into the Future by space ship on p. 18. Both have been planning such a trip ever since boyhood, talked it over as classmates at Annapolis ('29), and are war experts in the subject of rockets.

Heinlein started dreaming of running up to Mars in his home town of Butler, Missouri. Since then he has ridden everything earth-bound from a breeches buoy to a battleship, and was disabled and retired from the Navy before this war. He's been silver miner and politico, and now freelances on a ranch in the Ojai Valley, California. He avoids work in photography, the stars, semantics, fiscal theorizing, chess, red Persian cats and figure skating, and he'd rather we'd talk about Captain Laning.

The captain's from Kansas City, gave up farming in August, 1922, when a harvest of 2,500 cantaloupes from one acre of Illinois bottom land broke the town market and himself. In August, 1924, he joined the Navy, and wound up shooting "rather unscientifically," he says, at the Japs at Pearl Harbor, then spent the night of December 7, 1941, patrolling the battle line. "After that I plugged radar," he confesses. "Got the pay-off on my own destroyer at Surigao Strait, watching U.S.S. Hutchins' shells and torpedoes explode on unseen targets. At present I'm still plugging radar, but this time placing Navy bets on radar horses still unborn."

He has been nominated by the Air Forces to be chairman of the Joint Army-Navy Radar Committee, the brass-hat brain trust creating the Atomic-Age Navy.

**This week's cover:** Go West, Young Men. "The station is Northbrook, a township on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul," explains Artist Stan Ekman. "The would-be voyagers are my neighbor's kids—Ronnie Morgan pulling the wagon, and Denny Bruce taking it easy. The 'See the West' sign is not on the station wall; only an invention of mine. Otherwise the station is just as is."... TED SHANE



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**A myriad rainbows have smiled across a storm-dulled world . . . but never a one so full of radiance as that which holds a promise for her love. With just such sudden joy, her diamond will reflect her heart's fulfilment. The engagement ring-stone should be one apart, and chosen just for her. It need not be of many carats, for color, clarity, and cutting also will contribute to its beauty and value. Be sure to seek the advice of a trusted jeweler.**

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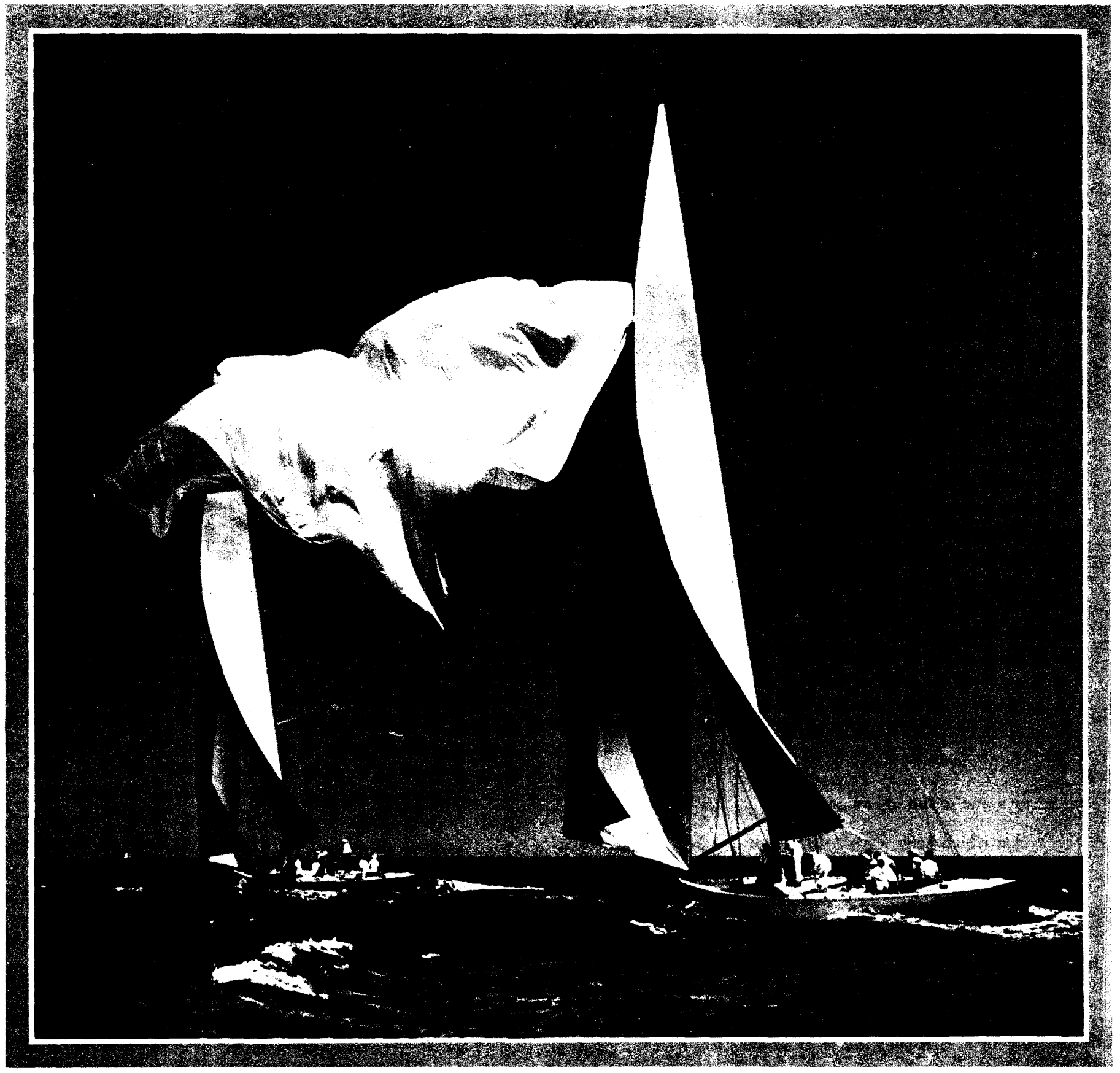

# *Wind won't wait !*

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# CAN GENERAL BRADLEY WIN THIS ONE?

**After two years as boss of the Veterans Administration, General Omar N. Bradley has won several campaigns, lost some battles and is now being sniped at from the rear. A report on his successes and setbacks**

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

ON V-J DAY, mounted on the white charger of public opinion, with the backing and blessing of Congress and the President, four-star General Omar Nelson Bradley charged headlong into the Veterans Administration to attack what admittedly was the finest example of administrative breakdown seen in our time. Bradley was hailed as the hope of the G.I.—the veteran to be. A man of courage, integrity and brilliance, he was a top field commander in Europe, and one of but three names on President Truman's list—the others were Marshall and Eisenhower—with sufficient prestige to undertake the task.

Today, two years later, king-size Bradley has been cut down to a man-size, harassed administrator who has been struggling with a job about as impossible as teaching a herd of elephants to ice skate. No longer is Bradley so apparently the heir apparent to our highest military post: Chief of Staff. Congress still believes in him, but with some reservations. His prestige with the ex-G.I. is still inspiringly high—except among those thousands who have been caught in the V.A. snafu. His personal staff is still loyal; if he resigned in protest or disgust, three fourths of the key V.A. personnel probably would leave with him.

But the honeymoon is over. Glory, honesty and a chest covered with fruit salad are no longer enough. There is now forthright and mounting criticism of his handling of the affairs of 18,300,000 veterans, who with their dependents are one fourth of the people. And even more significant are

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD



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# OLD SNAKI

IT BEGAN on a warm, sunny morning. The commodore was sitting on the yacht club porch looking over the delightful vista of sparkling water and trim sailboats stirring at their moorings. He sighed with deep content. His eyes followed the club launch plowing out to a smart thirty-foot cutter and he nodded approval as the man brought his launch neatly alongside the boat.

The commodore knew that the tall figure standing on Slick Chick's deck talking to the launch man was Jerry Downes, a sound young man who realized that there was no purpose in devoting any more time to business than was necessary to support his boat. More young men, the commodore felt, should do as Jerry had done; get into a business that required only an occasional executive decision and an efficient secretary to run it the rest of the time. It gave a man more time afloat. How was it the poet had worded it? Men must go down to the sea because there was a clear call that could not be denied. Basic, the commodore mused. Absolutely fundamental.

A puzzled expression came over the commodore's benign features as he saw Jerry jump into the launch. Now why was he coming ashore? It wasn't like Jerry to forget anything that would delay his getting away for the day in his cutter. When the launch came to the float beneath the porch the commodore saw a scowl on Jerry's face.

"Forget something?" the commodore called down.

Jerry looked up and nodded. "Linda just called from the office to remind me that I have to be there to meet some people interested in the Horton farm, dammit."

"Farm?" the commodore snorted in disgust.

Jerry sighed. "When I'm not there Linda accepts anything."

"Indeed? Then get rid of her, my boy. Get rid of her immediately. A yachtsman cannot afford a girl who keeps him too busy ashore."

Jerry looked as if he had just been stabbed by a good friend. "Get rid of Linda?" he bleated. "Holy cow, if I can ever make a human being out of her I want to sign her up as mate for life!"

The shock of Jerry's words on the commodore was considerable. He did not believe in the compatibility of women and boats. Because in his younger years the commodore had also been in love with and engaged to a beautiful girl. A very, very lovely girl named Clarisa. At the time the commodore had also owned a very lovely yawl. He was wont to recall in reverent detail the fine qualities of that yawl, the sweet turn of her bilge, the saucy way she showed her heels to larger craft and the way it seemed she would almost try to slip her mooring and sail up to the float when the commodore appeared. The commodore had loved his yawl as a man should love his boat. Nothing had seemed more natural than to try to teach Clarisa to love the yawl too.

So he had persuaded the girl to help with a spring fitting-out. Clarisa had mended one jib, hit her thumb twice with a caulking mallet, fallen flat on a freshly varnished deck and otherwise just begun to get the feel of the varied richness of a yachtsman's life, when, to the commodore's amazement, she had told him in words not altogether customary for a refined young lady of the period to take his goddam boat and go marry a sailmaker's daughter if he wanted a briny honeymoon. The commodore, of course, had made the only decision a true yachtsman could make. In vindication he could point out that Clarisa had subsequently married a young lawyer, who had been compelled to devote himself to an everlasting struggle to become a prominent corporation attorney in order to support the six daughters Clarisa had borne him. To clinch his arguments the

**Linda balanced dangerously against the cutter's motion. "Hey!" Jerry said. "Where are you going?"**



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# IN THE GRASS

## BY JAY WILSON

**The power of love being what it is, 'tis a wonder there are any sailors left on the seas. Or any women left waiting on shore**

commodore always emphasized that this unfortunate man considered himself completely happy. Better proof of the fool's paradise in which a woman could keep a man was unnecessary, he contended.

Now the commodore looked down into the upturned face of Jerry Downes and felt a vast pity and concern grow within him for this fine but misguided young man. He spoke softly and gently, as one should to avoid further unbalancing an already teetering mind.

"This is a very great surprise to me, Jerry. Uh . . . is Linda aware of your sentiments?"

The scowl returned to Jerry's features. "The only thing that girl is aware of," he growled, "is that life is earnest and life is real. Eary to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and . . ."

"It can kill a man," the commodore said.

"If I could only get her to come sailing," Jerry muttered. "It would open her eyes to what living can be like."

A deep sadness came over the commodore as Jerry walked away. He, too, would have liked to have Linda go sailing with Jerry—but for an entirely different reason. Land was a woman's element. If a woman could keep a man ashore she could ensnare him and mold him to her way. But when a man got a woman on a boat, all the flaws of feminine nature came to the surface and he could see her as she really was.

While the commodore would have been the first to discount it he would have been the last to deny that Linda had eye appeal. She was diminutive and dainty. She had soft brown hair and wide gray eyes. She filled a sweater so pleasingly that one was apt to overlook the firm set of her small chin.

When Jerry arrived at his office, Linda greeted him with a smile that was almost bleak. The commodore could certainly not have accused her of attempting sorcery or subtle wiles.

"I thought you'd try to slip away again," she said.

"No such thing," Jerry muttered. "I just forgot."

"You forget everything except that damn' boat."

Jerry sighed. "We're doing all right here at the office, aren't we?"

The bleak smile became a little bitter. *"We're* doing all right? When are *you* ever here? The sign outside may say that you're in the real-estate and insurance business but it should have a little one hanging beneath it that says, 'Ha-ha!' "

"When are the Williams arriving to go out to the Horton Place?" Jerry asked hastily.

"Mr. Williams phoned that he couldn't make it until tomorrow," Linda said sweetly.

JERRY headed for the door. There were times when a man needed to be alone. "In that case," he said, "I think I'll . . ."

Linda had him by the coattails. "Oh, no you don't! You'll sit right down at your desk and go over the deed to the Ferguson place. Then you'll go over to see Mr. Fuller; he wants to review his life insurance. After that you'd better drop over to the courthouse and see if they've recorded the Hodgekins sale yet. And this afternoon you can check over all those fire insurance renewals to see where you should recommend increases."

Groaning, Jerry sat down at his desk. In a moment Linda's typewriter began to clatter triumphantly. Jerry glanced sideways at Linda. Her lips were compressed in a complacent, self-righteous expression. She sat quite erect in the approved typist's posture; both feet square on the floor, spine straight, with both her stern and her bosom thrust out a little in their respective directions. She was altogether fetching. Jerry sighed heavily. If only Linda would relax a little. If only she would see him as a pleasant chap who only wanted to enjoy life in a way that harmed no one.

Linda stopped typing and frowned. Her eyes swept the length of Jerry's lean, disconsolate figure and rested finally on his rumpled, sandy hair. For a moment she weakened. For a moment she thought: Oh, the hell with it, I'll take him the way he is. Then her lips compressed again. She wasn't going to make the mistake Beryl Whitaker had made.

Beryl had been soft and had taken Freddy Whitaker along with his boat. It hadn't been long before Beryl's warm, buoyant nature had changed. "There's a patented galley ventilator on the piano, a spinnaker under the desk, and nine miles of Manila rope in the clothes closet. It's like having him bring his mistress home," Beryl said bitterly, "except that I can't shoot her." Two months later Beryl, coming home from an afternoon bridge party, had tripped over a hatch cover Freddy had left in the front hall during her absence. When Freddy returned home a little later that evening Beryl had gone. Arranged to resemble a human body under the covers of her bed he had found the galley ventilator, the spinnaker and the rope. The note on the bed had read, "Try sleeping with these, too. Forward mail to Love's End Hotel in Reno. Beryl."

A girl, Linda thought grimly, had to be practical. Love was love and fun was fun but there were also such things as eating and a home to be built and security for the future. She wanted her small feet planted firmly on solid ground, she didn't want to bounce around on something that stood on end every time the wind blew.

At this moment the commodore entered the office.

To all outward appearances he was a genial old gentleman with not a care in the world. Linda could not help but return his smile. Jerry regarded him curiously.

"Jerry, my boy," the commodore said, "I've decided to sell Smugglers Reach. Will you handle it?"

Jerry grunted and shook his head. Smugglers Reach was a desolate stretch of shore some twenty miles down the coast. "Sorry, Commodore. We couldn't touch it."

Immediately Linda bristled. "Why can't we handle it?"

"What would be the use? No one would buy it . . . at least not at a price that would make it worth the effort."

Linda sniffed. "In real estate today," she pointed out, "there are very few Louisiana Purchases. Small agencies that are successful take what they can get and as much of it as they can. I think we should accept the listing."

"Look," Jerry said, "there isn't even a road to the place so you can get a prospect out to it to show him around."

"Still, someone might be interested if you advertised it," the commodore interrupted. "And you could sail the prospects down on Slick Chick, couldn't you?"

Slowly Jerry smiled. "Why—yes. I could at that, couldn't I? I hadn't thought of it quite like that."

LINDA was regarding the commodore thoughtfully. She thought she could see what this was all about. Snide, that's what it was. And Jerry sitting there making believe he hadn't known the commodore would come in and then gilding the lily by putting up a little resistance. It would be the easiest thing in the world to get phony prospects to say they would like to see Smugglers Reach and then sail them down . . . or say he had sailed them there. As if Jerry didn't have enough excuses to go off in that boat as it was.

"On thinking it over," Linda said, "I think probably it wouldn't be worth our while to accept the listing. It probably would be just a waste of time."

Jerry grinned. "In real estate today there are very few Louisiana Purchases. Small agencies that are successful take what *(Continued on page 71)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

To all outward appearances he was a genial old gentleman with not a care in the world. Linda could not help but return his smile



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# WHO TIED A KITE TO FOOD PRICES?

**"Not I"** says the food processor—the packer and canner.

**"Not I"** says the middleman—the wholesaler.

**"Not I"** says the storekeeper.

**"Not I"** says the farmer.

**BY LESTER VELIE**

The Yankee dollar buys less than half the pork chops and roast beef it bought before the war, and about two thirds of the bread and milk. The American market basket (food for three based on national average prices) now costs $635 yearly as against the $340 of prewar. How come, since the land swims in abundance—more beef, more wheat, more dairy products than in the best war years—the sort of abundance that should, according to the rules, spell lower prices?

Let's call the middlemen and the farmers on the carpet and find out.

The meat packer speaks up.

"Suppose we start with a thousand-pound steer. In Chicago last June, it cost me 26 to 28 cents a pound on the hoof. But I don't sell all of the steer as meat. I dress out (i.e. reduce to meat) about 55 per cent of the carcass. Of course I sell the hides, and glands, everything I can, even the fine hair inside the steer's ear—for paintbrushes. But when I'm through, believe it or not, I'll be getting about $44 per hundred pounds for meat which cost me (after dressing out) about $45 a hundred. No, I don't lose a dollar on every hundred pounds of meat I sell. My returns from hides and by-products make up the difference and give me my profit.

"The profit? About 1½ cents on each dollar of sales. Here's proof: Last year Swift and Company sold $1,300,000,000 worth of meat and other products and made, after taxes, $16,000,000—which means 1¼ cents per dollar of sales. It isn't my profits that put your prices up," the packer concludes, "you do it yourself when you bid against others for the farmer's supply of meat."

Let the middlemen speak up.

"We're going to show you who got those price rises of the last year," they say. "Take butter, for instance. In January, 1946, the average cost of a pound of butter was 54 cents. Of this, 42 cents, or 77 per cent, went to the farmer. Last May, the price of butter was up to 68 cents a pound, a 14-cent rise from January, 1946. Where did most of this advance go? To the farmer. He got 10 cents of the increase, and we got four. And if you're good at figures, you'll probably see that he was still getting 77 per cent of the price. The 23 per cent of the dollar we middlemen got covered the cost of assembling the butter or milk, transporting it to market, delivering it to door or store, all of which required a variety of increasing wages.

"Let's take some other price increases," continue the middlemen. "The retail price of milk rose from 15 cents to 18 cents a quart from January, 1946, to May, 1947. The farmer got 2¾ cents of that increase. I got a quarter of a penny. Want to look at some more? Meat prices, for instance? The price of pork products, including lard, rose 18 cents a pound between January of last year and May, 1947. Who got most of it? The farmer, of course. He got 12 cents of that 18-cent rise."

How about the storekeeper?

"Look at me," says the A. & P. in ads in 2,000 newspapers. "My net profits over the last five years haven't averaged more than a cent on the dollar."

But many dollars make many cents. So huge is the dollar volume that profits for storekeepers, packers, bakers, middlemen are the largest in history. Here and there some wholesalers and storekeepers are making a killing with the highest prices the traffic will bear. Yet, on the whole, the food distributors can defend themselves against charges of profiteering.

Can the farmer?

Retail food prices have jumped about 90 per cent since 1939, but the prices the farmer gets have leaped 150 per cent. Of the dollar you spend in the grocery store, the farmer got 40 cents before the war and the middlemen and retailers, 60 cents. Now the farmer gets 55 cents.

The farmer has never had it so good, not even during the high-cost-of-living days of World War I. His net cash income is more than three times that of 1939. Since 1940, America's farmers have been squirreling away money in the bank at the rate of a billion dollars a year, and now have deposits of 10 billions plus some 5 billions more of savings in government bonds. Soaring rural real-estate prices have doubled the value of farm property. The farmer has less to fear from the sheriff than at any time in his history, for in addition to these higher farm values, he has sliced $1,500,000,000 from his mortgage debt.

And besides, the farmer has the peace of mind that comes from knowing he can't lose—no matter what—for another 17 months. To encourage the farmer to produce without stint and without fear of price collapse, the government pledged itself to support basic farm prices for two years after the official end of the war. (The support program has resulted in at least one screwball situation. When farmers used several hundred thousand dollars' worth of DDT to blitz potato bugs last year, it cost the government $80,000,000. So great was the potato yield, that the government had to buy up 100 million bushels to support prices. Then it destroyed part of what it bought. On most other farm products, prices are so high above support levels that a repetition of the potato episode in corn, wheat or hogs is unlikely.)

Here the farmer comes to his own defense.

"Why pick on me when the good old law of supply and demand is going my way? What do you expect me to do when 60,000,000 employed Americans and hungry foreigners bid up the prices for my products? And besides, you know darned well that war or peace, we farmers dance to the tune the government plays."

Here the farmer has put his finger on a basic cause of the postwar food debacle. If you watched government officials handle our food during the war, you wouldn't have to be a star-gazer to predict a clean-up for the farmer and trouble for everyone else during peace.

Boiled down, wartime food handling came to this: Officials so feared a food glut and tumbling prices after the war (remember World War I!) that they kept their eye on one goal—to end the war with empty bins and bare shelves.

Looking back, it can be seen that four grave strategic errors were committed which, added up, brought a wartime aftermath of high prices to America. Worse still, wartime food bungling forced us to welsh on promises to feed allies and liberated peoples after the war and so practically spiked our chief political gun—food—in the nonshooting war now being waged to save western Europe from Communism.

Fear of surpluses was the basic miscalculation from which the other three errors stemmed. They were:

(1) We failed to build storage space to carry over surpluses from the great wartime production of meats, vegetables and other produce.

(2) We waged a great drive to use up our unprecedented grain harvests by feeding them to hogs, cattle, chickens.

(3) We failed tragically to see that postwar relief needs would be greater than those during war and to prepare for them.

At Atchison, Kansas, there is a giant cave. As a scenic wonder it is in a class all of its own, but not because of its stalagmites and its stalactites. The cave's scenery consists of cold-storage lockers and rusting refrigeration machinery—$2,000,000 worth. Desperate War Food Administration officials started to make a huge icebox of the cave in 1944 when the wartime flood of fruits, vegetables, eggs and meats swamped private storage facilities. But they started too late and today the cave is a monument to one of the great food bungles of the war.

The cave-icebox was the inevitable result of the following developments: With Pearl Harbor, some government food officials urged that the first thing to do was to build more storage space to prepare for the great wartime food production that was to come. But the private storage and warehouse industry remembered (like all other industry) the great surplus of storage space



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during prewar days, and being practical, squelched these planners as "boondogglers and theorists."

So, when the country's farmers rolled up their sleeves and began to turn out record quantities of meats, dairy products and vegetables in 1943 and 1944, there wasn't enough storage space to carry over surpluses for a rainy day. There was nothing for Americans to do but store the food in their bellies. Which they did. Even so, hundreds of cars of eggs and other products were left over—and were turned into fertilizer.

A year later we couldn't fulfill our meat deliveries to our allies. Desperately the British sent Herbert Morrison to America to scrape up meat for his hungry country. But when he got there the cupboard was bare. A Congressional committee reported:

"One of the fundamental mistakes in the war food program was the failure to expand cold-storage space in keeping with the increased production which farmers were asked to make."

Yet the cold-storage bungle, costly as it was, was a minor-league boner compared with the big-time food blunder of the war: the studied, single-minded determination of wartime food administrators to use up all our grain, all our meats as we went along and to finish the war with bins and shelves as nearly cleaned out as possible.

Tables of statistics, particularly on farm production, don't make best-seller lists. But to the sleuth who's trailing the villain who made food prices what they are today, the wartime farm figures provide fascinating clues.

Take wheat. In the fall of 1942, our bins groaned with a record "carry-over" (surplus left over from a year's harvest) of 630,000,000 bushels. This was a precious nest egg, the size almost of a normal prewar harvest. Conserved, it could have provided postwar food for the hungry abroad and a drag on price inflation for Americans. What happened to the nest egg? In two years it was cut in half, and by 1946, it had all but vanished. All this, while a phenomenal run of good weather was providing us with the greatest wheat harvests in our history (well over a billion bushels yearly).

Where did the wheat go? Shockingly enough in the light of the later need, the wheat went down the gullets of livestock and poultry.

Livestock are usually fattened on corn. I asked a leading government livestock expert why wheat was fed to cattle during the war.

"Impossible!" he said indignantly. "Wheat is never fed to livestock."

### Cattle, Hogs Feast on Wheat

And yet government statistics now disclose that in 1943 we fed almost half a billion bushels of wheat to cattle and hogs. And in 1944 and 1945, about a third of a billion bushels went down animal gullets yearly. (We built up huge numbers of livestock during the war, 40 per cent more hogs and 30 per cent more cattle.)

How did this gorging on grain by animals come about? Government officials planned it that way.

Farmers were subsidized to feed grain to cattle to provide more meat. From the fall of 1943 almost to V-J Day, the government bought wheat at the going market price, and sold it at 50 cents a bushel less to farmers to encourage such feeding. Farmers also received a price premium for producing bigger steers and hogs.

In vain a minority of food officials pleaded, "Spare the grain. You can feed four to six times as many human beings with grain, as grain, as you can with grain as meat—and you'll need grain after the war."

Policy makers paid no heed; instead encouraged civilians to eat more meat with subsidies which kept prices down. (The government spent $2,000,000 daily when price ceilings were on to absorb higher livestock costs and keep retail meat prices stable.) The result was that Americans ate more and more meat, consuming 150 pounds per capita as against 123 pounds before the war—when the American diet was already the envy of all the world.

From this bare-shelf policy followed the third great miscalculation: "Relief after the war? Why, there'll be so little need for it, we'll be able to do it with our leftovers. And anyway, where's the money coming from?"

But postwar relief needs went beyond anything our food administrators dreamed. This time it wasn't only

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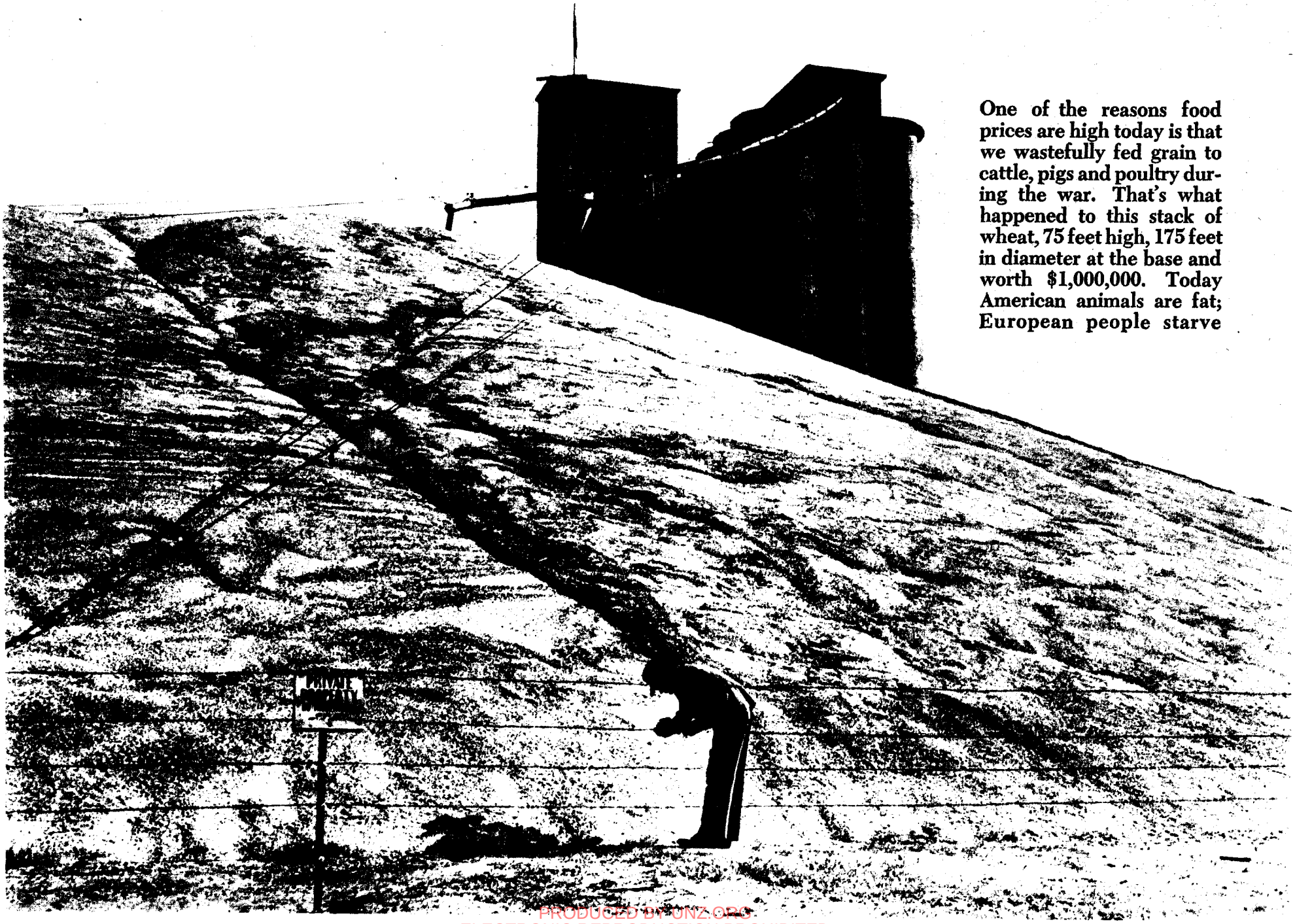

ACME

**One of the reasons food prices are high today is that we wastefully fed grain to cattle, pigs and poultry during the war. That's what happened to this stack of wheat, 75 feet high, 175 feet in diameter at the base and worth $1,000,000. Today American animals are fat; European people starve**

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# STORMY WEATHER

**BY ANN MAULSBY**

The skies were dark above their marriage

THEY remembered the island as a perfect jewel far out in the ocean, all sparkling sapphire water and golden sand. They loved islands; they told everyone there was nothing like an island for a vacation. Nowhere else could one get such a complete sense of isolation. And this was their favorite island of all, completely unspoiled. They had spent two weeks there three years in a row, but last year Charles' brother had got married and they'd gone to Wisconsin for the wedding, and the year before, they had gone to Canada.

So this year they were returning to the island full of happy expectation, almost as if they were going to a dearly beloved home. It was a disappointment, of course, that the Brookses had backed out at the last moment; the Brookses were such fun. But perhaps it was just as well, Helen thought. With the Brookses along, they'd be staying up late every night and drinking too much, but alone—oh, it would be like a second honeymoon. Helen pictured them lying languorously in the sun all day, communing silently together, their city-white bodies drinking in health and vitamin D. Charles would go back to New York full of renewed vigor for his work, more in love with his wife than ever. . . .

It was a pity that it wasn't fair weather when they left New York. Helen never boarded a train without vague thoughts of possible collisions; signals could get out of order, she thought, as easily as any of her household gadgets. The day they left, the rain was pouring down. It lashed at the windows of the train, and the lush green countryside could be seen only through a translucent curtain. Helen thought of washed-out culverts and short circuits. Charles would naturally have considered her fears childish; so she kept them to herself and began to work a crossword puzzle, although she found it very difficult without her reference books.

The rain was almost a cloudburst when they walked from the train to the boat, and it was leaking into one corner of their stateroom. In other years they had been with congenial companions—



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**Helen hoped that working the puzzle together, they might be able to recapture the thing that had gone**

Helen had a sudden impulse to make a drink for herself, just out of irritation, but the thought passed quickly, and she looked at her husband fondly, thinking how too bad it was that the weather wasn't fair, poor Charles deserved better weather than this for his pathetically short annual holiday.

There was a kind of pact between them that either could interrupt the other's reading at any time. Charles often interrupted her to read a paragraph that had particularly amused him, and Helen always put down her book to listen, even if she were in the middle of a sentence. And sometimes it was Helen who found something she couldn't resist passing on to Charles. So when she now spoke to Charles, it was with no sense of being tiresome.

"I just can't wait to get there," she said brightly.

"H'm," said Charles without looking up.

HER remark, she realized, did not deserve an answer, but she did wish Charles would talk to her. She wanted them to be gay and merry together on this first day.

"I wonder if those cute people from Connecticut will be on the island this year," she remarked some time later.

He looked up this time and shrugged his shoulders. Why was it she couldn't think of anything more fascinating to say to her own husband?

Years ago, before she had even dreamed of being married, she had wondered what two people could have to talk about together year after year. She had an appalling thought that she might run out of conversation after she'd been married a week. But she'd forgotten about it long before she married Charles, and had remembered it only some months later when she realized with what pleasure she and Charles read together, Charles stretched out on the sofa, she curled up in the big wing chair. Why, it was easy!

Of course these evenings of reading had become more and more infrequent during the last few years. This was the sixth year of their marriage, and during the last two their social life had doubled and tripled and quadrupled as Charles went up in the firm and spent more time with the partners. So-and-so would invite them to dinner, and they would invite So-and-so back, and they would meet new people at the dinner parties and would be invited to more dinners, and their circle of acquaintances had thus grown larger and larger like the waves made by a stone thrown into a pool.

In odd isolated moments it occurred to Helen that it would be pleasant for them to have a little more time to themselves, but she was so busy with little things all day that there wasn't much time to think about this. Besides she was rather proud that Charles was so popular, and that she perhaps had helped him. In spite of the fact that she had no special gifts—she played the piano a little—it was evident that other people liked her, and the fact that they did made her feel lively and gay when she was with them. The men liked her liveliness and gaiety, and their wives liked her because they saw in her no threat to their homes. She was no glamor girl, and besides it was clear that she was in love with Charles and had no designs on their husbands.

She loved Charles, and he had the most wonderful disposition in the world. It was actually true that they had never quarreled, even at the bridge table where she must often have tried his patience—for she was timid about bidding and never dared go to slam unless she had all four aces and practically all the kings and queens under them. Neither of them played tennis or golf; neither of them was a strong swimmer. All their tastes were sedentary. Of course Charles liked popular music better than any other kind, and on the radio preferred dance bands to symphony orchestras, but he was a darling about asking her to play the piano—even sometimes when they were alone. She didn't practice much any more, but she could still perform The White Peacock and some Brahms waltzes quite well, and Charles was obviously proud of her when people complimented her. He could never get it through his head, though, why she couldn't play a popular song and make it sound like Cy Walter or Teddy Wilson. She tried, but she had no talent for improvisation, and her attempts always sounded flat and dull.

Charles finally put down his book and smiled at her. She smiled back lovingly.

"We must be almost in," he said, looking at his watch. "We're three quarters of an hour late."

"I suppose it's all this rain."

"It's certainly been a dismal trip. We'd better fly back when we go."

"But it used to be such fun! It would be different if it were a nice sunny day. Let's go out and see if we can see anything."

The island was there, straight ahead, and Helen had a small perverse feeling of elation, of imminent joy in the two weeks ahead. But the little island which had always seemed to hold out its arms to them in welcome stood forlorn, dour and drenched in the downpour. No little bright-sailed boats scuttled across the harbor; they were tied drearily to their moorings. No dungaree-clad vacationers stood on the Point waving to friends on board.

Helen and Charles went soberly back to the stateroom and put on their raincoats.

"Nice weather for ducks," said Helen laughing, in an effort to strike a cheerful note. She had a way of repeating bromides deliberately, putting them in quotation marks to make sure it was understood that she knew they were bromides and was saying them to be funny.

But, although she had been doing this for years, she realized only now, from Charles' perfunctory laugh, that it wasn't amusing at all. It was a poverty of language, an inability to think of a new comment to make, that made her repeat these old saws.

The hotel room was small, and everything was damp and cold to the touch, but Helen flew around unpacking the suitcases, hanging up clothes.

"Maybe they're getting all the bad weather over today," she said hopefully.

"That trip was an awful punishment," Charles said, coming over to her and putting his arms around her. "It got me down for a while."

She knew he was apologizing for his mood on the steamer, and the cloud lifted from her spirits. She hugged him.

"It's the weather, too," she returned. "Let's go over to the Oceanside bar before dinner."

"Right. Maybe a drink would cheer us up."

THE Oceanside had been their favorite bar in the other years. There were many more attractive bars on the island, and several less expensive. They could never have explained the charm the Oceanside held for them, but after trying most of the other drinking places they had returned there for good; it had been the scene of many a merry evening with the Brookses and the Coverleys and dozens of other people. Lee (for Leonora) Brooks had, in fact, told them just before they'd left New York, "Go straight to the Oceanside and have a drink for me!"

You walk down a ramp from the street to a dank, airless room which, when they had last seen it, had been decorated like the cabin of a whaling ship. But this year they found it unpleasingly redecorated. The walls had been painted a garish Italian blue, and there were "cute" touches in the lamp shades and the bar itself, and on the doors of the retiring rooms were painted the words *His* and *Hers*.

"Never mind," Helen comforted. "It still smells the same."

The Martinis weren't as dry as they used to be, but Helen didn't care. She was excited. She and Charles hadn't been in a bar alone together in years, and with the warmth of the Martini she felt that the two of them were bathed in a sweet, loverlike intimacy that made her want to tell him all kinds of things about herself that they had never got around to discussing. The trouble was she couldn't think of anything just yet; it would probably come.

"Isn't this fun?" she asked him delightedly.

"Yes!" The enthusiasm might be spurious, but she appreciated his trying.

They looked around at the other people. One young man at the next table—he couldn't have been a day over twenty—was holding forth on the subject of the bringing up of children. At another table a mother was fishing a piece of orange out of her old-fashioned glass and giving it to her four-year-old daughter. There were several tables of girls with no men, and Helen's heart went out to them.

"Darling," she told him, "every time I see groups of girls taking their vacations together, I want to jump up and down because I have you!"

Charles squeezed her hand.

"Now look at those three over there." She nodded toward a table in the corner. *(Continued on page 69)*

the Coverleys the first year and the Brookses the second and third—and they had spent the four hours of the boat trip playing bridge and drinking. If it had been a sunny day they could have sat out on deck, enjoying the sun and the wind and the lapping of the blue water against the steamer. But, as it was, there was nothing to do but remain in the stateroom and amuse themselves as best they could.

Charles resumed his reading while Helen recalled the liveliness of other crossings. A couple of hours out Helen suggested they get that pint of bourbon out of her suitcase, but for some reason Charles didn't feel like drinking. And somehow Helen inferred that he considered the suggestion in bad taste.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

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# FLIGHT INTO THE FUTURE

Space ship (upper center) has left base on moon (upper left) to service interceptor rockets and is now speeding up to overtake rocket in 24-hour orbit. Rockets are similarly serviced in 12- and 6-hour orbits, these figures indicating the time it takes each rocket to circle the earth. For illustrative purposes this drawing is deliberately out of scale since the relative size of the earth actually would be much smaller

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# BY CAPTAIN CALEB B. LANING, U. S. NAVY
# AND LIEUTENANT ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, U. S. NAVY, RETIRED

**Calm scientists report this is no fantasy, that within our generation a space ship, based on the moon, could be used by the United Nations to patrol the world and stop future wars before they start! Here is a preview of such a patrol.—The Editors.**

LET'S assume that you Americans continue to back rocket science twenty years. We start our space ship trip from a base on the moon—or, rather, *in* the moon. The moon is airless, therefore it is convenient to live underground, in air-conditioned, pressurized rooms, for better protection against extremes of heat and cold. Air, water and food are brought to the base from earth. The air and water are used over and over again, the air being renewed by leafy plants grown in tanks under sun lamps.

Fantastic already? All of the techniques necessary to such a base are already in use; there are half a dozen American firms that would contract to build such a base if transportation to the moon is provided.

The base displays the banner of the United Nations. The commandant is under the orders of the Security Council only, regardless of his nationality.

We'll go along on a routine patrol of a vessel of the space ship corps. The commandant has ordered our ship to relieve a space cruiser which is now circling the earth. We enter our ship, the U.N.S. Jupiter.

We catch only a glimpse of it, through a port in the waiting room, for we enter it through a tube which extends from an entrance of the base out to the air lock of the ship. Our ship looks vaguely like a submarine with fins and swept-back wings. The wings are useless here, but the Jupiter is capable of entering the earth's atmosphere if necessary—hence wings.

Inside it looks even more like a submarine, a profusion of dials and instruments, spaghetti masses of wiring and tubing. Even the acceleration couches look like the bunks in a sub. We are assigned to couches and told to strap down. When the rocket ship blasts off we find ourselves pressed into the pads with a feeling of extreme weight and oppression. Actually the acceleration is not very great, only two gravities; the captain and his navigator are taking it sitting up; but it seems enormous to us after enjoying the low pull of the moon. The surface gravity of moon is so little that a 180-pound man weighs only thirty pounds there.

The acceleration continues for less than three minutes, the roar of the jets ceases, and we are suddenly in free flight—weightless.

It feels grand at first—you are light as a feather. You unstrap and float gently across the compartment. Then your stomach rebels (it's as if you were in an elevator that was falling endlessly) and you are suddenly seasick—or "spacesick."

The trip lasts three days, the nausea lets up and we even begin to enjoy the wonderful freedom of being able to swim like a fish through the air. Any body, mass or vehicle in space is weightless, no matter how strong a gravitational field it may be in, unless it is being accelerated by rocket jets.

We get acquainted with the crew. The captain is in his middle thirties, a former AAF jet-bomber pilot. His navigator has an Oxford accent and was formerly an assistant astronomer at Greenwich. The chief engineer speaks Basic with a strong Brazilian accent. There are many accents aboard—Russian, French, Texan—and as many backgrounds.

There is one odd uniform aboard and you have trouble placing the wearer's accent. His uniform actually means "Ph.D in physics"; he is an inspector for the U.N. Atomic Commission.

The Jupiter was doing a mile and a half per second when she went into free flight. After that she slows—you can't feel it—as she rises up to the change-over point where the pull of the moon eases and the earth takes charge. From there on she falls toward the earth—and you still can't feel it; you continue to float "through the air with the greatest of ease." By the time we are close to the earth, we are doing about five miles per second. You feel heavy again, for short bursts only, while the captain uses his rocket jets to bring her into a circular orbit around, and only a few hundred miles above the surface of, the earth.

Radar recognition has been exchanged, both with the ground stations and with the U.N.S. Saturn, the ship we are to relieve. The Saturn goes on her way, accelerating from her orbital speed of about five miles per second up to a speed of seven miles per second necessary to make the long, hard climb up to the moon base. The Jupiter takes over the routine of patrol.

Her main job is to service the free-orbit, guided missiles which circle the globe just outside the atmosphere. These guided missiles are unmanned rockets, looking much like the German V-2s of World War II but carrying in their war heads atom bombs instead of TNT.

The Jupiter is atomic-powered; these atom-bomb rockets are not. Their jets are fired with old-fashioned chemical fuels, possibly liquid oxygen and wood alcohol, for they need less power and cruising range. Their jets are fired only in testing, in minor corrections of course and speed, or—God forbid—should the Security Council find it necessary to order them to blast an aggressor nation off the face of the earth.

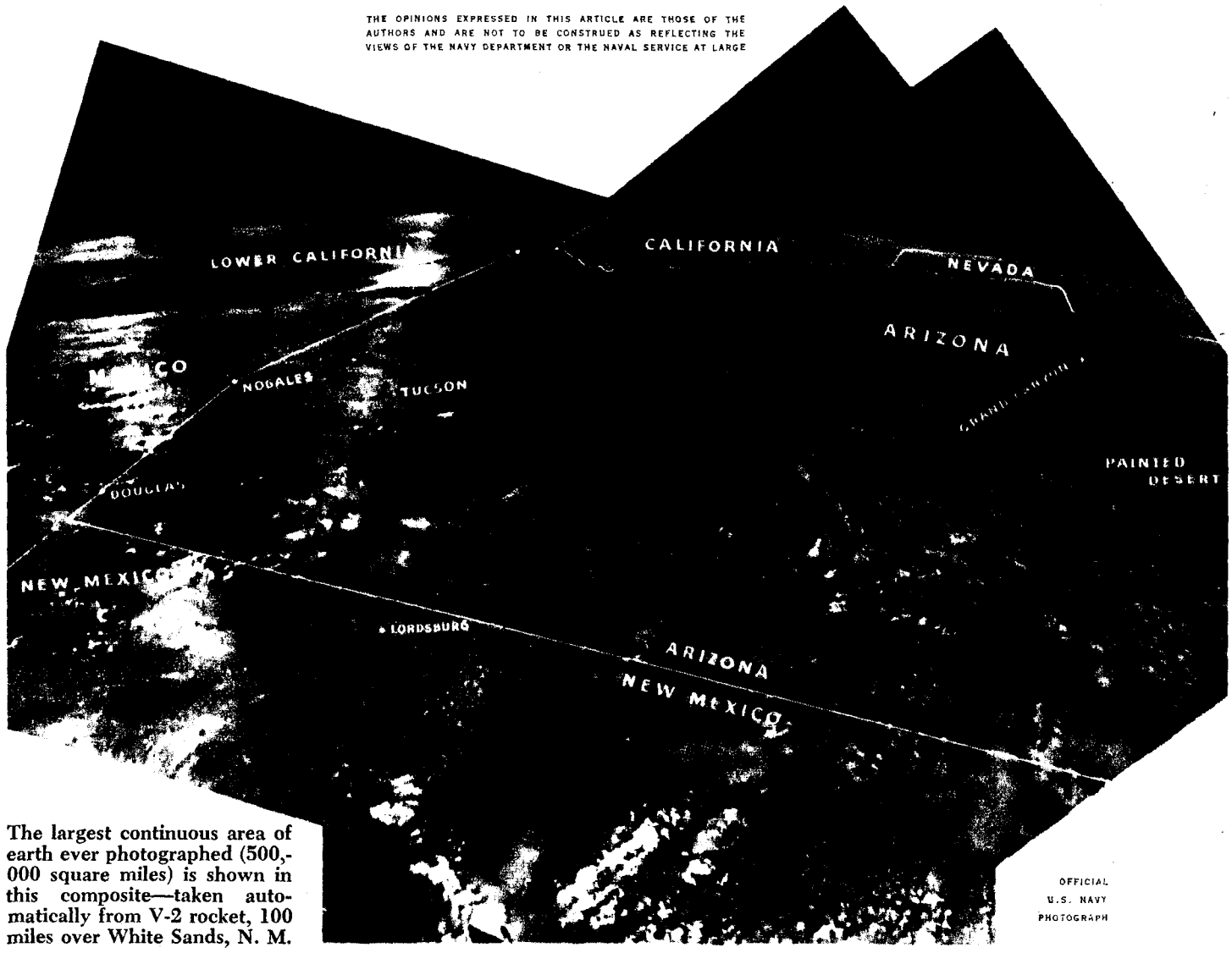
These rockets circle through the sky *without power of any sort.* This may seem strange, but they are actually artificial satellites, tiny moons of the earth. What holds the moons up? What power drives them? Once in place, with proper heading and speed (about five miles a second near the surface of the earth, less as you go farther out) a body will circle the earth indefinitely without using power.

These rockets are the "prowl cars" of the peace patrol. As few as a dozen of them can form so tight a network over the globe that no spot on earth is ever more than an hour away from the swift punishment of the Security Council.

The shortest time in which a satellite can circle the globe is about an hour and a half, but we can select any longer period we wish by placing the satellite—or "prowl car" rocket—farther out (higher "up" from the point of view of people on the ground). Let's consider a rocket with a two-hour period and let's arrange it to circle north and south from pole to pole, instead of around the equator.

*(Continued on page 36)*

THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS ARTICLE ARE THOSE OF THE AUTHORS AND ARE NOT TO BE CONSTRUED AS REFLECTING THE VIEWS OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT OR THE NAVAL SERVICE AT LARGE




**The largest continuous area of earth ever photographed (500,000 square miles) is shown in this composite—taken automatically from V-2 rocket, 100 miles over White Sands, N. M.**

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

ILLUSTRATION BY ROLF KLEP

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Tony Parenti and Georg Brunis at work. This sort of uninhibited playing caused one society matron to mutter: "Extraordinary demonstration of the freed libido!"

"Pee Wee" Russell's facial contortions (above) are said to fascinate the crowd almost as much as the notes he forces from his clarinet. Jam sessions usually include jazz musicians from all parts of the city. Below, Ed Hall does a clarinet solo, backed up by "Wild Bill" Davison's trumpet and Eddie Condon's guitar

# BROTHER

## THE STORY OF EDDIE CONDON

**Jazz had a hard struggle in New York. Amid high jinks in Harlem and falderal with the 400, the McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans managed to stay alive—but it was a perilous living even with the help of Fats Waller**

## BY EDDIE CONDON AND THOMAS SUGRUE

II

RED McKENZIE, of the Mound City Blue Blowers, brought me to New York in 1928. We lined up a night club job and sent for some of the boys we'd used on records back in Chicago: Frank Teschmacher, Bud Freeman, Jimmy MacPartland, Joe Sullivan and Gene Krupa. We called ourselves the Chicagoans. But the club job never materialized.

We didn't realize how little chance we had in New York. Violins and soft saxophones were the fashion. The only place we could play was in our rooms, at our own request. Krupa set up his drums and we played every night until the complaints began.

One day Pancho, a society band leader, said he was sending Jolly Coburn to interview us about a job.

Coburn arrived and seemed glad to see us. "Pancho is going to Newport to play for the debut of Princess Miguel de Bragança's daughter," he said. "He'd like you to come along as an alternate band; he thinks it would be an interesting novelty."

"I think it will," McKenzie said. "It will be the most interesting novelty Newport has ever had."

The Eastern seaboard must have been drained of blue blood for the Bragança party. Every name was a foot long; I was surprised that anyone ate with his own hands. The affair was held in the country club; the only common things there were champagne, caviar and musicians. Even the servants were pedigreed.

The Bragança guests were all out-of-towners; those born in the United States were pretending it was a sordid mistake, an unhappy mischance. The musicians were supposed to help the pretense with Viennese waltzes. I looked around; Krupa was adjusting a tom-tom. The artillery was ready. "Well," I said, "let's give out with some of that old-world atmosphere—Clarinet Marmalade."

Eight seconds later everyone in the room was staring at us. Pancho was smiling; he liked it. So did his boys. The guests couldn't talk because we were playing too loud; between sets we pushed them out of the way to get at the champagne. "Extraordinary demonstration of the freed libido," I heard one matron mutter.

"Lady," I said, "will you hold this glass while I get some caviar?"

"Extraordinary creature!" she said, but she took the glass and held it while I got some eggs.

Next day I met Pancho in the hotel lobby. "How did we do?" I asked.

"You were a hit," he said. Then he smiled. "One of the ladies told me it was just like having the Indians in town again.

"She was old enough to know what she was talking about," he added.

Back in New York our money ran out. Musicians came to see us and brought liquor but never food. It was then I discovered a simple truth about modern society: You can drink yourself to death on your friends except for one thing—you'll die of malnutrition first. When you're broke you can get all the whisky you want almost anywhere you go, but don't ask for a sandwich; it lowers the social tone of friendship.

Five nights a week I went to Harlem, early or late, whether I was working or loafing. I stumbled on a place called Pod's and Jerry's, a speak-easy at 133d Street and Seventh Avenue which specialized in fried chicken and piano players.

One night I went there with Dave Tough, who was in town temporarily. "Who's the piano player?" he asked me.

"Joe Sullivan," I said. Our Joe Sullivan, sitting between us, looked innocently at Tough. Tough patted his arm. "Every light has its shadow," he said. "I like both."

The Negro Joe Sullivan had a



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powerful, unique style. After his night's work at the Cotton Club was done, Duke Ellington dropped in to hear him. James P. Johnson was often in the place, eating fried chicken, listening and beating time.

It was a "cutting" joint—by five o'clock in the morning, pianists from all over town were taking turns at the keyboard, each trying to outplay the others.

It was nine or ten in the morning before everyone left; hitting daylight then, after hours of smoke and gin and music, was like walking into a truck. Frequently I went broke in the place and had to ride the subway home. If I had a job I would be in working clothes—tuxedo—and the honest Johns on their way to day labor gave me hard looks.

### A Date for Recordings

At Small's Paradise on 135th Street I heard Charlie Johnson's band, with Leonard Davis on trumpet, Happy Cauldwell on tenor saxophone and George Stafford on drums. Somebody, I thought, ought to put this music on records; it's too good to miss. I went to Ralph Peer, of the Southern Music Company, then a subsidiary of Victor. He looked dubious when I outlined my idea. "I want to use Davis, Cauldwell, and Stafford," I said, "with some friends of mine—Jack Teagarden, Joe Sullivan, and Milton Mezzrow." Peer finally gave in and set a date.

We made I'm Gonna Stomp, Mr. Henry Lee and That's a Serious Thing. When the masters were cut, Mr. Peer congratulated me. "You were right about the music," he said. "It is excellent. All in all I should say this has been an interesting experiment." It wasn't until I got out in the street that I realized what he meant. We had made the first mixed recording date on any national label, using both white and Negro musicians.

Shortly afterward Mr. Peer called me to his office and introduced me to Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams had a mustache and a problem. The problem was Fats Waller, my favorite piano player. The Southern Music Company had an interest and an investment in Fats; Fats, who was having alimony trouble, had become indifferent to his Victor recording dates—he didn't get what he earned, so he didn't care.

"Mr. Peer has recommended you as a reliable and enterprising young man," he went on. "We would like you to undertake the task of finding Waller and delivering him to the studio with a well-rehearsed band."

It sounded difficult. I hadn't yet met Waller; why should he let me discipline him for the sake of the Southern Music Company?

"We'll pay you seventy-five dollars if you can do it," Mr. Adams said.

At the moment I would have attempted to produce Herbert Hoover in a soft collar for seventy-five bucks.

"I'll try," I said.

"Fine," Mr. Adams said. "We know where you can locate Waller. He's at Connie's Inn in Harlem rehearsing a new floor show. You can find him there this afternoon. The date is four days from now; that will give you time to assemble a band and rehearse it."

Waller was at Connie's Inn as predicted; the floor show, Hot Chocolates, was being rehearsed. The score was by Fats and Andy Razaf, and included Ain't Misbehavin' and Black and Blue. Later it went downtown to Broadway, with Waller and Louis Armstrong in the cast.

I waited for a pause in the rehearsal; then I introduced myself to Fats. "Earl Hines told me to look you up," I explained.

"Ol' Earl?" Fats said. "Well, that's fine. How's ol' Earl? I'm so glad to hear about him. Sit down and let me get a little gin for you. We'll have a talk."

He was so amiable, so agreeable, so good-natured, that I felt ashamed of my mission; but I performed it. A recording date? He'd be delighted, he'd be proud; just any time. In four days? Fine. At Liederkranz Hall? Wonderful. At noon? Perfect.

I telephoned Mr. Adams.

"Very good," he said. "We shall expect you at noon on Friday. You had better stay close to Waller."

I did, but every time I opened my mouth to say something about getting the band together or discussing the numbers to be played Fats said, "Fine! Wonderful! Perfect!" and handed me another belt of gin. We were in perfect accord on everything. Nothing happened.

At the end of the first day I was not overly worried except in the matter of my capacity for gin. Obviously it was suicide to match Fats drink for drink. I began to duck and sidestep. All during the second day and the second night I kept trying. "Fine! Wonderful! Perfect!" Fats said whenever I mentioned the recording date. "Now let's have a little gin and talk about it." The third day I was desperate; as night came on I kept talking and Fats kept handing me drinks. There was still no band. "After we get the band together what shall we play?" I asked Fats.

"Why, we'll play music," Fats said. "Now let's have a little drink and talk about it."

Things grew faint and finally dark. When I woke I was lying on the wall cushions at Connie's Inn. It was half past ten in the morning. On another cushion Fats was curled up. I staggered over to him. He opened his eyes and smiled.

"It's half past ten," I croaked. "We're due at the studio at noon."

He sat up, stretched and yawned.

"That's fine! That's wonderful! That's perfect!" he said. "Now we've got to see about that band. Look around for some nickels so I can make that telephone go."

### Fats Finally Gets Busy

He went to the phone booth and made three calls. By the time we finished washing and straightening our clothes three musicians had arrived: Charlie Gains, a trumpet player; Charlie Irvis, a trombonist; and Arville Harris, who played clarinet and alto saxophone.

"What are you going to play?" I asked, though by now I figured it didn't matter. Mr. Adams would throw me out on arrival.

"You mean what are *we* going to play?" Fats said. "Man, you're with us. Where's your banjo?"

"But I'm not supposed to play with you," I said. "I only came to make the date and help you get the band together."

Fats looked hurt. "You mean you don't want to play with us?" he said.

"I would love to play with you," I said. "My banjo is at the Riverside Towers."

"We'll stop and get it," Fats said. "Charlie, get a taxi."

We piled into a taxi and headed down Seventh Avenue.

"Now here is what we are going to

*(Continued on page 56)*

**Jack Teagarden, trombonist, and "Hot Lips" Page, trumpet player (above), share a really joyful appreciation of jazz music. Teagarden was one of the group which made the first mixed recording date on any national label, using both white and Negro musicians. The rhythm section (below) often takes solo breaks when a man like Johnny Blowers cuts loose on his drums. His accomplice in this paroxysm is Morey Raymond, who plays bass. Both are regular players at Condon's night club**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

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The quiet English countryside was to play host to an appalling murder that afternoon

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# MAN TO MAN

## BY JULIAN WARD

MEN usually commit murder because it is the only thing left that they can do. They usually try everything else first and only kill as a last resort.

Johnny Cooper certainly tried everything else first, but it was no good. In the end there was only one thing left for him to do. He had no choice.

When Tom Willett said, "Well, I must be off. I have to go over to Hillbourne," Johnny Cooper felt his heart stop beating. He knew now that he must commit murder. And so he got up from his chair and said, "I'll walk over with you, Tom," and took up his hat from the window seat where it was lying. He knew then, at that moment, that before the sun set he would be a murderer. And it meant nothing to him. There was nothing left for him to feel about it. It was something he could not avoid.

Tom Willett said to him, "That's the stuff, old boy," and took up his cap. He said, "Well, thanks for the tea, Lucy. I'll be seeing you around one of these days. Be good."

"Goodby, Lucy," said Johnny. "Thanks for the tea."

And then the two men went out of the cottage into the afternoon sunshine and walked side by side down the dusty lane with the scent of cabbage fields and drying hay sharp in their nostrils.

As they walked, Johnny Cooper thought to himself: If he had not said he was going to Hillbourne I might never have done it. But now I shall do it. It's all worked out that I do it.

He was a thin, slight man, perhaps a little taller than average, and about as tall as Tom Willett, though much lighter in weight. He was a thinker, chiefly, and he liked to read books beside the fire or in a deck chair in the garden, and he liked to hear violins on the radio. He was, in fact, usually too busy thinking ever to make much progress in the world. He was not at all the sort of man you would expect to commit a murder. . . .

Walking down the lane, Tom Willett said to him, "What time does the Red Lion open? Seven, isn't it?" And Johnny Cooper said, "Yes, seven. Seven on Sundays."

The two of them walked on side by side between the high, dusty hedges, and Johnny Cooper noticed tall foxgloves standing like patient onlookers on either side of the road. He noticed, too, where there were blackberries and pointed them out to Tom.

Tom Willett said, "Yes. A good year for blackberries. I'm very fond of blackberry and apple pudding. I usually make at least one each year."

Johnny Cooper nodded. He said, "I'm very fond of them myself."

He was thinking about his feelings for Tom Willett. He decided that he did not hate Tom Willett. At least, he did not particularly dislike him for what he was or for what he did. He was all right in his own way.

But he hated him for being there. It was his presence there which made Johnny's life impossible. He thought: Why can't you go away? You don't belong here. Why can't you go somewhere else and leave me alone?

The two men walked on down the lane and Johnny felt Tom Willett walking by his side and hated him for it. He felt the hatred burning like a small fire of red-hot coals inside his mind. At the end of the lane the two men climbed a stile and took a footpath that led away upward into the hills.

As soon as they were clear of the road Tom Willett began to sing in a loud baritone.

"Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daugh—ter! A-a-way, you rolling riv-er," he sang—and, in a clear, thin tenor, Johnny Cooper joined in; he had a good sense of harmony. They slowed down their steps until they beat the time of the slow tune, and Tom Willett swung his stick and slashed at the heads of the wild flowers as they passed.

He was a big man, with heavy arms and legs, and a big, barrel chest which seemed to make him walk with a heavy, pounding, slightly bowlegged strength as though he were crushing down the ground beneath his feet. He had a plump, reddish face and a brown mustache which gave him a sporting, horsy air. His expression was contented and seldom showed any change.

By profession he had something to do with engineering. It was a good job and he seemed always to have enough money in his pockets, and to be able to take Friday or Monday off to make a long week end whenever he felt like it.

He walked up the hillside now with an untiring, steady tread which spoke of determination and capability. Johnny Cooper, a little out of breath himself, was aware of it. He felt Tom Willett made him look a bit of a dope—perhaps one might even say a failure. But, he said to himself, there was a way of wiping that out. When they reached the place on the hill he was going to make things equal once and for all. He said to himself: I will do it. I've got to do it now.

When he thought about doing it he felt his stomach contract into a hard knot inside him. It was a terrible thing to do. It was a terrible and amazing thing to do to take another man's life away from him. It was the most terrifying thing that anyone could ever do. It was one of the things which towered above ordinary living like a great, cloud-topped mountain. It was as huge and terrible as Mount Everest. Death and Mount Everest—two vast, majestic things which soared beyond the sight of man, unknown, unknowable, and magnificent. Johnny Cooper saw himself standing far above the earth, the world spread out far below his feet, alone, remote, and powerful. He held death in his hands.

They walked on, climbing higher and higher up the hillside. There were no fields here, but only spiky grass, rabbit warrens, and small wind-swept bushes, bent and twisted by the gales of bygone winters. Tom Willett said, "Jackson, the baker, wants to sell me a pup from his litter."

Johnny Cooper said, "Does he? What are they—spaniels?"

Tom Willett said, "Yes, spaniels. But I don't want a spaniel. I want a mongrel. Mongrels make the best house dogs. I had one once, a cross between a collie and a terrier. It was a wonderful house dog. But of course mongrels are a tossup."

"Yes, I suppose so."

JOHNNY COOPER thought: I shall come back down this hill alone—walk back down this slope alone. There will be no one with me. I shall leave Tom behind me and he will never come back, and I shall never find Lucy talking to Tom again. Lucy will talk only to me after tonight.

He began to make his arrangements inside his head. He knew exactly the spot where he was going to do it. He could see the spot in his mind. He could see it as clearly as if he had a photograph enlarged to an immense size in front of him. He could see the gate which led to it, and the pathway, and the stiff grass growing up between the loose stones. If he concentrated he felt that he could even count the stones themselves. There was no detail which he did not know.

He knew the time too, the precise moment at which he must do it. He knew it to the smallest thousandth part of a second—the one swift, isolated instant at which he must shoot out his hand and finish it, finish Tom Willett forever.

As he thought of it his legs trembled and the sweat stood cold upon his forehead. He took off his hat and walked with it in his hand, letting the wind blow through his hair and breathe upon his flesh.

He thought, then, of what he must say afterward. There would be questions—hundreds of hostile, traplike questions. But he knew what he would say. He had only one thing to say. It was an accident. He would just keep on saying the one thing. It was an accident.

They would say he had a motive. That was true, but a motive was not proof. And there would never be proof. No one would ever be able to say for certain what had happened up here in the hills. Only he would know, and he would say that it was an accident. He would say that it was an accident as long as he lived.

They plodded on up the hillside. They were nearing the top now and the wind beat upon them and pushed against them so that they had to walk leaning forward against it. They passed scattered groups of moss-grown rocks which seemed to have pushed themselves up through the earth like great lizards seeking for air. Higher up a soiled-looking sheep looked down at them, seeming lost but uncaring. No doubt one place was much the same to it as another.

Tom Willett looked at his watch. He said, "I shall take the bus back, I think. It gets dark earlier now. I shall have walked far enough—I don't walk enough these days."

Johnny Cooper looked down from the hilltop over the countryside below. The village lay there, sheltered by elm trees. The trees lifted their feathery tops above the slate roofs and hid them. Only the church tower stood out hard and square among the soft leaves of the trees. The road wound between the open fields and disappeared in among the trees and houses and emerged again like a snake on the other side. There was a market square in the village, but from the hillside it was hidden. Johnny Cooper worked in the market square. He worked in an office on the first floor of an old building facing the church. He sat there every day writing out details of life policies, and fire insurance and annuities and what have you. It was a good job in its way, quiet and steady, but it got you nowhere really. There was no quick money in it, and life was a little disappointing sometimes compared with what he had once thought it would be. But then there were always books for consolation.

A few minutes later the track that they were following turned round the

*(Continued on page 63)*

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# THE GEESE ARE FLYING

## BY HANS GROENHOFF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

**Armed with his camera, a photographer flies to James Bay for a rendezvous with the greatest concentration of wild geese in the world**

WHEN the brief arctic summer draws to a close, great flocks of blue geese rise from their nesting grounds on Baffin Island, north of the Hudson Strait, and begin the long migration across Canada and down the United States to their winter quarters in the delta country of the Mississippi.

So far as naturalists know, they make but one stop; they drop down by the thousands at James Bay, at the southern end of Hudson Bay, and feed for several weeks in the lush marsh grass of the open tidal flats. During this period the James Bay area has the greatest concentration of wild geese in the world. Most of them are blue geese, or "waveys," as the natives call them, but there is also a large sprinkling of the more common white Canada goose.

Canadian and American sportsmen have long known of this gunners' paradise but did almost nothing about it because James Bay is uninhabited and virtually inaccessible except by canoe in the summer before the geese arrive, and by dog team in the winter after the geese have gone. No one hunted there except the Cree Indians who spend their summers near the Hudson's Bay Company posts.

A couple years ago, however, Tom Wheeler became interested. Wheeler operates a small fleet of airplanes out of St. Jovite, Quebec, about 80 miles north of Montreal, with which he flies hunters, trappers and prospectors, with their equipment, in and out of the Canadian bush. When he has spare time, he's out in the bush himself on hunting trips. Wheeler decided to have a go at the geese in James Bay. He loaded food, sleeping bags, guns and ammunition into a seaplane and with two friends set out for the north. Five days later they returned with a planeload of geese and thrilling tales of their hunting adventures.

Last year Wheeler set up a small camp of three tents on Goose Creek, six miles upstream from James Bay, and far enough inland to be out of reach of the tidal floods. A kitchen stove, sleeping bags, canned food and other supplies were flown in. Stewart Forbell, an experienced hand in the bush, and Palma Denis, an old-time camp cook, were placed in charge and four Indians were brought in from Rupert House, a Hudson's Bay Company post 40 miles away. These Indians became guides for Wheeler only because they were his friends, and were not to be treated as servants.

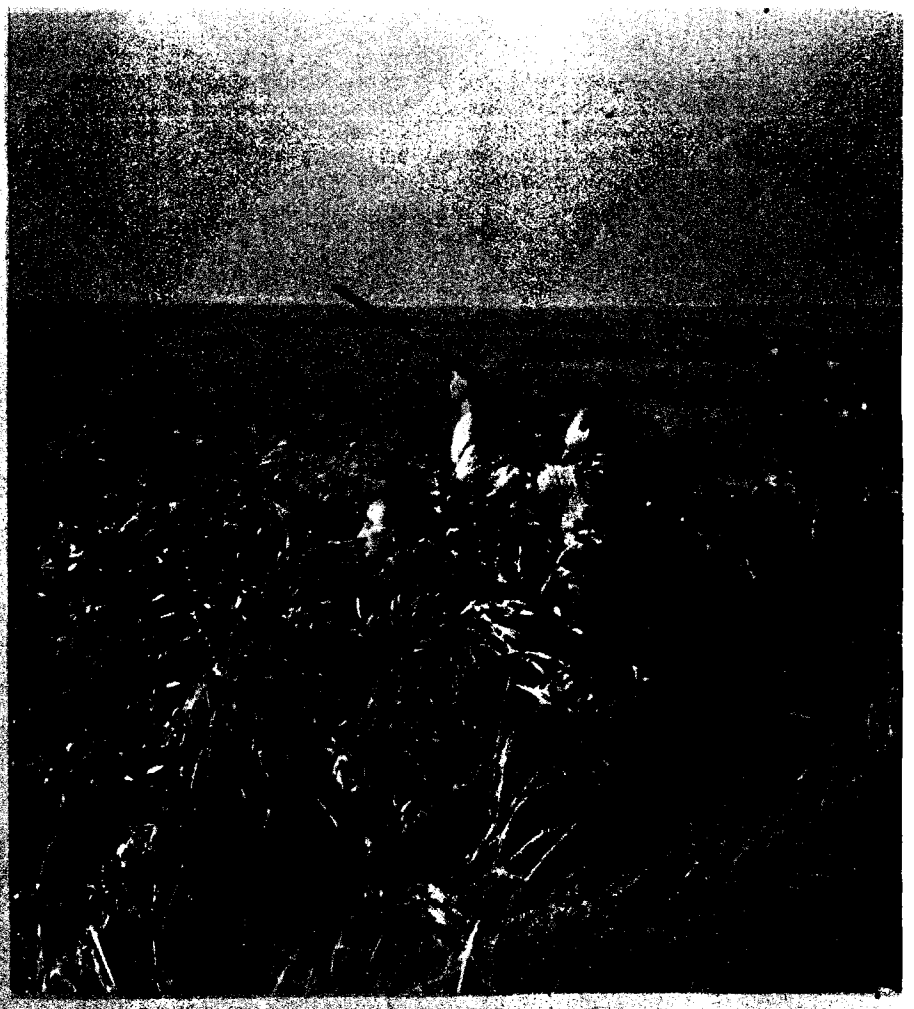
They were proud hunters of a proud race, and whatever game they shot they would keep.

The party I accompanied to the camp included two other New Yorkers besides myself—Dr. Thomas Galvin, a noted surgeon, and Samuel Post, a Wall Street banker. They were after geese; I was after pictures.

From New York the trip looked easy. We made Montreal from La Guardia Field in two hours, and reached St. Jovite from Montreal, in one of Tom Wheeler's planes, in half an hour. Tom's brother, Harry Wheeler, a serious hunter, joined us at St. Jovite, and at dawn next morning we took off in a seaplane. We refueled at Lake Deserren, deep in the bush, and again at Val d'Or, a booming gold mining camp on the Quebec frontier. After two more hours of flying, during which our pilot followed the course of the Harricanaw River, we set down on Goose Creek. It was high tide.

Next morning before daybreak Harry Wheeler aroused us to get ready for the six-mile trip to James Bay, which can be made by canoe only at high tide. While the others looked over their guns and stuffed their pockets with shells loaded with number 4 and

The Indian guides make their own decoys, shaping them of mud with their hands and placing a single white feather at an angle on top of the head.



The guides build blinds of willow boughs and marsh grass, and the hunters squat down in them until the geese have been lured in. Then they let go

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number 6 shot, I readied my camera and filled my pockets with film.

The Indians helped us slide down the muddy bank to the canoes, and we set off in the cold, murky dawn. Somewhere the guides pulled the canoes up on shore and set out briskly through the swamp. We followed as best we could, but it was tough going. When we finally caught up with the Indians they were at work. They built low blinds out of willow boughs and marsh grass and made decoys of thick gray mud, shaping it with their hands and placing a single white feather at an angle on top of the mass. Here and there they stuck a willow bough into the ground, bent it over and covered it with a pointed white bag. From a distance of fifty feet the setup looked exactly like a group of white-necked blue geese and a few snow geese feeding in the grass.

When the blinds were ready we waded into them and sat down with a series of tremendous splashes. The four Indians squatted on their haunches in the deep grass off to one side, with only their heads showing.

Just about the time mud and water began to overflow the top of my rubber boots, a big flock of geese appeared flying some 500 yards off to the west. The Indians' heads vanished, and a concerted cackling came from where they had been, with now and then one of them letting go with a hoot.

Sure enough, the geese were responding to the call of the Indians and were flying straight for our blinds. As they appeared overhead I lifted my glistening camera, and Doctor Galvin wheeled around and raised his gun. So did Sam Post, and everybody except Harry Wheeler, an old hand at this game, began shooting. But no geese fell from the sky. The Indians giggled and Harry Wheeler yelled, "Someone must have moved." I carefully put my camera back on the one dry spot on my lap.

"You see," said Harry, "when the geese answered the Indians' call they came in high to look the place over. But someone moved and they were scared away. Besides, they were much too high when you started shooting."

The Indians ducked into the grass again and began cackling and hooting, and another huge flock of geese appeared, coming in low from the north. Somebody fired, and two birds were dropped. The others wheeled, but the Indians broke out in a perfect frenzy of yapping, hooting and cackling, and three of the birds turned and glided in over our blinds. I snapped my camera like mad, the others shot rapidly, and all three geese were added to our bag.

This sort of thing went on all morning. There was never a long interval between flights, and enough birds were on the wing to satisfy any hunter.

All of us except the experienced Harry Wheeler thought we had had an excellent day, but Harry said no, the wind had been from the south, which doesn't make for good goose shooting. The best time is when a cold wind blows from the north under an overcast sky. We had that on the third day of our stay. Flock after flock of birds came in on the norther, some flying in the undulating V formation so familiar to goose hunters, others flying in a long single file. Thousands sailed overhead in a never-ending procession, cackling and hooting.

Toward the end of the day we saw what all hunters of wild fowl long to see. A great throng of geese rose from the marshes and swept low over our blinds like a howling storm. To a man the hunters stood up in the grass and fired shot after shot until the whirlwind had passed.

This single day well repaid the discomforts we had undergone. Geese hung high in the trees around the camp, and we were ready to return on the plane, which was scheduled to pick us up at high tide next day. But the airplane failed to arrive, and for five days we paced the short stretch of dry land between our camp and Goose Creek, while the cold became more penetrating and our spirits sank lower.

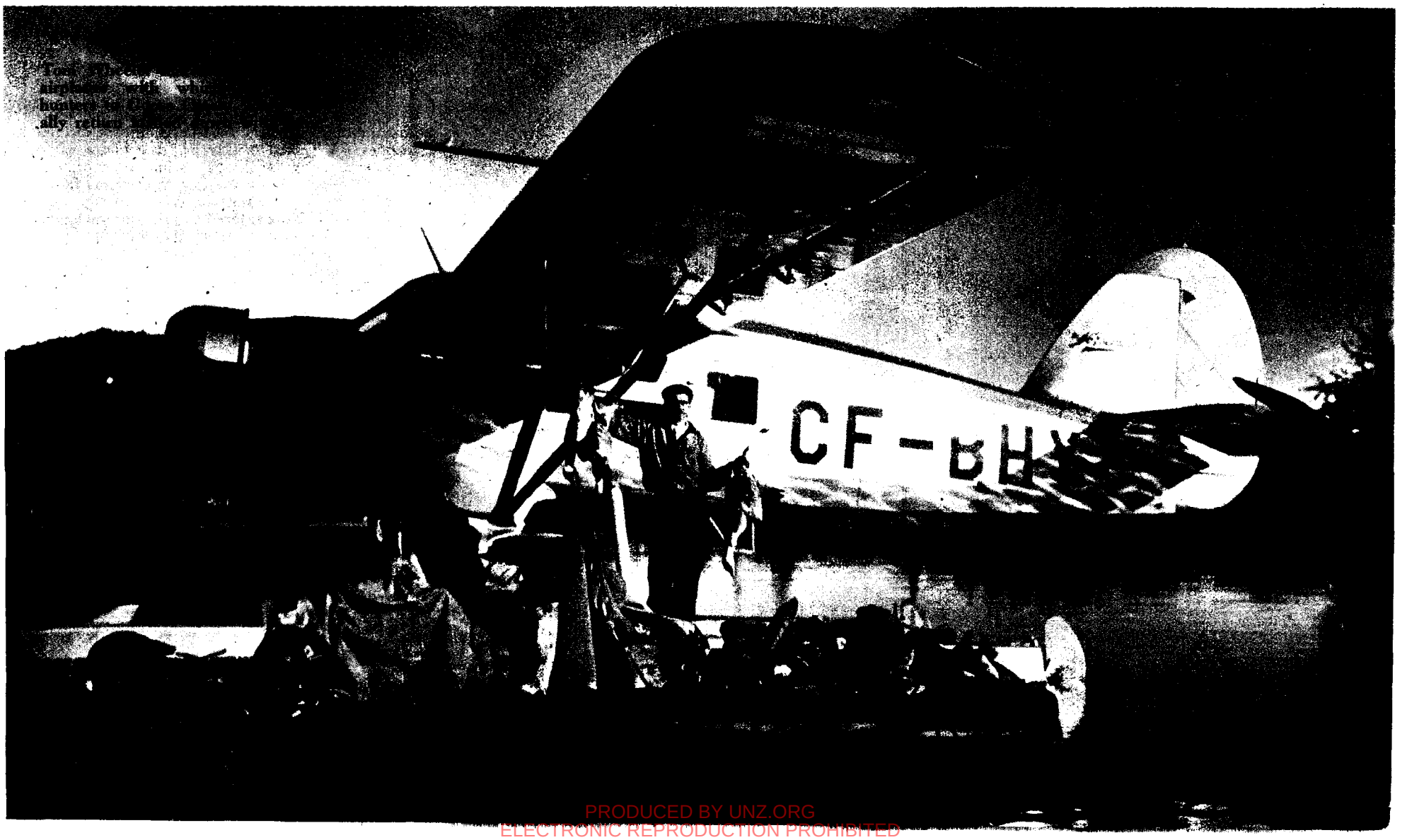
Finally, on the fifth day, the plane appeared. A fresh party of hunters emerged, well dressed, clean and eager for the shooting. While our plunder was being loaded we grabbed at whatever cigarettes they could spare and gave them a lot of expert advice.

We landed first, on the return trip, at Rupert House, the Hudson's Bay Company post only 40 miles across the marshes from the camp on Goose Creek. There we refueled and took off for Val d'Or. And when we arrived at St. Jovite to spend the night in Tom Wheeler's popular but unpretentious hotel, Gray Rocks Inn, the little town looked like a metropolis and the hotel like a palace. That night we feasted on some of the wild geese that had fallen to our guns, roasted by Mrs. Wheeler according to her own recipe:

"Skin the birds, don't pluck them. Stuff them with a dressing of dried bread crumbs, salt, pepper, butter, finely chopped onions, some raisins and some chopped walnuts. Fit the birds into as small a pan as possible, and sprinkle lavishly with chopped bacon. Place the pan in a hot oven and cook for 15 minutes at 500 degrees. Then pour in dry sherry until you can see it between the birds. Cover the pan, reduce the oven heat, and cook for 45 minutes. Use the pan juice for gravy, and serve the birds with this orange sauce, cold: Take six tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, two tablespoonfuls each of orange juice, lemon juice and port wine, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the grated rind of two oranges. Add salt and pepper to taste."

★★★

**Two of the Indian guides display a beautiful specimen that was bagged at James Bay**

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# MAN RUNNING

## BY SELWYN JEPSON

CONTINUING A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF [illegible] FROM THE NOOSE

*The Story:*

Crusty, eccentric COMMODORE GILL prevails on his lovely daughter EVE to steal a valuable painting—which he feels should belong to him—from his wealthy sister-in-law. Attempting to sell the painting to a London dealer one evening, Eve encounters JONATHAN PENROSE, who is fleeing from the house of wealthy JOSEPH INWOOD—and from the police. Inwood lies murdered in his library; a witness has seen Jonathan leaving the house. Actually, Jonathan had been engaged in making the murder seem the work of burglars, in an effort to shield Inwood's wanton wife, CHARLOTTE, with whom Jonathan is in love. On an impulse, Eve drives Jonathan to the Gill country place in Kessingland and hides him.

Finding no market for the stolen painting in London, the Commodore takes it aboard his yacht and sails for Holland, where he believes he can sell it. Jonathan, who was to go with him as a seaman, disappears.

Rightly suspecting that Charlotte Inwood had an accomplice in the murder of her husband, and is using Jonathan quite ruthlessly, Eve poses as "Dorothy Simpson" and, disguising herself, goes to London and wangles a position as lady's maid to Charlotte.

While the hunt goes on for the lovesick Jonathan, Eve learns more of the truth concerning Joseph Inwood's murder and his wife's character. Listening in on an extension, Eve overhears Charlotte telephoning one FREDDY WILLIAMS; Eve realizes that Williams, a cold and heartless man, is Charlotte's real lover. When GROVES the butler, suspecting Charlotte's affair with Jonathan, threatens blackmail, Charlotte sets out to pay a midnight call on Freddy Williams. Eve slips out of the house and her disguise; her car is parked down the street. Slowly she follows Charlotte.

### IV

CHARLOTTE walked quickly for one who was prostrate with shock. After a moment she hailed a taxi, got in and shut the door. It set off at a fair pace, with me after it. I made a mental note of its number, ADP 995, repeating it several times to make sure I would remember it in case it might be useful one day.

Brompton Road, Park Lane, and right for a short distance, then left into North Audley Street. It stopped at a small block of flats. She was paying the driver as I drove past, turned the next corner, pulled up, and a moment later put an eye around the edge of the wall of the corner house.

She stood on the pavement in the light of a street lamp looking up at the flats; then she moved in and put out her hand to ring the bell—for the second time, I decided. If Freddy was expecting her, he was in no hurry to open the street door, unless, of course, his flat was near the top and he had some way to come down.

The next moment she went right into the doorway and out of my sight. I waited, but she did not reappear. I walked briskly past the house. Two long windows on the third floor had light in them, and one single one on the top; the rest, as far as the front of the place was concerned anyway, were dark. I strolled back to the door and with my lighter managed to read the names by the side of the eight or ten bell pushes in a brass plate set in the stone arch of the door, the name "T.F.W.T. Williams" appeared against Flat 3. Well, I knew now where he lived. But otherwise I had come to another of those inconclusive moments which so irritated me. They were up there discussing matters which were very much my concern while I had to stand down here on the pavement in a state of ignorance.

Just as I was about to turn away from the door, the latch clicked, making me jump, for I thought by the surreptitious way the door began to open that it was Charlotte already on her way out.

But it was a blonde who stepped into the street, an angry, sobbing blonde.

It is queer how quickly one's mind works, how sometimes it knows a thing for certain without any real evidence to support it; I knew that she had been with Freddy Williams when Charlotte had arrived and spoiled her evening; she had been turned out, to hide in a passage somewhere until Charlotte had been safe inside the flat.

I did not make way for her, so she had to look at me. She glared. I said *(Continued on page 40)*

**I was listening to their conversation when suddenly an alarming shaft of light froze me against the wall**

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

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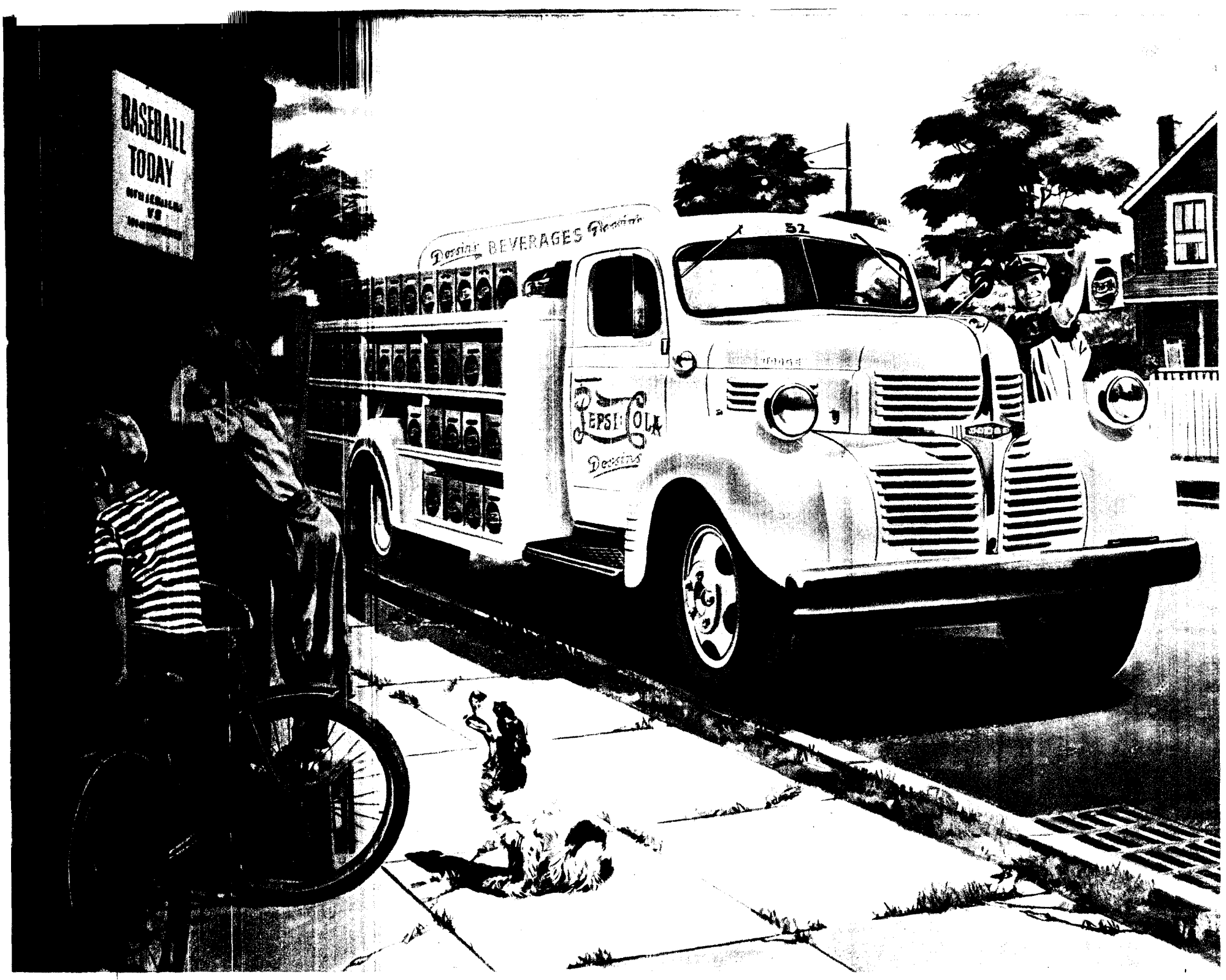


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**FIT THE JOB . . . LAST LONGER**

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# CAN GENERAL BRADLEY WIN THIS ONE?

Continued from page 11

the small, backbiting anti-Bradley stories which now fly unchallenged around the Washington buzz-buzz.

Because he is head of the biggest agency of our government—disbursing seven billion dollars a year, 20 per cent of federal income—Bradley is on the hot seat automatically. No man in such a position could avoid criticism even if he had not inherited the effects of a thousand mistakes—some almost calamitous. Indeed, the remarkable fact is that until a few weeks ago Bradley was rarely censured. Then suddenly it began to snowball.

Recently Bradley has been accused by the House Appropriations Committee of presenting sloppily prepared, "unrealistic" budget estimates. He has been criticized for not providing better arms and legs for amputees; for inability to get rid of bumbling bureaucrats who infested the old V.A.; for failure to streamline clerical work with modern office equipment; for his unwillingness to let the American Legion "help out" with his problems; for failure to build new hospitals; for not sending checks to thousands of G.I. Bill college students; for creating a blizzard of paper work and for "criminally mishandling" the vital records of hundreds of thousands of veterans.

Less often now do you hear Bradley praised for the magnificent improvements he has made in V.A. medicine, and for withstanding heavy political pressure from everyone but President Truman.

The V.A. is big and rambling and hard to control. Figures illustrating its size and complexity could be used to frighten junior statisticians. There are now about 1,300 offices staffed by more than 200,000 employees. Last January, an average month, the V.A. received 12,927,522 pieces of mail. That month 4,000 V.A. contact representatives held 2,394,786 personal conferences and kept an additional 178,000 outside appointments, a total average of more than 30 a working day. In addition they answered questions on 928,727 phone calls. One day 17,000 veterans came to a single office to ask questions.

The V.A. is so immersed in paper work, as Bradley's critics like to point out, that there are 15,000 separate forms on which information can be compiled. If each form could be filled out in five minutes it would take a competent worker a month to get them all filled in. "It's the world's greatest paper pachyderm," said one circus-minded critic.

### Good Record in Tape-Cutting

To speed service to the veteran, Bradley and his deputies have done some notable tape-cutting. It once took two weeks to certify a vet as eligible for education or on-the-job training; now it requires two days. The paper work required every time a patient entered a hospital has been reduced from three or four hours to 60 minutes or less. Dependents of World War I veterans entitled to death claims formerly had to wait months for an exhaustive investigation before receiving any payments. Now minimum payments are made within a week and additional payments made retroactively if investigation proves they are deserved.

Tops among Bradley's achievements is the V.A. medical program, which is so revolutionary as to be unbelievable. Three years ago V.A. medicine was a joke in the profession. In one Army hospital a poll of the medical and surgical staffs failed to secure a single affirmative reply to the question, "Would you take a postwar position in a Veterans Administration hospital?" Today every one of these men would be proud to practice V.A. medicine. One Minnesota specialist recently remarked, "If I don't get tied up with the V.A. I'm going to lose professional standing." This miracle was wrought by the considerable persuasive powers of Major General Paul R. Hawley, V.A. medical director. He crusaded the medical profession and convinced it that Bradley had the green light from President Truman and Congress, that he was willing to set medical standards as high as the profession would provide personnel for, and that he and Bradley would cut their own throats before they would cut those standards by so much as one degree. Physicians were at first skeptical, but gradually they were persuaded that this was a real opportunity.

Here is the way Bradley's program works: The V.A. employs as part-time consultants leading specialists and pays them $50 a day (peanuts for many of them) with a $6,000 annual ceiling. When one of these consultants visits a V.A. hospital he examines the patients in his field and instructs the hospital staff in his diagnosis and the reasons for his prescribed treatment. In addition he gives lectures to the staff on recent medical developments, using patients—to the great delight of the vets—as subjects.

COLLIER'S "Boy, oh, boy! I can hardly wait until next season!" R. KRAUS

Key V.A. institutions are large enough to include a wide variety of cases, and the hospital staffs thus have access to advanced medical knowledge which heretofore was available only to a limited number of doctors in the largest cities. With such instruction our younger doctors should become among the best equipped in the world.

A great surgeon said the other day, "A doctor can learn more medicine in one year in a 250-bed V.A. hospital than he could in five years in general practice." And there is a further important dividend. When these clinical sessions are held by the selected consultants, practicing physicians in near-by communities attend. Thus the results of improved knowledge are immediately translated into hospitals throughout the country.

The results of Bradley's medical program have occasionally been spectacular. In Minneapolis, for example, with 1,800 beds the pre-Bradley regime treated some 4,900 patients annually. In the first year under Bradley, through better and more efficient care, 12,527 patients were treated, a jump of 250 per cent, with exactly the same number of beds. To have built new hospital facilities for these additional patients would have cost $17,000,000. The average V.A. general medical and surgical patient used to be hospitalized 40 days; now it's 20.

The part-time consultant is the key to the extraordinary care which the V.A. is able to provide. To provide them costs $10,000,000 a year, or around fifty cents per year per veteran. But to replace these specialists with full-time but run-of-the-mill doctors would cost at least $14,000,000 annually. Despite this there are ominous signs that already this medical program is in danger.

Each co-operating medical school appoints a Dean's Committee of prominent physicians to supervise without charge its relationship to V.A. Among other functions these Dean's Committees screen and select the young physicians who are to have the advantage of a year or more resident work in V.A. hospitals.

In June, the Dean's Committee of Vanderbilt University sent an emissary to Washington to inform Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, head of V.A. medical research and education, that they wouldn't deliver a single resident doctor for the 500-bed Thayer Hospital in Nashville on the agreed date, July 1st, because the V.A. was not living up to its bargain. The 500 beds required for the projected resident program had shrunk to 370—because the hospital staff had been cut from 700 to 540 and thus could not handle 500 beds. This was the result, said the V.A., of essential economies. But rather than compromise with its standards Vanderbilt abandoned the project.

Today the V.A. has 6,500 such beds, which it says it is unable to operate and it claims to have no staff for 7,878 new beds which soon will be ready.

Congressional economy drives pose the greatest threat to the V.A. program; politically it is more important to see that a lot of people get something than to insure that a smaller number get something worth while.

Conditions charitably described as unpleasant are not new to the V.A. When President Harding, in March, 1923, picked Bradley's predecessor, Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, to run the Veterans Bureau, he cautioned Hines to watch the pennies. Hines was conscientious to a fault.

In 1939 Hines was boss of a $600,000,000 program which cost only $87,000,000 a year to administer. But the recovery rate in his T.B. hospitals drew unfavorable comment from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; his hospitals had racketeering concessionaires, his nurses and doctors were cynical and even brutal in treating patients, only one in six of whom was cured.

When the U.S. had 1,000,000 men in pre-Pearl Harbor training, Hines was warned that these soldiers would someday be veterans and that he should prepare to provide hospitals for them. Hines replied that he wasn't going to be caught building for a war he wasn't even in. As late as October, 1943, Hines was resisting proposals that he take steps to reduce the backlog of work piling up due to the discharge of servicemen. When Bradley took office it wasn't apparent, but beneath the surface the entire structure of the V.A. was in danger of breakdown.

As Hines was a master politician, inevitably the V.A. was run with a keen regard for politics. Jobs were not given anyone unrecommended by the right people. Personnel was not shifted without due regard for the wishes of local organizations whose political support was desirable. Most of this General Bradley has wiped out.

### Scouting Patronage Prospects

When Bradley-man David Page succeeded flinty Oliver Gottschalk as deputy for the New York area, upstate politicians hoped that the patronage drought of the Gottschalk era was ended. To feel out the situation, a political fingerling approached Page's assistant. "Say," he asked, "what sort of a fellow is this Page?"

The assistant made with the blank look and fumbled, "What d'you mean?"

"Oh, you know. What sort of a fellow is he?"

"I don't get you."

"Well, you know he's got 20,000 jobs to hand out . . . and we could help him."

"Oh, if that's what you mean," the assistant said, "you can take it from me he's a distinct s——o——b——."

Bradley's ability to resist political pressure has also been clearly demonstrated in the vast construction program of the V.A. and in the operation of hospitals. The First National Bank of Albuquerque once estimated that the V.A. hospital there meant $5,000,000 a year to that city. A 1,000-bed hospital spends at least $5,000 a day in local purchases. In addition, every patient has an average of one visitor a week who spends more locally. Government hospitals are definite community assets and members of Congress and chambers of commerce are unanimous in their eagerness to secure such blessings for their communities. It is a strong tradition in American political folklore that government hospitals shall be located "on a pretty knoll surrounded by votes." The welfare of the patient has usually been secondary.

It was, therefore, somewhat revolutionary when Bradley announced that his new medical and surgical hospitals in the V.A. would be constructed next to medical schools—or at most 20 minutes away from them—where the best-trained doctors would be available to serve veterans. When this intelligence was passed around the Capitol, one Southern senator warned Bradley if he put a hospital anywhere in his state without the senator's approval, the V.A. appropriation bill would "never come out of committee." The senator was ignored.

Surprisingly, this was almost the only pork-barrel reaction. So strongly has the Congress backed Bradley that only two senators and three congressmen have attempted to high-pressure the V.A. hos-



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pital program. This is a remarkable record, marred only slightly by the personal intervention of President Truman in changing several proposed sites.

There is, however, a constant show of political pressure, and it cannot always be dissipated. In the vast reaches of New Mexico is a town named Silver City where there is located an old Indian outpost, Fort Bayard. Here, with great reluctance, the V.A. operates a T.B. hospital. Nurses refuse to work in such an out-of-the-way place, and the V.A. is able to keep it staffed only by promising that no tour of duty will exceed 30 days.

### Political Heat Defeats Plan

The V.A. is enlarging its T.B. facilities at Albuquerque and recently announced that it would close the hospital at Fort Bayard. Immediately there was turned on a blast of political heat which caused Bradley quickly to change his mind about the undesirability of Fort Bayard. This hospital will continue to be operated, under the most difficult of conditions, until things cool off. But Bradley doesn't often lose.

Where critics find Bradley really vulnerable is in his handling of veterans' insurance. Here Bradley is caught in the middle between loyalty to a subordinate and the inheritance of what proved to be the biggest paper-work snafu in the history of government. If there is any single factor which could shake the confidence of World War II vets in the ability of the V.A. it is the handling of National Service Life Insurance. For most of them it is their single lifetime hope of safe-guarding the economic security of their families.

There are scores of thousands of vets at this moment who have been paying premiums regularly but who have been notified that their insurance has lapsed—some, like John C. Berron of Greenwich, Ohio, after paying a full year in advance. There are men who have died and whose beneficiaries have been paid but who are still being dunned for premiums.

There are thousands upon thousands of men who have written asking what the hell, and then waited two, three, and four months without receiving a reply. These conditions prevail today, two years after Bradley took over! The latest available figures show that the V.A. has piled up 1,187,262 separate payments from vets which haven't been identified or matched with any known insurance policy. This could mean that some $6,000,000,000 worth of insurance policies was balled up.

A few veterans are screaming bloody murder, but not threatening—not yet. Indeed some of their most piercing yells lay bundled in the unanswered letter files of the V.A.—where they are aging into mere burps of indignation. On May 15th, letters, other than current correspondence, which were waiting to be answered totaled 358,719.

The manipulator of this singular enterprise is Harold Walker Breining and he has been in the insurance end of the veterans' organization and a civil servant for twenty-six years.

Breining has been unkindly described by one of his detractors as a "plush-bottom bureaucrat." "Plush-bottom" is an unnecessary slur on his *embonpoint* and does not reveal the heartily cheerful disposition beneath. His standing as a bureaucrat, however, is without peer. As one observer put it, "He has that essential faith which enables him to rise above a crisis, knowing that if he hangs on long enough eventually everything will come out all right." Recently Breining gave typical reassurances to a reporter who was inquiring with some concern into what he believed to be the most unholy governmental mess of all time. "It isn't as bad as it seems," Breining smiled. "We'll have it all cleared up in a few months."

If everything goes well, Breining will get it cleared up, of course. Between March 15th and May 15th, with the aid of a special and intensive effort, the national backlog of unmatched records was reduced by some 200,000. At that rate they should certainly be out of the way fairly soon, if it wasn't for the sad fact that improvement isn't universal. In New England, for example, instead of gaining on the pile in two months of effort, they somehow fell behind by 3,000. This unhappy circumstance occurred in a number of centers. Only amazing efficiency, such as shown in New York, where the backlog was reduced by nearly 50 per cent, made the national picture one to which Breining could point with optimism.

To listen to the V.A. apologists, the blame for this and other conditions of snafu rests in large part on the Army and Navy, which in response to pressure from parents and wives stepped up planned discharge rates from between 300,000 and 672,000 a month to 10,000,000 in a year. In addition, the armed forces did such a thorough job of informing dischargees of the rights of veterans that practically every man discharged came out hollering to the Veterans Administration to give him his due—one out of four filed a pension claim, for example. Another reason—and this is certainly valid—is that the bottom of the man-power barrel had been scraped several times before the V.A. got around to hiring personnel—what was left wasn't much and wasn't good.

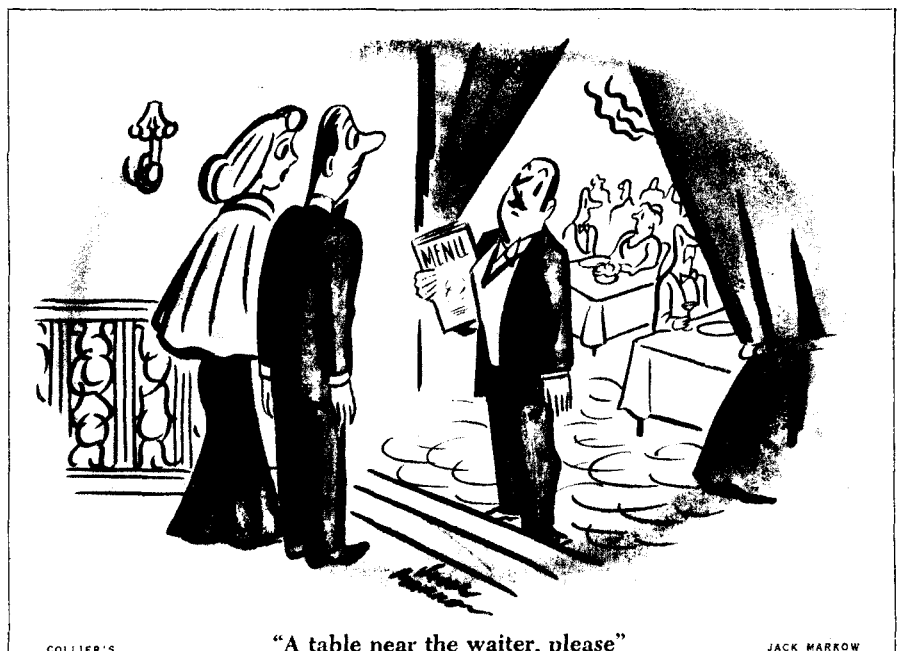
Bradley's famed decentralization program is also blamed. When Bradley took over he broke up the country into thirteen branches, which he compared to Army corps commands, and declared that henceforth his deputies in those branches would have complete operating authority within their areas. The Central Office in Washington would be responsible only for policy making and supervision. It seemed like a great idea but snipers inside and outside the V.A. unfairly contend that all Bradley did was to create thirteen more places for papers to accumulate. Nevertheless the insurance inundation was so great that it had to be decentralized or face a breakdown.

The problem of veterans' insurance is complex beyond belief, not merely because it involves records for some 20,000,000 people but because it is different from ordinary insurance in that premiums usually are paid once a month instead of once or twice a year, a fact which magnifies the work, and the chances for error, beyond ordinary comprehension.

But, experts maintain, it could be improved if Breining would permit changes. He could call upon any insurance company to help him solve his problem but he does not do so. He has two committees of insurance executives but he has been largely content to admire the imposing names on one, the insurance advisory committee. He has utilized the second and smaller committee—a group of actuarial specialists—to assist him in preparing mortality tables.

When the American Legion proposed in the fall of 1945, and again in January, 1947, that a team of experts from insurance companies advise local V.A. installations in the handling of their vast insurance problems — with insurance companies bearing the entire cost—the idea was turned down. The V.A. had its own specialists in the field.

What really throws insurance operations into a tail spin is the receipt of payments from veterans who send a money order with a letter reading, "I'm enclosing $7 for my insurance for June," signed, Bill Smith, with no other information. Bill Smith may even have moved several times in the past year and sent such payments to different V.A. offices. Without knowing the policy number and other simple data it is a difficult and in some cases an impossible job to match these payments up with the policy and properly credit them.




COLLIER'S "A table near the waiter, please" JACK MARKOW

When told of this situation, one of Breining's insurance-committee members, an official of a large private company, snapped back with: "Just put such payments in an envelope and return them to the sender with a card saying that the V.A. will accept no remittances which do not include complete data. That will show vets you mean business. Then they won't treat you like a piggy bank."

What Breining did was somewhat different. He devised a four-part form with three inserted carbons. Two of these pieces of paper go to the veteran telling him politely that the V.A. has his money but doesn't know where to put it and requesting that more information be returned on the second form. The third is an index card and will, if the vet complies, be used eventually to match his remittance with the master premium card. The fourth form the V.A. appropriately calls a dummy card. It is placed in a special file as permanent evidence that the V.A. on such and such a date received a payment from one Bill Smith.

More than 10,000,000 veterans have dropped their insurance—not a few because they feel the V.A. is too inefficient to entrust with money. Recently the V.A. has been urging these vets to reinstate their insurance. The American Legion has disclosed cases of men who have repeatedly tried to get their insurance reinstated and have received no reply. One man tried for seven months to find out by mail how to go about it. Then he was killed in an auto accident. His widow and three small children are $10,000 poorer today because of V.A. negligence.

Such occurrences are bad. The major tragedy, though, is that because of the insurance muddle the confidence of the veteran is being shaken, not only in the most important asset he can get from the war—the insurance itself—but in the whole hopeful structure of the Veterans Administration. He is still confident that General Bradley won't let him down but he's beginning to wonder if maybe Bradley isn't in over his head.

Not the mildest of Bradley's critics are the service organizations, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the other smaller groups, some of which are effectively alert to see that veterans get their due, and, if possible, more. The largest of these organizations are against Bradley fundamentally because they don't want a four-star general—or any other general still on active service—running the V.A. They want a civilian—a veteran, of course—and preferably one whom they would have some choice in nominating.

The American Legion, for example, believes that the V.A. is wasting money in its hospitals on a division called special services, through which are directed and co-ordinated the work of the library, canteen, post exchange, chaplain, movies and entertainment and numerous other patient services. It includes also the job of co-ordinating the efforts of such volunteer groups as the Red Cross, American Women's Voluntary Services, Ladies' Aid societies and a half-dozen veterans' organizations that stumble over themselves to "serve" the hospitalized vet with whatever they think is good for him. The American Legion would be willing to operate this for Bradley, if he would permit it.

### How Legion Supervision Worked

When the V.A. was headed by General Hines the Legion supervised many V.A. hospitals—in fact, ran some of them even to the point of deciding which ambulatory patients would be given permission to attend movies.

The Legion assisted so effectively that one Southern hospital was not visited by a single medical officer from the V.A. central office in ten years. Another was visited only twice in ten years. So affirmative did such assistance become that post commanders—and this was true of other veterans' organizations, too—would dictate the medical treatment given some patients. This was contrary to Legion headquarters policy, of course, but it happened just the same, and regularly. When Bradley took over he learned that a post commander had just bawled out a surgeon in front of a patient, criticizing his technique. Bradley called in the veterans' organizations and said there would be no more of that!

Under heavy fire at the moment is Bradley's hospital-construction program. The record is bleak. It shows that in the past two years construction has started on only seven of 74 authorized new hospitals.

Only one hospital has been completed, and that was begun before Bradley took over.

If all Bradley had wanted was to construct some buildings containing beds, operating rooms, laboratories and utilities such as kitchens and laundries and didn't care in whose cornfield he built them, he could have had all 74 of his hospitals running by now. When he took over he found a belated Hines hospital program under way. Plans for these new institutions were based on concepts outdated ten years ago. Hospital design is changing rapidly with new medical developments. A decade ago operating rooms were used mainly for compara-



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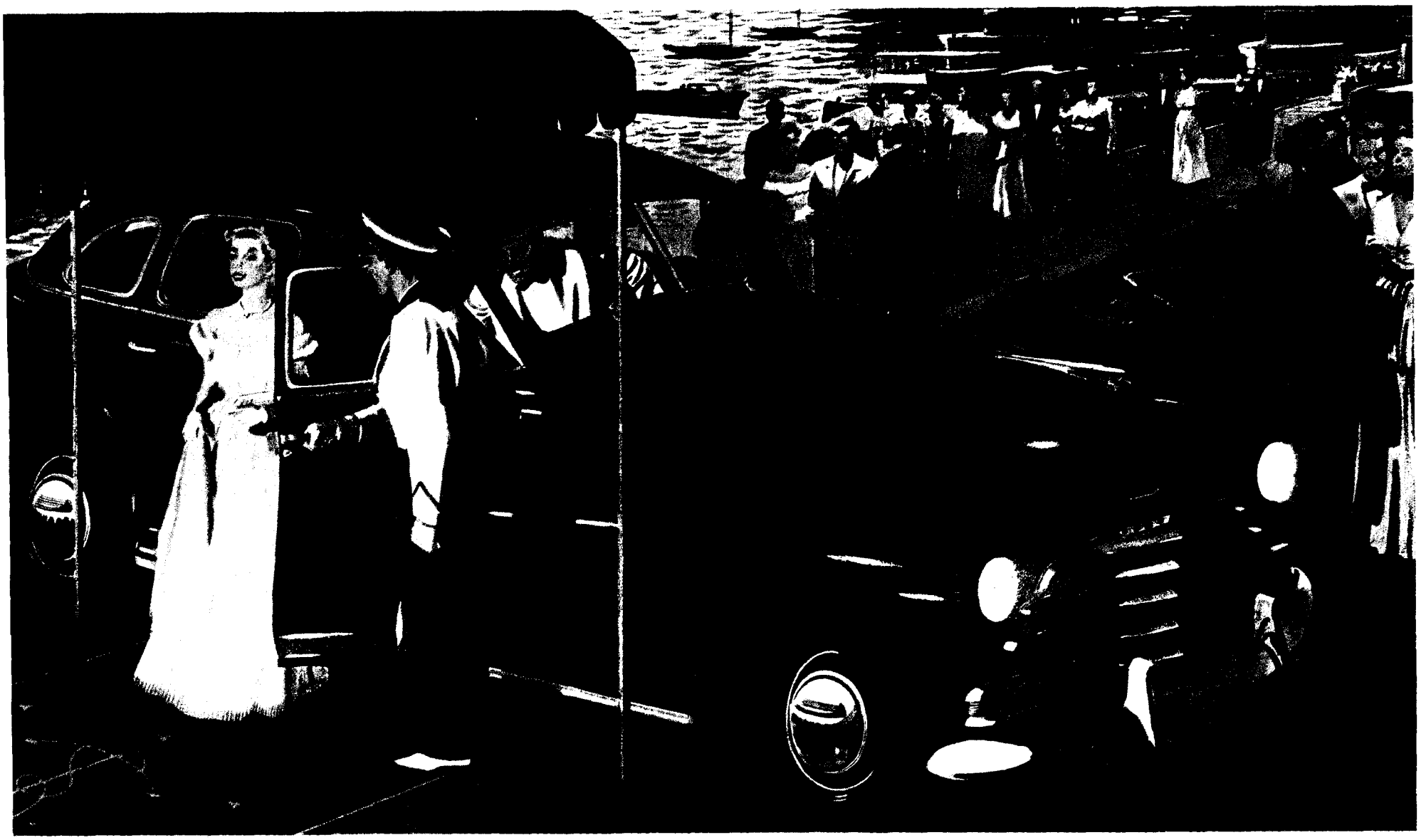
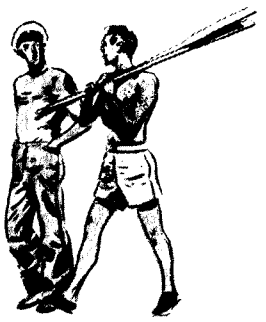
People are saying—

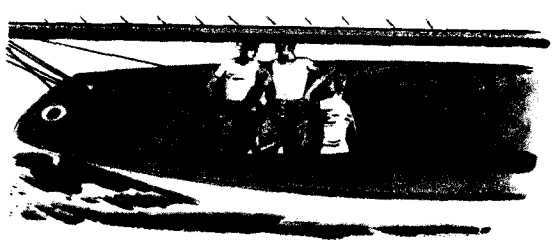
# "It's the *best-looking* automobile we've seen!"



**One ride in this beautiful new Chevrolet will convince you that its road-action matches its appearance. There's solid worth in every part. It's designed, engineered and built to give Big-Car performance, Big-Car comfort, BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST, over a long period of years!**



ow often you have heard men and women everywhere speak with *special* enthusiasm of this bigger-looking, better-looking Chevrolet for 1947!



Ask them why they prefer it to other cars, and they will tell you that one reason is the surpassing *Big-Car beauty and luxury* of its Body by Fisher—a feature found elsewhere only on much higher-priced cars.

They will also tell you that Chevrolet rides more comfortably, performs more efficiently, and serves more dependably than any other automobile in its field. And, of course, this is because it's the *only* car in its field combining such Big-Car features as the gliding Knee-Action Ride, Positive-Action Hydraulic Brakes and Valve-in-Head Thrift-Master Engine.

Moreover, they will tell you that Chevrolet gives them these Big-Car advantages at *substantial savings* in purchase price, operation and upkeep, which is the real reason it is famous all over the country for BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST.... Yes, people *do* speak of the new Chevrolet as the *best-looking* automobile and the *best automotive investment* they've seen. And that, in itself, is mighty good proof that it will pay you and your family to make this car your own!

Yes, people are saying— ***"IT'S THE NEW CHEVROLET for BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST!"***

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

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"ESSIE"

*"If you want to learn about Chemistry, pack the books—*
*if you want to learn about women, pack the Essley Shirts!"*

**EVERY** young man should know that a good "line" is more than verbal.

**SHOULDER-LINE,** chest-line and waist-line speak for you, too—and in an Essley they say flattering things!

**HAND-CUTTING,** the traditional way to make fine shirts, is a secret of Essley's success. Sanforized* fabrics, tailored by Troy Craftsmen, is another. But here's a clincher . . .

**THE TRUBENIZED* COLLAR** keeps Essley flattering—right through your longest day or date! It can't crumple, won't wilt—and is *twice* pre-shrunk to *stay* true to size!

**AND YOU DON'T** have to give the shirt off your back for an Essley . . . $2.95, $3.50 or $3.95 will do!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY SHIRTS

SPORTSWEAR • PAJAMAS

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tively brief surgery such as an appendectomy.

Today, perfection of surgical techniques makes possible single lifesaving operations which tie up an operating room four or five hours. One of the most modern hospitals in New York has only half the operating space it needs; when it opened, it had more than enough. The use of streptomycin, penicillin and scores of new compounds and tests requires much more elaborate laboratory facilities than were considered necessary even five years ago.

So Bradley courageously scrapped the old plans and organized a committee of architects and doctors to establish criteria for the new hospitals. He called on the help of Army Engineers, who proved to be unduly optimistic about pushing through the building program. Meanwhile, he got caught in an ascending price spiral and had to ask Congress for more money. To get reasonable bids he had to advertise as much as three times with four months elapsing between each ad.

But the most serious delay was caused by the fact that to design and draw the plans for a major modern hospital takes ten to twelve months.

### Alibis Don't Build Hospitals

The mumbo jumbo of official explanation covers these facts, of course. It doesn't build any hospitals. But this is not so serious as some of the veterans' organizations might have you believe. The Legion has loudly complained that many thousands of vets are without medical care because Bradley's construction program has bogged down. That isn't true.

Latest available figures show that 106 veterans with service-connected cases were waiting to get into hospitals on April 1st, along with another 5,000 whose cases were presumed to be service connected. Many of these were waiting, not because there were no facilities but because they wanted to enter a particular hospital. Nevertheless, Bradley could care for all of these hapless vets if he were willing to cut quality. Rather than do this he is taking the rap for construction delays.

Rumors that Bradley has spent millions on impractical artificial limbs are false. One really encouraging aspect of the V.A. program is the invention and perfection of new prosthetic devices—artificial limbs—which will be of great value to vets. Most people have the impression that a new arm or a new leg is in fact just that. It isn't at all. Artificial limbs become helpful only after long and patient schooling in their use; they are invariably cumbersome and often painful. Only the most rudimentary progress had been made in their development in the last generation.

Financed jointly by the Army and the V.A., and starting from scratch, a committee of the National Research Council has been co-ordinating and supervising experimental work involving, among others, Northrop Aircraft, Incorporated, University of California, and University of California at Los Angeles. After less than two years—at $1,500,000 a year—the tangible results appear negligible. But much of the essential and undramatic basic research is completed and the next twelve months will likely produce developments which will be hailed as miracles.

For the first eighteen months Bradley operated the V.A. with the freedom of a man who has been given a blank check on an unlimited treasury. The only thing he didn't have to worry about was money. But with the new Congress he was abruptly checked. He was asked to explain why he was spending what. This abrupt shift has caused considerable whimpering among Bradley men in the V.A. Suggestions of inefficiency, of failure to meet scheduled goals, are answered with dark but vague hints that the "economy wave" is somehow to blame. This is only partly true.

There are also complaints that the V.A. lacks the personnel to do its work—that ceilings placed on the number of V.A. employees by the Bureau of the Budget have made necessary extensive cuts and the closing of hospital beds. But the ceilings imposed up to July, 1947, for example, were never reached by the V.A., which was also free to employ any type of personnel needed. Although V.A. people indicate otherwise, no hospital bed has yet been closed solely because of personnel ceilings.

The V.A. has a financial grievance in the debatable question of whether such pleasantries as movies, library service, canteen and post exchanges are necessary in V.A. general hospitals. They aren't available in private hospitals, and in this the V.A.'s 1948 appropriation requests have been severely cut back. Some other cuts were made, but during the next twelve months the V.A. hospital program will have more money per patient and more employees than during the past year.

Friends of Bradley have grown concerned lately lest the bureaucrats assimilate him the way the Chinese for a thousand years assimilated hopeful invaders. The most alarming indication, they claim, is the breaking up of Bradley's Division of Co-ordination and Control, a reporting office which provided Bradley with accurate and up-to-date information on the vast and complex activities of the V.A. Originally this agency was set up to report directly to Bradley, and the excellent and dispassionate monthly analyses which it prepared were described by management experts as of vital importance in enabling Bradley to maintain efficient V.A. operation.

### Control Division Hamstrung

Bureaucrats who found the Control Division's searching inquiries into their operations somewhat embarrassing decried it as unnecessary and wasteful. They kept up the pressure to weaken Control functions. Soon Control wasn't reporting direct to Bradley but through an intermediary. Next some of its reports were discontinued. Then subordinate executives were allowed to edit the Control Division's reports on their operations before the reports were published in a confidential monthly summary. Finally the division's reports have been reduced from monthly to quarterly. Said one observer, "The bureaucrats can beat Bradley now. They've blinded him."

Bradley is no politician. He often says what he thinks and sometimes bluntly. He has repeatedly been warned against antagonizing Congress at the risk of retaliatory cuts in his budget. But he doesn't hesitate to remind Congress that it wasn't *his* idea to spend $7,000,000,000 a year on veterans. Nor did he think up the benefits the money provides. He insists he won't cut quality or take the rap for blow-hot, blow-cold variations in appropriations. Efforts to make Bradley a whipping boy for Congressional neglect of the painful duty of appropriating money are likely to fail.

When Bradley took over he had a mandate: "Get the job done." Now something new has been added. It is just another word, and so far it's only a whisper, but it's a portent. Now the mandate appears, "Get the job done—cheaply."

There is real danger that Bradley's anxiety to do the job may lead him to accept unfortunate compromises. Bradley once said, "I don't think there's any job in the country I'd sooner not have; nor any job in the world I'd like to do better. For even though it is burdened with problems, it gives me a chance to do something for the men who did so much for us." He still has that chance.

THE END



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# THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

### TALKING TURKEY

DEAR SIRS: In How Are Things on Okinawa? (July 12th) Mr. James writes, and I quote: " 'We've still got tons of boned turkey on this island,' said a young military government officer. 'It's good food, and we sell it to the Okinawans at a penny or two a pound. And what do you think happens? They sniff at it, laugh a little, thank us very politely—and use it for fish bait!' "

Now I ask you! Boned turkey! Tons of it! A penny or two a pound! And they use it for fish bait! Who is responsible for this? The same people who destroy thousands of tons of potatoes in this country!

After signing on for a voyage, most American seamen make a few purchases before sailing. My purchases along this line consist generally of a few tins of my favorite cheese and one or two tins of smoked turkey. And what do I pay for the latter? Dollars, not pennies, a pound! And my shipmates and I *EAT* it!

Regards to President Truman, Secretary Anderson, General MacArthur, and Joe Curran.

AN AMERICAN MERCHANT SEAMAN

### LEATHER WHIPPER

DEAR EDITOR: Greetings from a state famous for its rodeos, in fact, this year marks the 51st showing of the "Daddy of Them All," but, boy, howdy, that rodeo story of yours must be the great-granddaddy of all. I'm referring to Dark Horse to Ride (July 19th).

I profess to be a fair rider, but I've never seen the time that I could rake a bronc and not mark him, especially if I were wearing the type spurs your boy had on in the illustration, instead of the usual Paddy Ryan (star) rowels. Also, we boys out here wouldn't come out with a pad under an association saddle. One more favor, please. I would hate to see his friend, the arena judge, have to disqualify our hero, Slippers, for riding out without his chaps. The rules call for them, you know, and how did that halter rope get into his right hand?

EL LARABEE, Cheyenne, Wyo.

### THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE

DEAR SIRS: In You Buy Their Dreams, (August 2d) Bill Davidson listed a lot of changes made by industrial designers to make manufactured items more useful to the consumer. I have a little list of my own to add:

Why don't the Messrs. Loewy and Dreyfuss turn their attention to a cheap, fountain pen with a cleaning-fluid reservoir to remove spots from your clothes? I'd like to see (and not hear) noiseless freight trains. And what about a train air-conditioning system that *doesn't* go in reverse, i.e., cool the train in winter and warm it in summer?

Why not a magazine printed in luminous ink to read in the dark when the other spouse wants to sleep? A toaster that pops it sideways, thus removing the hazards of the operation? Either that, or one that can be aimed at flies on the ceiling and do a double job? I'd like an electric razor with a built-in atomizer to apply lotion as you buzz off your fuzz, an ash tray that empties directly into the furnace, and self-laundering facial tissue.

I can also vision one of those postwar Loewy busses equipped with a driver who can see you waiting for it on rainy nights; and a use for the sawdust left in pencil sharpeners. But I suppose they are in the Stoopnagle class, along with a dictionary with wrong spelling so ignorant people can look things up.

CLARENCE AND CLAUDE STROUD,
New York, N. Y.

### ARMLESS PITCHER

DEAR EDITOR: The photographer who took the color shot of Newhouser (page 16, July 19th) chose an unfortunate fraction of a second to squeeze the shutter release. It looks as though Newhouser's arm were off at the elbow!

H. D. BARLOW, Manchester, N. H.

*That was the day Hal threw his arm still clutching the ball.*

### MAGAZINE OF THE AGES

THE EDITORS: Andrew Roberts' Stay East, Young Man, Stay East! (July 19th) about the real-estate beating the veteran is taking in Los Angeles is a wonderful article.

I have read Collier's since I was eighteen years of age and consider it one of the great magazines of this century. As long as you continue to print subjects related to the suffering of the little man, you shall command the trust of your great mass of readers.

GEORGE D. WATERS,
Los Angeles, Cal.

### CASTING DIRECTOR

DEAR EDITOR: Your serial Merchant of Valor is the best story that I've read in a long, long time.

Three cheers for its author, Mr. C. B. Kelland. His clever manner of writing packs romance and excitement into a sixteenth-century setting. *Incidentally*, Mario Cooper did a most beautiful job of illustrating Mr. Kelland's novel. If skillfully produced and directed, it could become the best picture of the decade! How about Cornel Wilde or Vincent Price for the screen part of Peter Carew, June Haver or perhaps Veronica Lake as Betsy, Elizabeth Taylor as Beatrice, Errol Flynn as Giovanni De' Medici, and Basil Rathbone as Christoforo?

CHARLES L. FELLENCER

### DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

DEAR EDITOR: In Unmasking the Mosquito (July 5th), Nina Wilcox Putnam says, "Here are the lurid details of the private life of the gallinipper." I always thought the gallinipper was different from the mosquito, that it was much larger and had longer legs and was harmless.

Re Spear That Tiger (June 28th), there are no tigers in Brazil and the picture shows a jaguar that has spots. Tigers live in Asia and wear stripes.

MRS. F. M. LE PLA, Palatka, Fla.

*Webster: Gallinipper. A large mosquito or other biting or stinging insect. The Brazilians refer to their jaguars as tigrés. Spots or stripes, what does it matter, if you've been eaten by one? Besides, stripes are all the mode this year.*

### KFRU SHALL RING TONIGHT!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Re your interesting City Without Secrets (July 19th): May we let you in on a Columbia secret? Although radio news writing has only recently been made a part of the curriculum at the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri, we will attest to the fact that students at the school have been preparing radio news for station KFRU for the past 12 years. The news bureau at KFRU is entirely manned by journalism students.

Full college credit is given students for their work in the KFRU news bureau.

C. L. THOMAS, Sec'y,
Station KFRU Inc.

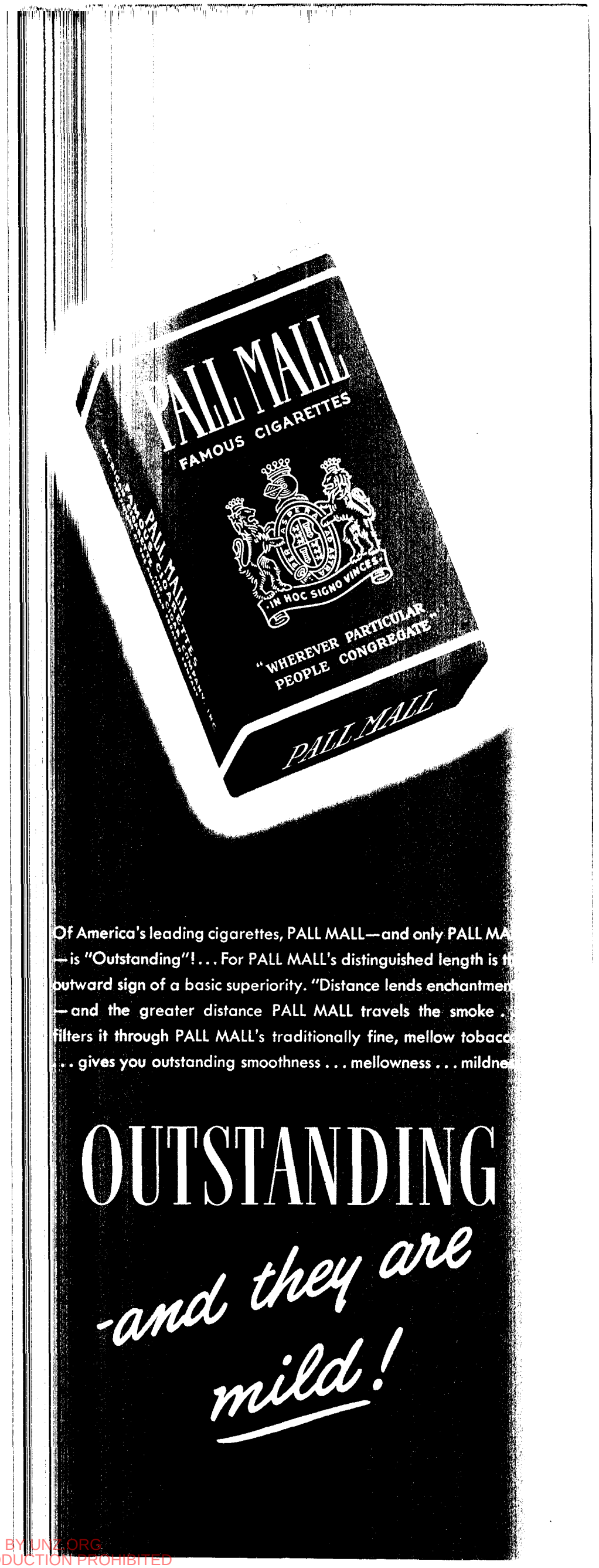
### BURNED UP!

SIR: "There is no such thing as wind burn; it's plain sunburn slightly accentuated by the absence of protective perspiration," says the debunking physicist of NYU (Debunking Expedition by W. E. Farbstein, May 31st).

Please ask him if he ever experienced a prolonged night flight in a fast open cockpit airplane sans windshield, or canopy. Would HIS face be wind burned?

H. C. DRAYTON, Cambridge, Md.





ALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
Of America's leading cigarettes, PALL MALL—and only PALL MA
—is "Outstanding"!... For PALL MALL's distinguished length is t
outward sign of a basic superiority. "Distance lends enchantmen
—and the greater distance PALL MALL travels the smoke .
filters it through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobacc
... gives you outstanding smoothness ... mellowness ... mildne
OUTSTANDING
-and they are mild!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**"Times have changed!" says the knight of old, as he admires the golden furnishings and glittering ladies of today. He is fascinated by the unlimited uses of this new nontarnishable metallic thread**

# BY RUTH CARSON

**This new thread looks like real metal but is much better for dresses, bathing suits and draperies. It's rather expensive now, but watch for the gold rush**

ROSE MARIE REID, a popular California designer of bathing suits, has a man-bites-dog story about a movie star and one of her suits. The star is Rita Hayworth, and the suit is plenty glamorous, too, looking like spun gold and making even an average figure look divine. The news about it is that Miss Hayworth's movie studio telephoned Mrs. Reid's design studio and said, "Please, may Miss Hayworth be photographed in that suit?" thus reversing the usual order of requests, since stars are constantly besieged with pleas to pose in this creation or that.

The thing that made this suit desirable above all others is simply a thread. But such a thread! It is as golden and beautiful as the gold in the most perishable evening brocade you ever owned. But it isn't gold. It takes to water like a fish, it can be dry-cleaned, it can be used in a hundred different things from tablecloths to bathing suits. It's still as good as gold; in fact, better—for it doesn't tarnish.

The gold mine from which this thread comes can also yield silver and copper, or any color, for that matter. The trick is a thin strip of aluminum foil, coated on both sides with clear plastic, stuck to the aluminum with an adhesive tinted in any of these precious colors. The results are threads that look like metal, though the only metal thing about them is an aluminum core that doesn't show. They're touching up a lot of things with glamor, but they came about in a most unglamorous fashion.

A firm named Dobeckmun (for the good reason that its three founders were the Messrs. Dolan, Becker and Munson) specializes in making packaging material from films like Cellophane and foils like aluminum foil. Having worked their way from plain cigar pouches through gaily printed bags to hold anything from your moth balls to your nylons, they invented the zip tape on your cigarette package. This involved laminating, or pressing plastic films together.

Experimenting further, they discovered that aluminum foil, sandwiched between two layers of transparent plastic film, could be slit into strips as narrow as 1/64th of an inch, making an interesting metallic-looking thread for weaving. What's more, besides the silvery look of aluminum, they could produce gold or copper with no more alchemy than coloring the adhesive used to glue the sandwich together. So they added metallic threads to their business, selling them for embroidery work and for making braids that went into belts, trimmings and such.

The war slowed further progress for a while. But since the war, designers have snatched this gilded ball and started running in all directions with it. Rose Marie Reid was one of the first. Buying some of the gold thread for embroidery, she discovered it was seaworthy enough for bathing suits. She promptly talked a manufacturer into making for her twenty yards of gold cloth and twenty of silver, at equally fabulous expense. The resulting bathing suits, making you glimmer like a minnow or a goldfish as you slither through the water, achieved the headlines, as well as the figures of such stars as Rita Hayworth and Lucille Ball.

Several movie studios have stocked them. These first suits sold by the hundreds even at the price, $89.50. Now at a mere $25 per, Mrs. Reid is practically in volume business, making suits of an elastic fabric overlaid with gold.

It used to be that anything with a metal thread in it was strictly for winter and for formal, to be wrapped in black tissues between wearings and to be prayed over on opening, in the hope there would be no tarnish. Metallic fabrics had other handicaps, too. They were expensive. They had a metallic, unpleasant odor. The metal threads in them were abrasive to the other threads, and they were heavy in weight.

The new miracle yarn having wiped out these handicaps, even to lowering cost somewhat, designers have become light-handed with it for every season of the year. Fleck a white tweed with it, and you have a handsome coat, summer or winter. Put a fine hair-stripe of gold in a beige cotton, and there's material for a lovely summer evening dress, or a distinctive blouse any time. Clare Potter, Adele Simpson, Howard Greer, Adrian, Capezio—name a Who's Who of American designers, and you'll find most of them gilding some fashion, whether it's slippers, negligee, suit or dinner gown.

Your house can have its touch of glitter, too. Twenty or thirty furniture makers have used it somewhere in their new fall upholsterings. For years Dorothy Liebes, famous weaver, and setter of fabric fashions, has used gold, silver and copper threads in her weaving, mixed with many fibers. "There's nothing new about that," she says. "Through the ages, metals have been woven into fabric. Look in any museum. But I have built up an appetite for gold in my stuff. I've spent a fortune in France for metal yarns, only to have them tarnish. I've even written to China, trying to get more."

So when Dobeckmun asked her to be a consultant for them, bribing her with a guarantee of all the metal thread she could use, she took the job. "It was like putting candy in a baby's hand," she said.

The refurbished Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu has Liebes shades at the windows, made of colored half-round slats of wood laced together with brilliant yarns of *(Continued on page 62)*



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

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The Wonderful Stars of "It's A Wonderful Life" and "The Yearling" Magically Together for the First Time!

# JAMES STEWART
# JANE WYMAN
# Robert's MAGIC

THE MAGIC OF A SUDDEN KISS... A LOVE THAT JEOPARDIZED THE HAPPINESS OF THOUSANDS!

with KENT SMITH · NED SPARKS · [illegible] LORD

Written and Produced by ROBERT RISKIN · [illegible]

A William A. Wellman Production · [illegible]

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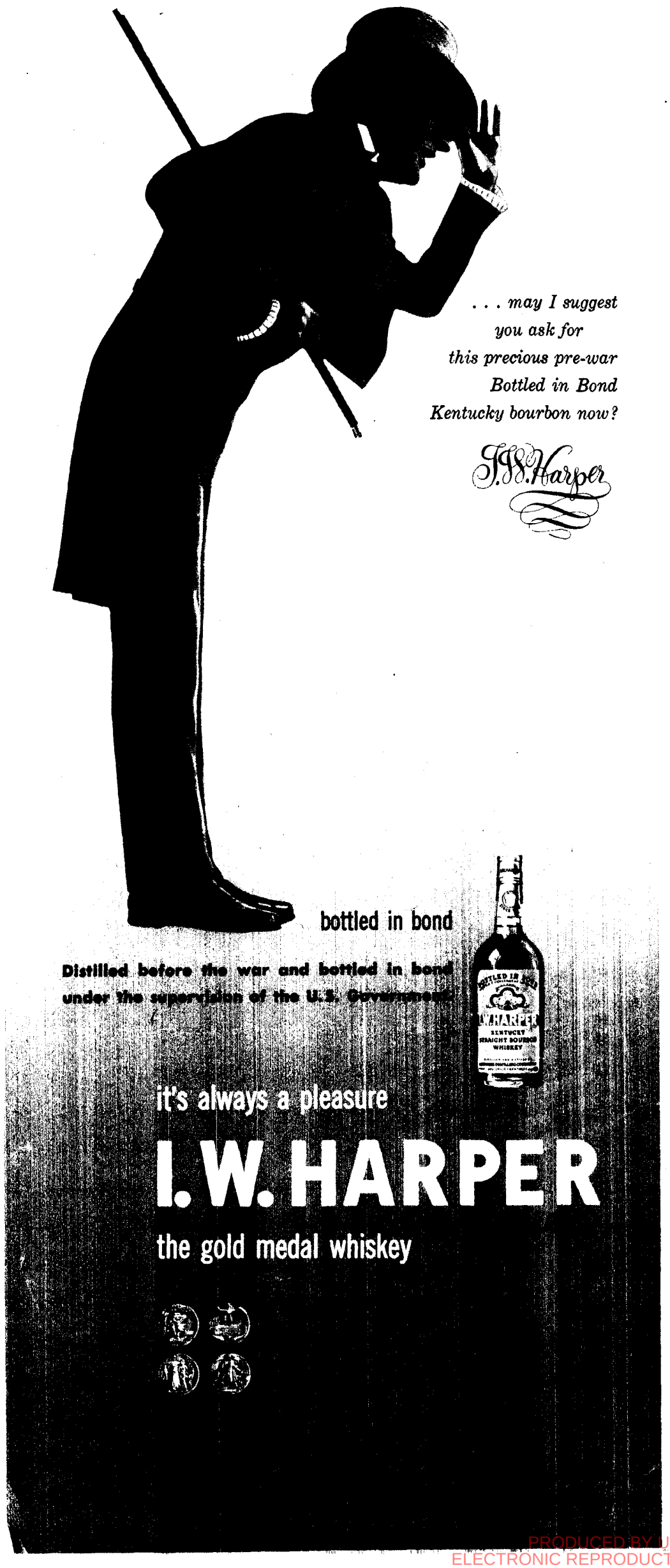
. . . may I suggest
you ask for
this precious pre-war
Bottled in Bond
Kentucky bourbon now?
J.W. Harper
bottled in bond
Distilled before the war and bottled in bond under the supervision of the U.S. Government
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
it's always a pleasure
I.W. HARPER
the gold medal whiskey



# FLIGHT INTO THE FUTURE

**Continued from page 19**

Each time the rocket makes one lap the globe turns through one twelfth of its daily rotation. If it passed over New York at noon, by 2 P.M. it would have gone completely around the earth and would then pass over Kansas City; two hours later it would pass over Salt Lake City. In the same four hours it would have patrolled over portions of Siberia, China, Burma and India, not to mention Little America and the North Pole.

We can select orbits of longer periods by using, for example, 24-hour, 12-hour and 6-hour satellites. The 24-hour orbit rocket has the amusing trick of staying always on the same side of the globe! It lives a life of permanent frustration; if it starts a lap over Ecuador at noon, then at midnight it will be on the far side of the globe—only to find that Ecuador has swung around there to meet it!

### Moon Base Could Direct Rockets

These prowl-car rockets can be directed by remote control from the space cruisers, from ground stations or even from the base on the moon. Security doctrine calls for them to be controlled by the space cruisers, under the orders of the Security Council's military general staff chief.

The Jupiter is now in an orbit just outside the orbits of a spaced group of prowl-car rockets; her speed is a trifle slower than that of the rockets. One of them slowly overtakes and passes her. The space ship captain uses his jets to increase speed slightly. He jockeys his ship, using radar, automatic pilot and sheer talent, until the speeds and courses of the ship and the rocket missile are perfectly matched, with the rocket a scant hundred yards away. The general alarm sounds and the loud-speaker shouts, "All hands! Recovery stations."

They are about to bring the rocket into the ship. Space-suited men in fishbowl helmets float in a cluster around the air lock. One of them, carrying a sort of crowbar, enters the lock. Outside—you watch him through a viewport—he doubles up against the side of the ship, then shoves off, as if from the side of a swimming pool, and dives toward the rocket. There is a line on his waist, the other end fastened to the ship.

The man inserts the crowbar gadget in the war head of the rocket and locks it in place. There is now a mechanical obstacle stopping the sequence of events necessary to trigger the atom bomb. Then he hauls over a heavier line and makes it fast to the rocket. He waves and reports "Ready" by walkie-talkie radio built into his suit.

The bomb-bay doors are open; the rocket is warped inside. The bomb bay is itself a giant air lock; once the rocket is inside, men can work on her without space suits. Apparently there isn't much to be done. Some of her fuel has escaped through relief valves and must be replaced; there are routine checks and tests of all her gadgets, mechanical and electronic. This is an "honest" rocket; her radar ground checks have shown her to be on time and on station since her last inspection, save for minor variations easily attributable to the disturbing pull of the earth's tidal bulges. They prepare to cast her adrift again.

When the bomb bay is open, a giant lazy-tongs nudges the missile away from the ship until she floats free, and clear of the Jupiter's jets, secured to the ship by one line. There is a wait, until the navigator assures the captain that the rocket is tracking on station in her proper orbit, then the line is cast loose and hauled in. The Jupiter's jets are fired briefly and she drifts away, to rendezvous with and service the missile in orbit B-16.

Let's leave the space ship and get back to earth, and to 1947. Who will develop space flight—who is *now* developing it? What are the U.S. Air, Ground and Naval Forces doing about it?

For that matter, why have a space corps at all? Why not let well enough alone, leave such things to the comics? The answer is curt, inescapable: We must have space ships to preserve the peace.

In a period in which space flight is technically possible it is also inevitable. If *we* don't develop space ships, someone else will. Once developed, space travel can and will be the source of supreme military power over this planet—and over the entire solar system—for there is literally *no* way to strike back from ground, sea, or air, at a space ship, whereas the space ship armed with atomic weapons can wipe out anything on this globe.

The proof lies in the physical laws of gravity. Space—space here on paper—does not permit detailed technical discussion, but consider an analogy: Two men, one at the bottom of a 200-foot well, one at the top, each equipped with large, jagged rocks. Who bashes in whose head?

Suppose we don't have a peace patrol guarding the skies and an attack comes in from space on New York City. The enemy space ship comes curving around the globe a thousand miles out and making around five miles per second, the natural speed of the orbit. Radar keeps the navigator precisely informed as to position. The ship launches an atom-bomb rocket; the "gunner" tracks his missile by radar and applies course corrections by remote control. When the rocket bomb is on its correct path for Manhattan, the "gunner" sets it free, and the space ship scoots out of there, perhaps to wipe out San Francisco nine minutes later.

### Difficulties of Defending City

The defenders of New York, with the best that brains can devise and money can buy, try to fight back. With luck, a perfect warning system, radar capable of spotting and tracking a ship a thousand miles and more away . . . they *might* have as much as two minutes in which to locate the enemy, track him, fire interceptor rockets and try to blast him out of the sky. But the interceptor rockets would have to build up almost at once to speeds several times greater than the space ship's five miles per second.

However, if you can build such interceptor rockets (counters to "push-button warfare" are being worked on even today), then faster attack rockets can also be built. The advantage is with the man "at the top of the well," or in the space ship—he's higher up.

We want peace. We of the armed forces, as human beings with kids and homes of our own, most especially want peace, for we know how frightfully catastrophic another war would be. If we can make the United Nations work, then the space corps, when it comes, will be the backbone of the U.N. Security Forces—and it will be up to the technologically most advanced member nations to supply that backbone. If we can't make the U.N. work, then we've got to develop a space corps to enforce a *Pax America*, because the big cities of the United States can't survive an atomic war.

There are other reasons, beyond simple survival, for developing space travel. There is the high moral reason of scientific research and exploration in the arctic and the antarctic, in the stratosphere.

What can we expect to find? Well—what is on the other side of the moon? Whence come the cosmic rays? What off-



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the-earth factors are there in major weather changes? Is there life on our sister planets?

Hardheaded corporations are today thinking about bouncing radio messages off the moon as an aid to world-wide communications; satellite radio relay ships, somewhat like the "prowl car" missiles described earlier, would be worth millions to commercial radio as far better bouncers.

But these are side issues. We must drive ahead because our children must inherit a space corps to *stay alive.*

The extended graphs say that we shall be constructing our first space fleet in twenty years. *Before* we have "push-button warfare."

We need to apply atomic power to space ships, for the liquid-fuel rockets of this decade require too much fuel for return trips. Professor J. R. Dunning, of the atom-bomb project, thinks that it is likely that the first large-scale application of atomic power to transport will be in large seagoing ships. It is logical that this application should become the job of the Navy Bureau of Ships. The atomic-powered airplane is an aim of military aircraft designers. This is much harder to do because of the great size and weight necessary to shield the crew from radioactivity.

But the two projects converge—in the space ship. We may as well build it large enough so that the weight of the anti-radioactivity shield will not be a too-important portion of the total weight, for the ship also will have to house the crew, provide for eating and sleeping during cruises that will last weeks, months, or even—for deep space exploration—years.

So we will take the Bureau of Ship's experience with big ships, add in all that Wright Field learns about power plants for airplanes, mix in Army Ordnance's experience with big rockets, call in the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, the Army Signal Corps, the Department of Commerce, their many skilled commercial contractors and the already participating universities. This sort of joint operation is now going on at White Sands Proving Grounds in New Mexico where Army Ordnance handles the over-all coordination of many related projects in firing the German V-2 rockets.

The co-operative job at White Sands Proving Grounds is a preview of the first space-ship project. Its story starts in 1945, at a meeting held at the Naval Research Laboratory to discuss uses for captured German rockets. Some alert Army Ordnance officers, picking through the debris of German factories and dumps after V-E Day, had found enough parts of V-2 rockets to assemble a goodly number. When they examined the cleverly engineered jet engine, they realized that we were years behind the German rocket experts; we had whole new techniques to learn before we could build our own first long-range rocket. The Ordnance officers promptly shipped a hundred V-2s to White Sands.

### Progress in Conquest of Space

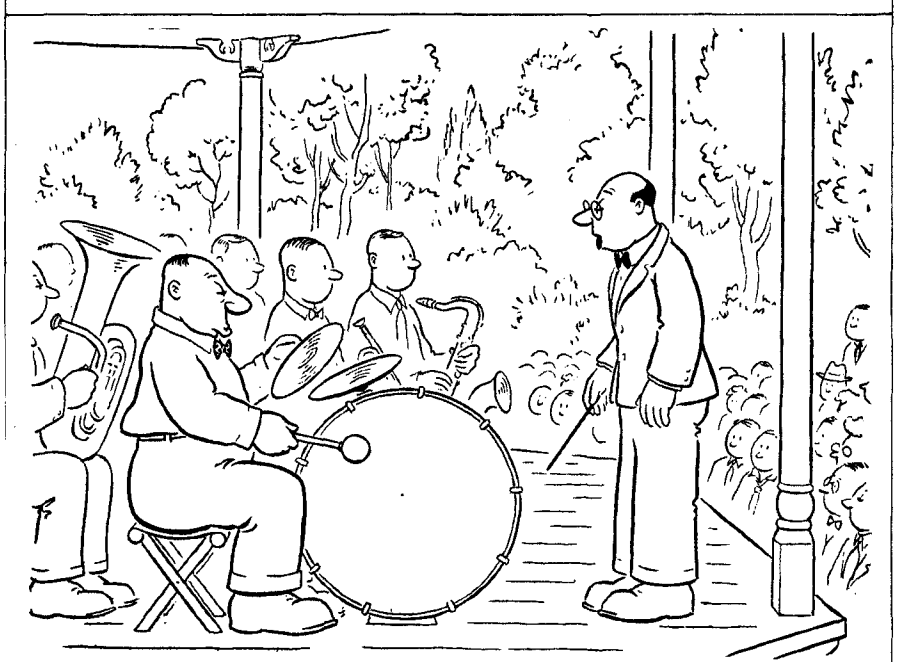
Army Ordnance hired General Electric to do the engineering of assembly and firing, thus neatly and quickly educating one of the country's major engineering staffs in the subject of big rockets. Then they invited the brother services to join in the firings. The empty war head, or cargo space, was offered as a high-altitude research laboratory, and Dr. E. H. Krause, head of rocket-sonde development at Naval Research Laboratory, with its 20 years of high-altitude pioneering behind him, was asked to organize the joint effort. Krause called in scientists from universities all over the country to meet with officers of all services, their civilian scientists and contractors.

This collaboration enabled the Army and Navy to proceed along complementary lines in developing the super-rocket leading to the conquest of space. When we run out of V-2s, sometime in 1948, the Navy will be ready with a better rocket, the Neptune, built for research—not bombardment. It will have a top speed of better than a mile and a half per second—enough, you will remember from the account of the mythical U.N.S. Jupiter to make the trip from the moon to the earth. It will carry scientific instruments twice as far out into space as the best the V-2 will do.

Thus the joint operation started only two years ago has already produced a better rocket than the V-2. Following the Neptune, the Air Forces can be expected to offer a still better space prober. Each service is developing and testing guided missiles, at Wendover, Nevada, at Point Mugu, California, at Wright Field, at the Naval Air Material Center at Philadelphia and in the laboratories of many contractors. From the 3,000-mile missile, we progress to the ocean-spanning missile, then to the permanent-orbit round-the-world missile—at which point *these* lines of development also converge on the space ship.

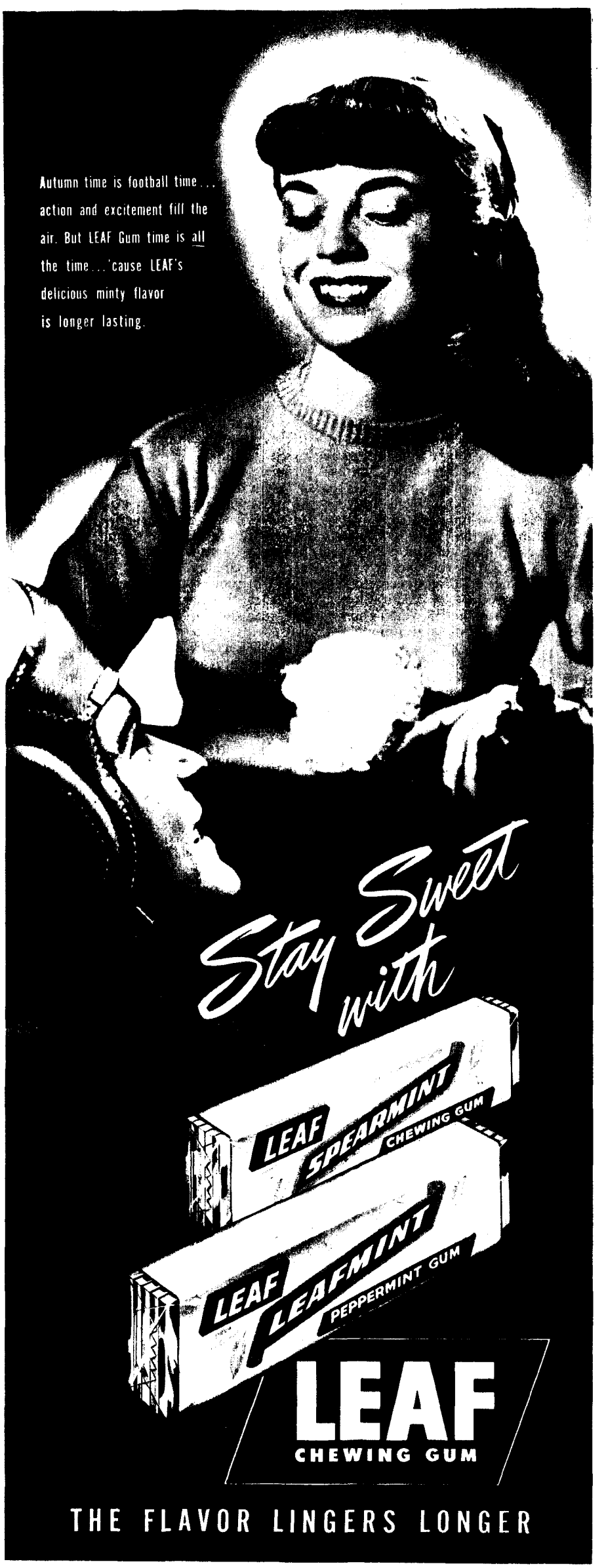
THE END

**ALFRED** **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Yes, I admit I've never heard the bass drum played with such artistry and depth of feeling, Alfred. Now if you could only manage to hit it at the right time"

COLLIER'S



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# FLYING MIDGET

NEXT Saturday, Sunday and Monday (the Labor Day week end) something new in aviation will be born at the 21st annual running of the National Air Races at Cleveland, Ohio—genuine midget airplane racing. The races were carefully planned and will be carefully controlled; they are under capable, experienced management and high-class and dignified sponsorship. They are intended to fulfill the need for more thought for light-plane design and to provide spectators with the opportunity of witnessing skillful piloting at its best around a tight, two-mile course.

Programmed as the Goodyear Trophy Race and carrying a total of $25,000 in prizes with $8,500 as the winner's take, the contest, since its announcement last fall, has liberated pent-up talent all over the nation. Through the winter, spring and early summer, pilots and engineers, obscure and prominent, have been at work in back yard and cellar designing and building sleek, tiny 200-mile-an-hour single-seaters. At least 20 are due to show up at Cleveland. Another score, planned for the event, couldn't be finished in time. The inducement stands for at least three years, however, and the sponsoring Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company doubtless will extend the trophy's life if the initial objectives appear to be in sight at the end of that period.

The Professional Race Pilots Association is working closely with Goodyear in preparing the specifications for eligible planes and pilots and exercising control so that the midget-plane development program will be constructive as well as entertaining.

Art Chester, of Los Angeles, an old hand at building and flying small racers, is president of the outfit and is right in there with a homemade midget of his own named the "Swee' pea." It weighs 520 pounds, cost $5,000 to build, and is 15½ feet long, with a wing span of 17 feet 5 inches. It has a butterfly V tail like the new Beechcraft Bonanza executive plane eliminating the need for a rudder and it cruises at 120 miles an hour. Art, like other builders in Wisconsin, Michigan, New York, Ohio, North Carolina, Iowa, California and Maryland, is shooting for 200 miles an hour.

Art and his group have laid down hard and irrevocable rules for the midgets. Right off, they specify the engines must be government-approved types and must not exceed 85 horsepower. Furthermore, they are not to be monkeyed with. This keeps out the "hot rod" artists. The PRPA doesn't want engines flying to pieces in the air before, during or after the race.

While dubbed by one segment of aviation as wild men for risking their lives for a prize, racing-plane builders and pilots are credited by racing fans with having brought about many innovations and refinements in their never-ending quest for more speed.

For the further development of landing gear design, the wheels and struts must be fixed, not retractable. This eliminates weighty mechanism that sometimes fails and necessitates a precarious landing on one wheel or no wheels at all. To prevent some pilots from using office-chair casters to cut down weight and resistance, wheels must have a minimum diameter of 10 inches. To preclude any possibility of a pilot skimping on his fuel supply, all contestants must have at least 10 gallons in the tank at the start.

Pilots must carry parachutes, safety belts, shoulder straps and crash helmets, little items left out in the past by some skippers because of weight and space problems. And to prevent courageous but inexperienced prize-money seekers from giving the new little "industry" a black eye, no one will be allowed to compete if he has less than 200 solo hours. Further, all midget-racer pilots must have had at least two hours in the ship and must have made at least five take-offs and landings. If the midget-plane pilot has never raced before, he must fly his plane at least eight consecutive laps of the prescribed course.

The midget race, to be spread over three days with four 20-mile heats on Saturday, two 30-mile semifinals on Sunday and the final 50 miles on Labor Day, is limited to men only. This was regarded as "discrimination" against women pilots by Miss Marge Hurlburt, of Painesville, Ohio, about whom we wrote in the May 17, 1947, Wing Talk in reporting her world's speed record of 337 miles an hour made in a Navy Corsair fighter.

Marge had ordered a mosquito built for the race and, if prohibited from flying it herself, would have designated a male pilot and would have continued to work for women participation or for a separate race for women midget-racer pilots next year. But Marge was killed on the Fourth of July at Decorah, Iowa, while stunting before a holiday crowd as a member of an aerial circus she had just joined.

DOWN in Santiago, Chileans and foreigners are welcoming "home" the *Caballero de los Andes*. It has been several months since big Americano Warren B. Smith has been seen in that attractive South American metropolis or at his favorite fishing spots where he was usually to be found when not in the pilot's chair of a trans-Andean air liner.

In 1942 the Chilean government bestowed upon Captain Smith the title "Knight of the Andes" on completion of his 1,000th crossing of the Andean Cordillera. Then on April 17th last year, another big crowd gathered at Santiago's Los Cerrillos Airport to hail "Smitty" on the completion of his 1,500th flight over the highest mountain range in the Western Hemisphere. But in March of this year, after his 1,608th trans-Andean flight, Smitty went North to get acquainted with the new Douglas DC-6s his air line, Pan American-Grace Airways (Panagra), had ordered and also for a long overdue vacation.

Now he's flying the new Sixes for Panagra out of Miami on the new through service to Buenos Aires via the west coast of South America, but his stay in Santiago is short. He must keep the 21-hour schedule established for the Sixes between Miami and Buenos Aires and get back home in Miami to Mrs. Smith, even though, after twenty-one years, she is now used to the life of a wife of an air line pilot.

Once upon a time, the crossing of the Andes was a high aeronautical achievement for both machine and man. Under clear skies and in calm air, it can be made at 14,000 feet if you know your mountain passes and don't turn up an inviting canyon like some less alert and less fortunate airmen of the past. In turbulent air or on a cloudy day it meant and still means the crossing is made at around 19,000 feet, but for many years now both man and machine have been well equipped to meet and overcome the challenge of the terrific Andes.

For passengers, too, it used to be a great adventure. Flying in trimotored Fords, the east-west crossing, in particular, had its limitations. Head winds of more than 100 miles an hour often caused Captain Smith's Ford not only to stand still but even fly backward. When that happened, Smitty just turned around and sat down at Mendoza, Argentina, until the winds relaxed to a reasonable velocity.

Smitty has hauled more than 300,000 fare-paying passengers between Buenos Aires and Santiago (your reporter is one of those statistics, having ridden behind Smitty eleven years ago in a DC-2), and since he always made it a practice to use oxygen on every crossing, he probably has consumed more of the stuff than any other pilot. The only noticeable ill effect he traces to the abnormal use of the (oxygen) bottle has been on his teeth, it being his theory that bacteria are spurred on to produce a bumper crop of cavities.

A high trip over Andean rock on a cloudy day is a great loss for the first-time passenger. If the weather is clear and calm, he'll go *through* the mountains and there will be unfolded a scene unequaled on any established airway in the world. Almost as awesome as Mt. Aconcagua reaching 22,835 feet in the sky is the statue of El Cristo de los Andes at a pass 12,500 feet above sea level. This impressive work of art stands on the border of Argentina and Chile and the Christ of the Andes proclaims a constant blessing on a peaceful life for the peoples of those two nations.

Warren Smith, now forty-four years old, is a native of Minneapolis. He's the foremost authority on meteorological phenomena in an area of the world pretty much closed to the surface traveler, not to forget his being the champion mountain flier airman and a respected authority on fishing.

He is a survivor of that wonderful group of resourceful, desperate, nerveless, nomadic band of barnstormers who peddled rides in stick-and-wire airplanes for whatever the people would pay at the end of the other war, who defied gravity and common sense in their exhibition flights and lured the morbid to the clearing on the village outskirts with the guarantee of a crash and a broad inference that someone might get killed. That was commercial aviation then; that was the only way flying could produce food and clothing.

When it no longer became necessary for him to risk his life for the amusement of the public, Smitty joined what turned out to be a short-lived air line established in Latin America to compete with the expanding Pan American Airways. When that line was acquired by Pan American in 1930, Warren was taken over as one of the assets and late in 1931 he settled down in Santiago, where he flew the Andes almost daily for Pan Am's affiliate. Pan American-Grace airways, until a few months ago.

About 10 miles west of the Christ of the Andes, as you fly from Argentina to Chile, is a waterfall, a very thin stream that drops about 1,500 feet from its point of origin at 11,000 feet. In the morning hours it falls normally, but in the afternoons the high wind whips up under it and the water is picked up and hurled back higher than its source.

This phenomenon occurs only during the South American summer months (November, December and January); the remainder of the year the falls are frozen over.

When taking a new copilot on route-familiarization runs, Smitty invariably asks the youngster at the end of the trip if he saw the "Upside-down Waterfall." The copilot never does; he's too awed and bewildered by the grandeur of the scenery. So Smitty explains that there is such a thing. The copilot invariably gives him a fishy eye, but is respectful toward the Old Man of the Andes. Usually it's only a matter of hours before word is brought back to Captain Smith that the new copilot had confided in a friend that "Captain Smith has been flying the Andes just a little bit too long."

F. R. NEELY

An Andes crossing in a Ford trimotor was grim

DRAWINGS BY JOE KAUFMAN



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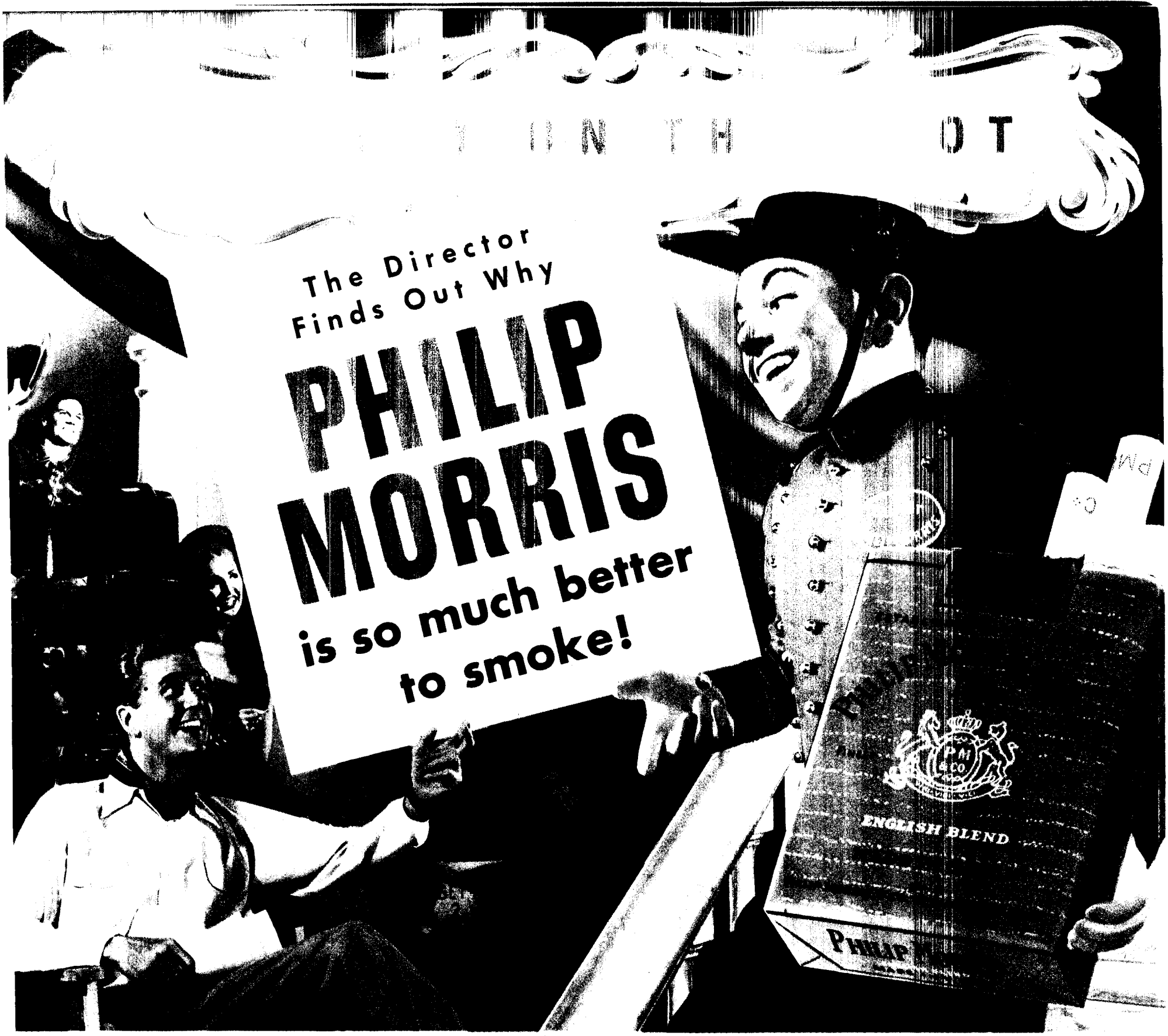


The Director thought he had Johnny on the Spot. "Why," he asked, "is PHILIP MORRIS so much better to smoke?"

"Because PHILIP MORRIS is the ONLY leading cigarette scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat," Johnny replied. **"Less irritation means more enjoyment.** That's why the PHILIP MORRIS smoker really gets what other smokers only hope to get . . . better taste, finer flavor, perfect smoking pleasure!"

**Yes, it's true . . . if every smoker knew what PHILIP MORRIS smokers know—they'd all change to PHILIP MORRIS, America's finest cigarette.**

*TRY A PACK TODAY!*

# CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

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# MAN RUNNING

Continued from page 26

softly: "So our Mr. Williams has been up to his dirty tricks again?"

Her blue eyes would have blazed if the melting mascara would have let them.

"What d'you mean?" she demanded sharply. "Who are you?"

"Oh, nobody in particular," I said, "except I've had my disappointments, too."

"Maybe you're another of them? Who was that woman?"

I shook my head. "I'm not one of the party. She was no friend of mine."

"She is of his, all right. The moment he looked out of the window when she rang and saw her, he went into a positive jitter—for him, that is. He doesn't show what he's feeling, much."

"That's the first thing a wolf has to learn."

"Threw me out like last week's washing. Oh, for heaven's sake, why am I talking to you!" she said, returning to her anguished heart and outraged vanity. "You go to hell," she added and strode off down the street with her head in the air and her high heels smacking down on the pavement. She had magnificent legs.

The main point she had made for me during that brief encounter was Freddy Williams' interest, and the kind of interest, in our sex. I had used the word "wolf" almost without thinking; it seemed to me I could not have chosen a better one.

I DROVE the Daimler back to the garage, spent a few minutes in the scullery at Aunt Florence's getting rid of make-up (which always goes on easier than it comes off), and reconstituted as Dorothy Simpson, returned to Number 4. The basement door was as I had left it; once inside, I released it and shot the bolts top and bottom. No one could know the new lady's maid had been anywhere but in her attic since bedtime.

Passing the first-floor landing on my way up I saw that I had a better opportunity than I would get again to search Charlotte's rooms.

The obvious point of interest was the bureau in the sitting room, a modern but delicate piece in some smooth-grained whitewood. Its flap was down, as I had last noticed it. I pulled the heavy inner curtains as quietly as possible and lighted the reading lamp on top of the bureau.

I went through the papers methodically, drawer by drawer, keeping them in their original order. And in order they were, which told once again of the organized mind behind her exhibitionist temperament.

Unpaid bills, paid bills, broker's letters about investments, personal letters, insurance policies on jewelry, passport (which told me she was thirty-two), a small packet of letters dated two years ago from a woman called Elise.

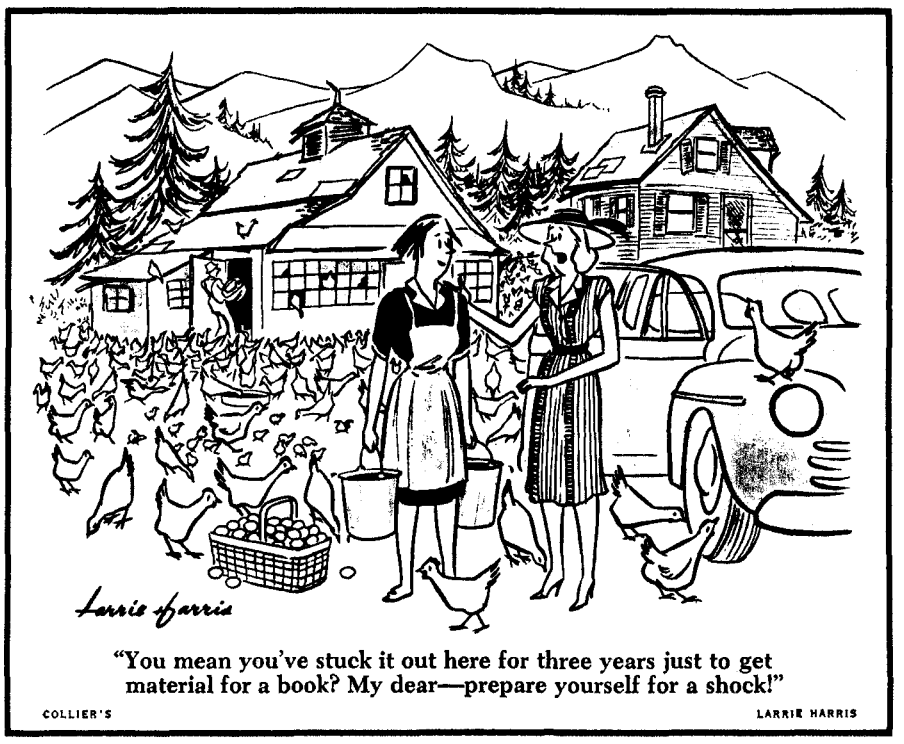
Only one drawer, at the bottom of the right-hand pedestal, was locked. Without much hope, I pulled the drawer above the locked one completely out, to find to my delight that there was no division between them and that the contents of the lower one were as accessible as if I had the key to it.

There were, I suppose, about fifteen to twenty bundles of letters of different thicknesses, tied neatly with the traditional ribbon, each a love affair, each a record of this or that period in her career as an attractive woman. I went quickly through the bundles, taking out the top letter or so of each for a clue to the writer's identity, and closer reading. "Joe's" bundle held only five. They were short, and more businesslike than loverlike; they came to the point without any nonsense. The shortest said: *"Dear Charlotte, if you will not live with me without marriage, you had better marry me."* Occasional paragraphs in letters from other packets suggested that she had not often insisted on that condition. Poor Joe! He had married her and look where it had got him, besides her bed.

Finally I came to a thin packet of four letters from Jonathan. My fingers trembled as I turned it over and then put it in my pocket. I could not, of course, read them. Silly of her not to have destroyed them after the murder, such complete evidence of the one thing she was trying to hide; Groves would have liked them. Well, when she remembered them and looked for them, she would think he had got them and they would have an acrimonious discussion on the question.

I checked the bundles once more for anything from Freddy, but if it was that way with him and her, and I thought it probably was, he had not so far—sensible man—written to her about it.

I left the bureau as I had found it and turned to the rest of the room. There was nothing more of any interest.




"You mean you've stuck it out here for three years just to get material for a book? My dear—prepare yourself for a shock!"

COLLIER'S LARRIE HARRIS

Satisfied that I had searched the rooms as far as my amateur methods would take me, I went up to the attic, taking off my shoes at the top of the stairs, where the carpet ended and the linoleum began. That was at twenty-five minutes to two. . . .

I woke up, not completely, at four (a church clock struck a few seconds later) listening to something, not in the house but outside in the road—the sound of a car. So far as I could tell, it had just driven past the house as I became aware of it. The sound receded, then the car turned at the corner; I heard it reverse once, and come back, again passing the house, and halt with the engine running, some way up the road. Then the engine stopped, and I lay there in a kind of half-asleep state, wondering why that engine had sounded familiar. I knew I was not in my bed at home, but at the same time was not quite alive to where I actually was. For a moment, that is. When I realized this was Number 4 Cary Gardens, I decided the car might have brought Charlotte home. If that was so, she had had a long session with Freddy. But she knew where she lived, and while the car might have stopped at a discreet distance from the house it wouldn't first have been driven up and down the road like that. And anyway, why had it waked me up? A dozen cars must have passed since I went to sleep. *Had* it a familiar sound? Lots of cars sound alike, don't they? But why had I thought I was at home? Natural enough. Habit. Or had the car made me think I was? . . . *Yes, it had.*

I knew that car. It was *my* car. It was the Austin. That slight rattle of a brake rod or something which even Charlie hadn't been able to trace, and the ticking of the valves when the engine is idling—of course I knew it!

By this time I was out of bed and putting a dressing gown over my pajamas in the dark. More or less feeling my way, I barefooted it along the passage, down the stairs, and into the late Joseph Inwood's bedroom which I chose because it had long windows and a balcony above the street.

I opened one of the windows without making too much noise. The light was not good, but it was not so bad that I could be mistaken about the car. It was the Austin all right. It stood there perhaps fifty yards away, almost to a foot where earlier I had waited in the Daimler for Charlotte.

First of all I thought it must be Charlie, looking for me. Something had gone wrong. So much could, while the Commodore still lived the way he did, with things like the Rembrandt occupying his nefarious mind. But if it were Charlie, he must have done some remarkable detective work to have found me. No. Couldn't be Charlie. Couldn't be.

It wasn't. It was Jonathan.

Jonathan, after a period of circumspect waiting, began getting out of the Austin, my Austin. First his long legs swung out on to the curb, then the tall, thin rest of him. On the way his hat was knocked back from his bony forehead and if I had been in any doubt, that was the end of it in the brief moment before he pulled it over his eyes.

"Oh, my God!" I said almost aloud. *"Now what?"*

I watched him come slowly along the pavement toward the house while my heart thumped and thudded. He looked over his shoulder only once on the way; in his cautious, indirect approach he had satisfied himself that the road was empty. He seemed to be wearing clothes I had not seen before. He was not at all the figure of a fugitive I had been imagining, the exhausted, bedraggled, hunted sleeper in ditches. In fact he looked almost natty. A new suit, a car, papers as John Hobhouse. I thought if the police could see what I was seeing, they would not be so confident that they were going to catch him. True, it was a stolen car, but only if *I* said so. When had he taken it? The Austin's stall in the stable garage could have been empty for days—

He was standing down there, looking up at Charlotte's windows at the other end of the balcony. If I had whispered his name in the quietness he would have heard me. But I thrust down the temptation. His reaction to finding me in this house would have been interesting to watch, but Charlotte's, if and when she discovered he was here, would be more so. What was he going to do? Had he come all this dangerous way just to gaze at her darkened windows?

He had not. He had even had the foresight to bring small stones with him. He took one from his pocket now and tossed it accurately upward. It hit the glass with a sharp click which must have gone some way toward waking her. Jonathan threw another stone, then after a short wait, a third. Nothing happened.

It suddenly occurred to me that she might not have come back yet from her midnight outing. It was beginning to get light; people would soon be abroad.

Jonathan threw the fourth stone as a taxi stopped at the bottom of Cary Gardens. We both heard the ping of the flag going up, and a moment later someone began walking quickly up the pavement, a woman by the sound of her heels.

Now Jonathan had stopped throwing stones; he crossed the road into the shelter of the privet bushes on the edge of the gardens, and Charlotte in her dark coat and head scarf came in sight.

I would have appreciated the irony of the situation more under other circumstances. My fictitious Jonathan in the bushes had suddenly become real. I crouched below the balustrade and watched between the stone supports.

He recognized her and came out of the privets as she reached the door. She did not scream; her nerves were restored, perhaps. I heard her startled but quiet voice. They were out of my view now, under the porch roof. I also heard his voice, low and indistinct, then the sound of her latch key. It was risky to bring him into the house, but she had no alternative; she certainly could not interview him on the steps. I made for the landing and the top of the stairs. She had not turned on any lights yet. Would she bring him up to her rooms? Hardly. I crept down the first flight, to the turn, and looked cautiously over the banister rail.

THE hall was dark, but I heard them again; they seemed to be standing just inside the closed front door. I had to chance the danger, which I thought was past for the moment, that she might put on a light; putting my weight slowly on the thick carpet of each tread as I came to it, I went down half a dozen stairs. Charlotte was saying something, of which I heard the end:

"—no, darling, no. I promise. But I must know where I can find you, how to get in touch with you if necessary."

"I don't know where I shall be for long," he whispered. "But I have a safe place at the moment, really very safe. More important still, that I am still functioning if ever you need me. I'll manage to come, somehow. Put a line in the personal column of the Telegraph, addressed to 'John' making a rendezvous. I must be able to see you—"

"Ssh—not so loud, darling! It's wonderful to know you're all right. The Telegraph—addressed to 'John.' But you're so sure you will be able to come—?"

"Only one thing can stop me, and if that happens, I dare say it will be in the papers. . . ."

"—so frightening, all this searching for you, all those policemen everywhere—darling! You mustn't take these risks



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# Rickey vs Fizz vs Collins

## a short story about tall drinks

*Reading time: 20 seconds • Pleasure time: all summer*

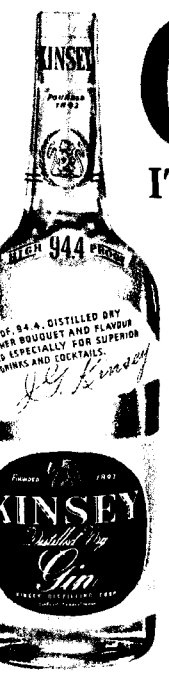
Why wonder which is best? *It's a long summer... so try them all!*

But for a smoother, more delicious, more cooling rickey, fizz *or* collins, be sure to use Kinsey Gin. Because Kinsey is the *genial* gin... superbly smooth. The *dry* gin... yes, dry as fine champagne. And *94.4 proof*... brimming over with extra flavor.

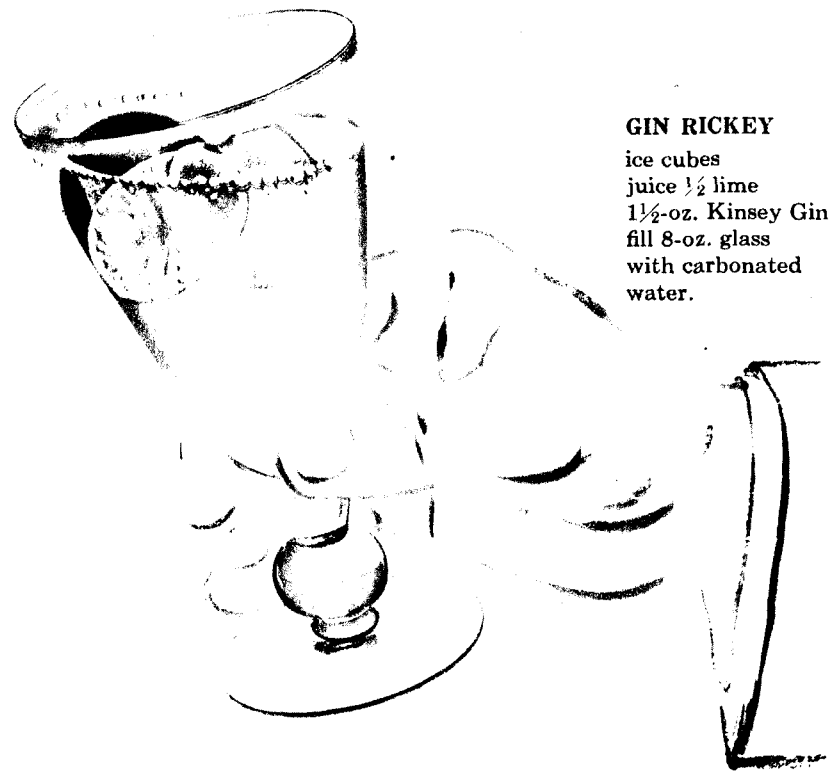
Happy beginning... happy ending! That's the story of summer drinks when you make them with Kinsey Gin.

# KINSEY GIN

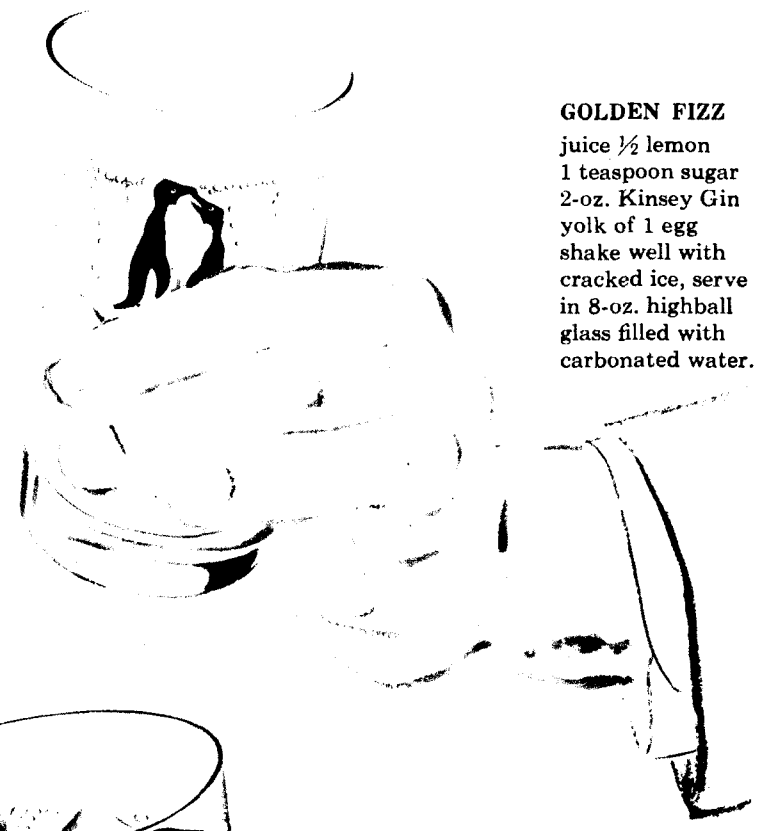
**IT'S 94.4 PROOF**



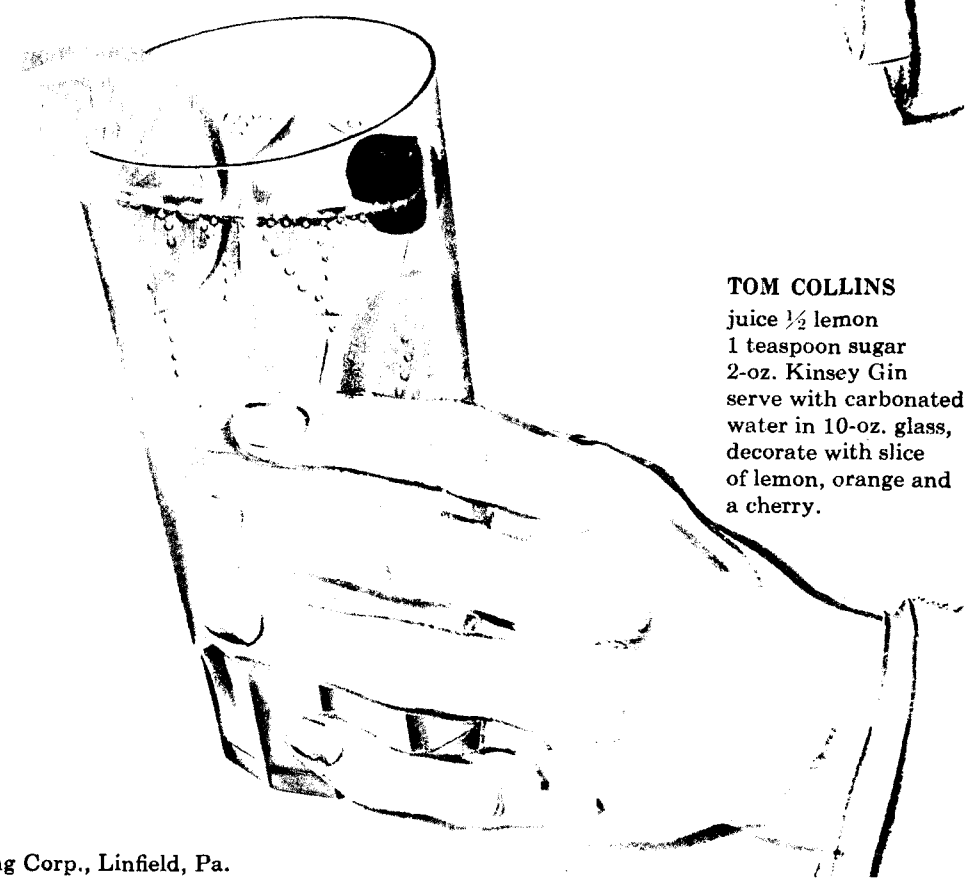

It's GENIAL
It's DRY



**GIN RICKEY**
ice cubes
juice ½ lime
1½-oz. Kinsey Gin
fill 8-oz. glass
with carbonated
water.



**GOLDEN FIZZ**
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
yolk of 1 egg
shake well with
cracked ice, serve
in 8-oz. highball
glass filled with
carbonated water.



**TOM COLLINS**
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
serve with carbonated
water in 10-oz. glass,
decorate with slice
of lemon, orange and
a cherry.

Distilled Dry Gin • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

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coming like this. Promise me, never again. But when I think it's safe—"

"South America!" I heard him say.

"Why not?" she said softly. "Now, please dear—"

She opened the door, letting in an alarming shaft of predawn light that froze me against the wall of the stairs. But neither of them was looking in my direction. Jonathan looked up and down the road and went out. She began to close the door very quietly while I leaped upward into the harboring gloom of the landing and my place against the banisters at the foot of the second flight of stairs. I waited until she was in her bedroom before I went down again to the telephone cupboard.

The dialing tone was loud. After a moment Freddy answered it in a filthy temper. She had waked him up. What the hell was it this time?

"I've seen him," she said. "I know how to reach him."

"Then that's going to be all right too," he said with a swift change to amiability. "It's going to be all right."

"Yes. I thought you'd sleep better for knowing."

"I shall."

"Good night again, darling."

"Good morning, you mean—and it *is* a good morning."

They laughed, both of them; a small, distant laughing together to confirm their certainty and relief that it was going to be all right now.

Going to be all right now, was it? All right for Jonathan, so she had told him; and all right for Freddy and herself and all concerned. I did not quite see, though, how it would work out; it seemed too general a state of all rightness to be quite practical. However, nobody could deny the excellence of her playing in the hall scene. It had had verve, attack, and never once had she let control pass from her hands. Jonathan had not even asked how she came to be out and about at four o'clock in the morning.

Jonathan . . . ! I twisted in my narrow iron bed and consigned him to perdition. I never wanted to see him again! He could go to South America with her for all I cared. Pinching my car to come to her, facing capture and a rope just to make sure she wasn't worrying!

A damnably irritating brute of a man. . . . It was a good thing I didn't really care for him and only wanted to see justice done. How could I care for him—wrapped in her arms in the darkness of the hall? A fine reward for all I had done and was trying to do for him.

South America! She hadn't the faintest intention of going to South America or anywhere else with him. He was like a child in a happy dream which must become a nightmare before he awoke.

I wondered where he had managed to hide himself so safely. . . .

THE next morning about eleven o'clock, Groves had another private session with Charlotte. This time he was a bare five minutes with her, and he left the house almost immediately, his bowler hat at a jauntier angle than suited either him or it.

As for Charlotte herself, in Mrs. Marshall's acid tones, she was "becoming more herself." She rang her bell often and made everyone, including me, jump through their various hoops.

Mr. Groves did not come back until a quarter to one; he was so deliberate in the way he mounted the stairs, as if he were walking through long wet grass, and so definite was the smell of whisky in his wake, that I felt he must have spent quite some while celebrating the sudden rise in his income. Indeed, only a fairly drunken man would have chosen so unoriginal a hiding place as under his mattress for the large Manila envelope containing two hundred pounds which presently I counted (very roughly) while he was at lunch in the basement.

After lunch I helped Charlotte survey her wardrobe, bringing out frock after frock.

The only comment Charlotte made in the course of this which could be said to have had anything to do with the death of her husband was, "Thank God I've enough black to see me through."

If she had any contact with Freddy Williams that day or the next, Sunday, I did not know about it.

The next day, Monday, the day of the funeral, she remained incommunicado all day, saw nobody, ate sparingly, and in short resumed her stricken widowhood for a while.

I EXPECT Groves was disappointed with the will, which gave him a measly fifty pounds after ten years' service, but since Charlotte was the residuary legatee to the tune, according to belowstairs gossip, of nearly half a million pounds, I did not suppose he was worrying.

So they buried Joseph Inwood with suitable pomp, drank a noticeable amount of his liquor, and life went on. For Charlotte this meant another after-bedtime outing. I did not learn about it until next day, when I found a pair of

**"Bessie's son Ralph would be perfect for your Edythe. . . . They're both crazy about Bach, and each was a Yeoman, Second Class!"**

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

black lizard court shoes under the bed which had not been there the night before. Also she slept soundly until noon. I felt safe in assuming she had spent some of the night with Freddy Williams.

In the meantime Jonathan was still news. The police were "redoubling their efforts." There was a second leader in the Morning News on their lack of success. Were there too many constables in motorcars and not enough on their feet, pounding the pavements? And so on.

The only other point of interest worth recording for that day was a little piece of information I learned from the housemaid, Molly. Molly's Irish nose was out of joint because Mr. Groves had suddenly taken against the way she made his bed.

"I told him in that case, why, he could make it himself, maybe, and he said he would indeed, and that's what he is doing—making it hisself. Now what do you say to that!"

I did not say anything to it; the real reason for the butler's fussiness was his secret; and mine, of course.

At last the evening came, and with Charlotte's permission and the rest of the household's knowledge, I went off to fetch my trunk from Suffolk on the understanding that I was to be back not later than six o'clock tomorrow, Wednesday, evening. I left the house a little reluctantly, afraid I might miss something and feeling that perhaps this trunk fetching just to substantiate my Dorothy Simpson character was a waste of precious time.

How wrong I was!

Before I left London I rang up Detective Inspector Smith at his flat; it seemed a long time since Eve Gill had had dinner with him, and I did not want him to forget me.

We had a friendly talk, which began with an earnest plea on his part that we should meet at Carletta's, and ended by my saying that perhaps before the summer disappeared he might like to come up to Kessingland for a week end, if he could spare the time. He thought it a wonderful idea but wouldn't count on it, because nice things like that didn't happen to him. In between these two points I said I hoped he was not working too hard and it was remarkable, wasn't it, how long that man Penrose was keeping out of sight? But perhaps the papers weren't fully in the picture?

"I'm afraid they are," he said. "I wish we could publish his picture."

"Can't you find one anywhere?" I asked sympathetically.

"It isn't that. We've constructed a fair enough likeness, but we aren't allowed to do more than circulate it to police stations. You see, if a person sees a picture before identifying a man in the flesh, his evidence wouldn't mean much. The defense would say he was recognizing the man from the picture, not from his memory of him."

"Oh, I see," I said. "You've got a witness who saw him near the scene of the crime? I was being very dense."

I heard Mr. Smith catch his breath.

"Dense!" he said. "If the criminal classes were as dense as you are, my friends and I would be out of a job. Will you please forget what I said, and you said, about witnesses?"

"Of course," I promised, and we said goodby.

I had taken a risk, but the jolt I had given him removed any danger there may have been that he would forget me. I still had a strong feeling that I would need him: the Kessingland week-end idea had been more than a casual piece of conversation.

AS EVE GILL again, if only for a day, I drove home, arriving just after eleven that night. This time, since I put the Daimler away in the stable instead of leaving it in the covered yard, I saw the empty stall where the Austin should have been. It reminded me most uncomfortably of Jonathan. But what did I care? Somewhere, he was managing quite well without me.

Mary was still up. Her first words brought me to a mental standstill.

"There! I knew you would be back! Mr. Bull said you had forgotten to tell me he was coming, you bad girl. But it's all right—he rang up this morning, and said the Commodore had said you would be able to give him breakfast."

By this time I was remembering my promise to look after Billy Bull when he came over to shoot snipe on Wednesday—which was tomorrow.

"Can you manage fresh baked rolls for him?" I asked her. It was irritating. I did not want to have to cope with Billy Bull or anybody just now.

They say he is very efficient, and if they judge him by the amount of crime perceptible in East Suffolk, they may be right, or again it may be that East Suffolk has lost its capacity for crime. I never know whether he is a simpleton or a genius—or both.

Until that morning I had not been able to decide whether his monthly or six-weekly trips to see us were due to the attractiveness of our marshes for a day's shooting or were part of his normal patrol duties, he knowing more about the Commodore than he let on or the Commodore realized. The third possible reason I was always doubtful about; although he announced sometimes that a fifteen-year gap between twenty-five and forty is not too wide for marriage among modern men and women, I have never given him encouragement.

HE CAME punctually at eight in a car much too small for him, for he is a big man. With him was a dog I had not seen before.

He shook me warmly by the hand, saying, "Good morning, good morning, I smell grilled bacon how are you dear Eve you look lovely in white the Commodore's away I understand but no matter no matter at all. . . ."

He sat down opposite me and the dog stood disrespectfully just inside the window, staring at us. Billy Bull said, "Fido, *sit*," whereat it curtsied slightly but continued to stand, no less disrespectfully. To be named Fido cannot have improved its disposition.

"If," said Billy Bull, suddenly interrupting himself in a recital of his tiger-hunting experiences in Kumaon, "he would content himself with an occasional case of brandy, a bolt of silk, or a few dozen pairs of nylons—" His eyes dropped as he saw mine reveal a comprehension I could not hide.

*"He?"* I said very stupidly.

"Please don't try, Eve. I know you have a swine of a time with him over this sort of thing. Look, I'd get broken if they knew I was talking to you like this—if they knew what I know."

I waited patiently, not looking at him. If I did not yet know much about the real Superintendent Bull, I thought I knew at least that he could not be silent for long. But I was wrong again. He sat as quietly as I did. So finally I said:

"I know when I'm being stalked."

"That's good," he commented. "Men don't as a rule. Tigers always know."

"I'm no tiger."

"And no dove either. Even if you do look like an angel."

"Who has gone wrong, of course. Do I look very depraved?"

He broke cover at that, and implored me not to try to be clever-clever because it didn't suit me, and anyway what more did I want than a plain hint?

"Am I to tell him 'All is discovered—fly at once'?" I asked.

"You can."

"Don't be a silly Billy Bull. He won't take the slightest notice."

"All right!" he said energetically. "Tell him that my chief constable has had a letter from Lady Harvey Gill of Pakenhurst in the County of Hertfordshire. Tell him that the chief constable handed it over to his chief superintendent, Mr.



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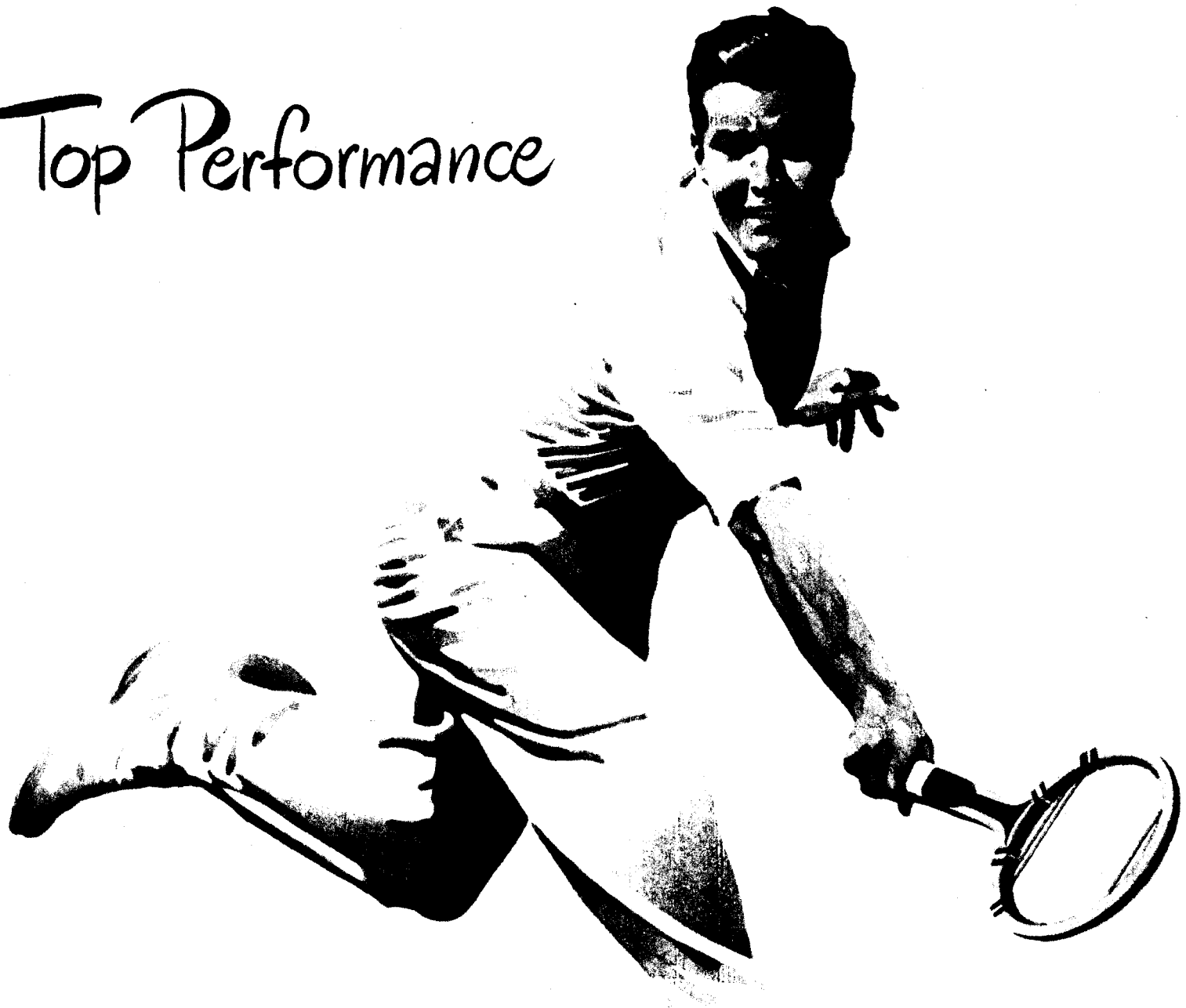
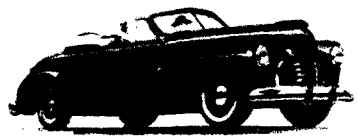
# Top Performance





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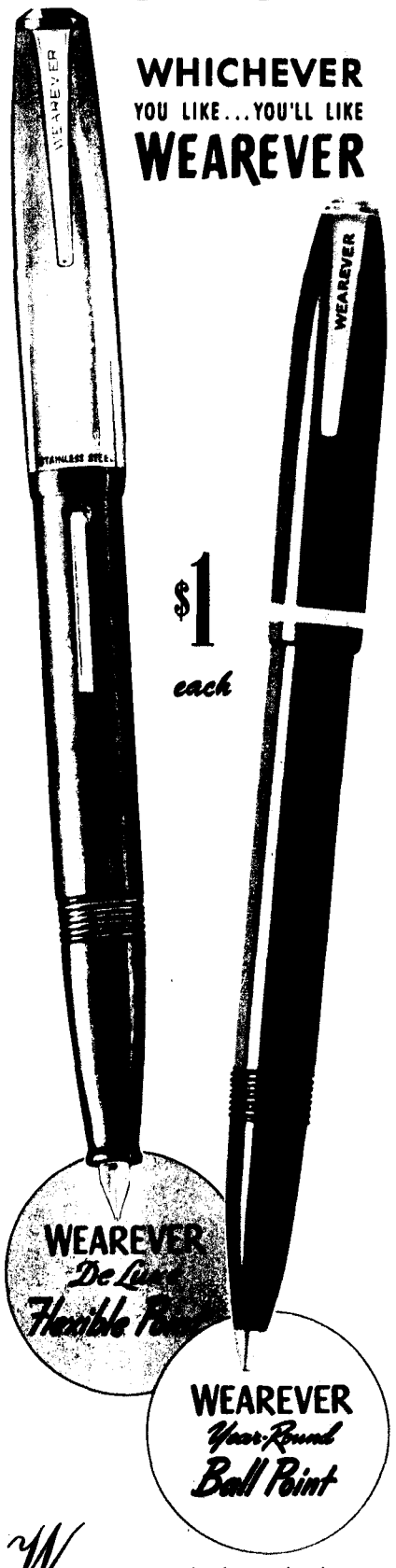
# THE SMART *BACK-TO-SCHOOL* PENS

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WEAREVER


William Bull, O.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.—that's all me—with instructions which went: 'I dare say the woman's mad but you'd better look into it for what it's worth. You know Gill, don't you?' I said, 'Yes, I know Gill and of course the woman's mad.' But I didn't tell him how well I know Gill and how likely it is the madwoman has hit the nail on the head. And I didn't tell him either that I like Gill very much indeed and his daughter better. I suppose he has taken the damn' thing to the Continent and is selling it for as near twenty thousand quid as he can get. That's what they say it's worth."

I FELT sick but I managed to say it had always been regarded as a mistake on my Uncle Harvey's part to marry again, and it was generally felt that in doing so he had found himself in the family vault sooner than might have been expected; so soon, in fact, that he had not had time, apparently, to make a will.

Billy Bull interrupted me:

"In which will, according to Lady Gill, his brother Rupert—according to his brother Rupert—might have been bequeathed The Old Woman in a Shawl, by Rembrandt van Rijn. It seems," he went on, "that this point of view has been expressed by the Commodore on more than one occasion since his brother died; regretfully it is not shared by Lady Gill. The reluctant conclusion must be reached that stealing the picture would be precisely what he would do after cajolery, importunity and threats had failed to achieve his purpose."

"All very good evidence," I said, "to prove all over again what a horrible woman my poor uncle died of."

"An absolute shocker," Billy Bull agreed, "but in her P.S. she wonders why her niece Eve should spend the night of June twenty-second in Pakenhurst village in secrecy, for that niece did not consider it necessary to pay her respects to her aunt at the Grange during the time she was there."

"I was staying with Nanny Brown! I never go near Aunt Harvey Gill if I can possibly avoid it. Anyway, the picture was taken on the twenty-third."

He looked at me and shook his head.

"You oughtn't to have known the date," he said.

"I've got a good memory. I read the papers."

"Won't do, Eve, won't do. I know you, and you're not much different from other women when it comes to dates. But apart from that you were in Pakenhurst on the twenty-third if you spent the night of the twenty-second with your Nanny Brown. There were fingerprints on the metal reinforcing plates at the top of the ladder—and on the window."

"Not my fingerprints," I said.

"No," he agreed, smiling amiably at me, "you wore dark brown doeskin gloves. The local man found a few fibers from them in rough places on the rungs of the ladder. Wonderful thing, modern microscopy."

My mouth was dry. Brown doeskin gloves . . . yes. Where were they now? I felt dizzy with the dangerous implications of this thing which I had practically dismissed from my mind with the coming of Jonathan Penrose. It had seemed so unimportant . . . doeskin gloves. Oh, my God, I said to myself. If he arrests me, what will happen to Jonathan? I shall be absolutely finished. . . . Please, *no!*

"Shall I answer it?" asked Billy Bull conversationally.

What was he saying? I stared at him. Then through the turmoil of near panic, I heard the telephone ringing in Father's room.

"No—it's all right. I'll answer it," I said, and added with a miserable attempt to appear able to continue the fight, that I wouldn't try to escape.

At first I did not register what the exchange was saying. The words did not convey anything at all, until I heard "Rotterdam." I came to, and said I hadn't quite understood, would they please repeat what they had said. My heart was in my mouth.

A personal call for Miss Eve Gill from Rotterdam—was Miss Gill available, please? I said she was speaking. Would I please hold on. I held on, turning to look into the other room. Billy Bull was lighting another cigarette.

Father seldom uses a telephone unless he has something important and immediate to say. I hoped he was at his brightest and quickest, for he would have to do a lot of reading between the lines of what I would be able to say with Billy Bull within earshot.

*"Eve?"* exploded his voice in my ear. He might have been telephoning from the village, so clear was it. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Are you alone?"

"No." My relief was heartfelt; he was in a security-minded mood.

"Billy Bull?" he asked. "All quiet?"

"If you had it to do all over again, would you still marry me?"

COLLIER'S CHAS. MACDONALD

"Yes," I said. "No."

*"What?"*

"No."

He paused, then said: "Is it bad?"

"As can be, I think."

"Guesswork?"

"More than that."

"Well, it doesn't matter," he said.

"I'm glad you think so. *I* don't. From where I am it seems quite the other way."

Then he said something which made me gasp, and the blood began to circulate in my limbs again.

"I see," I said. "Would you like to leave the next bit to me?"

"Why?"

"Oh, just because. I like to see a thing through to the end."

"Just as you like, my dear. Give my regards to Billy."

"I shall do no such thing," I said roguishly. "Someone's listening."

"I thought he might be. Well, there it is. Head him off. You'll know how." My parent's tone held that characteristic note of carefree confidence which is particularly noticeable when I am meeting his troubles more than halfway.

On this he rang off, and I addressed the dead telephone with: "Well, goodby, darling, and I meant what I said at the dance, you're too young and I'm not old enough."

I went back to Billy Bull, hoping that my end of the conversation had sounded sufficiently innocent to have put out of his head any notion to check the call.

"I've been thinking," I said, "about the brown doeskin gloves theory. It might be that you have a case, what with that and other things."

"I'll finish where I began, and repeat what all this has been in aid of: Eve, shake him out of his belief that he can get away with any jiggery-pokery he happens to think up. As things are, he'll come unstuck one day, there'll be a mess, and you'll be somewhere in it." He paused, and took my hand. "If that happened, and I was officially involved as I certainly would be since you live in my division, I think I—well, I—"

I could not do much more after that than hold his hand tightly to me and promise him I would do my best with the Commodore.

"I'll tell the chief that one can't be certain of anything but I think he's right in assuming Lady Gill must be nuts."

We went out of the French window toward the car, Fido reluctantly making way for us.

*"Or,"* I said, "would it be possible for the chief constable to write to my aunt and say that he has looked into her allegations—that's the word, isn't it?—and finds there is another explanation which he feels she should have given weight to before committing libel to paper—"

"He might say something like that if there *is* such an explanation," said Billy Bull cautiously.

"Oh, I was going to give it to you. Suppose, for instance, my father had become sick of her constant refusals to have the picture examined by expert valuers, and decided that he had the right to have his mind put at rest, and so took the law into his own hands and submitted it himself to the three best judges in Holland."

"That's quite silly, I'm afraid. How would it put his mind at rest, or make him less likely to be guilty of stealing it—to know it was worth eighteen, instead of twenty thousand? It might turn out to be worth twenty-five."

"But if he found, as he had suspected, that it was worth ten?"

"Ten thousand is a hell of a chunk of money. He would still cry his eyes out, surely."

"I didn't say thousand. I said ten—ten pounds, or perhaps thirty. I don't know what a Rembrandt fake is worth. Not as much as a good copy of an actual picture, I dare say."

Billy Bull had stopped in mid-stride. "A *fake?* Why should the Commodore think—"

"Rembrandt," I said, with the Commodore's words still in my ear, "painted altogether about seven hundred pictures in the course of his life. There are two thousand of them in America alone. That sort of thing would make me suspicious, wouldn't it you?"

BILLY BULL swore fiercely. "Of all the damned ingenious cock-and-bull stories I ever heard! The only possible chance he'd have of getting away with *that* would be if it actually did turn out to be a fake. Pipe dreaming won't help. You haven't a thing to laugh at."

"But I have. You see, *it is* a fake."

"What!" He glared at me. He was relieved, glad, but felt somehow he had been tricked. "How did you know? I'll swear you didn't know when I began on you. *You*—that was it—the telephone!"

He shook me. I could not complain about that.

"You deceitful, beastly girl! What did he tell you?"

"That three of the best men on the subject have just agreed independently that if Rembrandt had ever done a picture of an old woman in a shawl, which they doubted, that certainly wasn't it."

He dropped his hands from my shoulders and then laughed. He looked at the



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dog, he looked at me and then at the marshes stretching away to the estuary and the sea.

"Snipe!" he said.

Fido watched him with foreboding while he took his things from the car. I said I would walk as far as First Mile with him.

We set off, Fido drooping along at our heels.

You would have thought that that had been enough for the morning but something else came up.

Billy Bull, of course, took no notice of the sound of hammer on metal coming from Charlie's workshop by the side of his cottage. Billy Bull didn't know, as I did, that Charlie was on board the Peacock in Rotterdam harbor, and that the noise was odd, to say the least of it. No one but Charlie ever used his workshop.

FOR a moment I thought Charlie must have stayed ashore, but in the next realized that even without a man short in the crew, he was essential to the engine room.

Billy Bull was telling me about a new member of the Watch Committee to whom the chief constable objected as an intellectual with too great a fondness for planning; I was listening half to him and half to the hammering. It was a noise so typical of Charlie that it continued to make me uneasy.

When we were level with the cottage, and about sixty or seventy yards from it as we walked along the dike toward the broad track called First Mile, I caught sight of the back of a car through the half-open double doors of the workshop. I do not know how I kept on walking when my impulse was to turn round and start running to the cottage. But I was with Billy Bull, I was with the Chief Superintendent of the East Suffolk Constabulary. I had to continue in outward calm by his side.

There was not the faintest chance I was mistaken. It was the Austin.

I managed to keep my eyes off the cottage, but I could not shut my ears to the sound of hammering nor my mind to the significance of the Austin being there instead of in its stall in the garage.

It was like walking on the edge of a precipice, with soft ground crumbling at every step. Very vividly I could imagine Billy Bull's reaction if he ever found out what I, whom he thought he was rescuing from a parent's evil influence, was doing. I wondered if the Commodore had ever reached such heights, or depths as this—had taken an important police official within fifty yards of a murder suspect for whom the whole country was searching—and said no word.

I had an idea the Commodore would be envious if he ever heard, but that was no comfort at all.

At the beginning of First Mile I stopped and said, "Well, good hunting." Billy Bull took my hand affectionately and said he would be back by half past one, not a minute later.

"I wish," he said, "there were more like you, Eve."

I tried not to flinch.

Somehow I managed to keep my feet from running, and approached the cottage as nonchalantly as I knew how. Between my shoulder blades I could feel Billy Bull's suspicious eyes as he watched me, as he cunningly allowed me to betray not only my guilty knowledge but the man they hunted. . . .

At the workshop door I dared to look back. He was a distant figure almost lost in the haze which still lay like white muslin on the green velvet of the marsh.

I stepped inside. The Austin's nearside front fender was perched on the bench while Jonathan in overalls was straightening a large dent in it with a round-headed wooden mallet. He was whistling a tune just recognizable.

He looked up, saw me and dropped the hammer.

"Good morning," I said. "Did you hit something?"

He muttered vaguely about a gatepost, and went on looking at me guiltily. I wanted to burst into tears, either because I was so furious I could scarcely see or so relieved to find him here.

"I owe you a lot of explanation," he said. "I couldn't find you anywhere. I didn't like to question Mary about you. She would have wondered what business it was of mine. Charlie said he was sure you would approve of my staying here instead of the Holland idea."

"Oh," I said. "Charlie did, did he? I presume he's in a position to judge?"

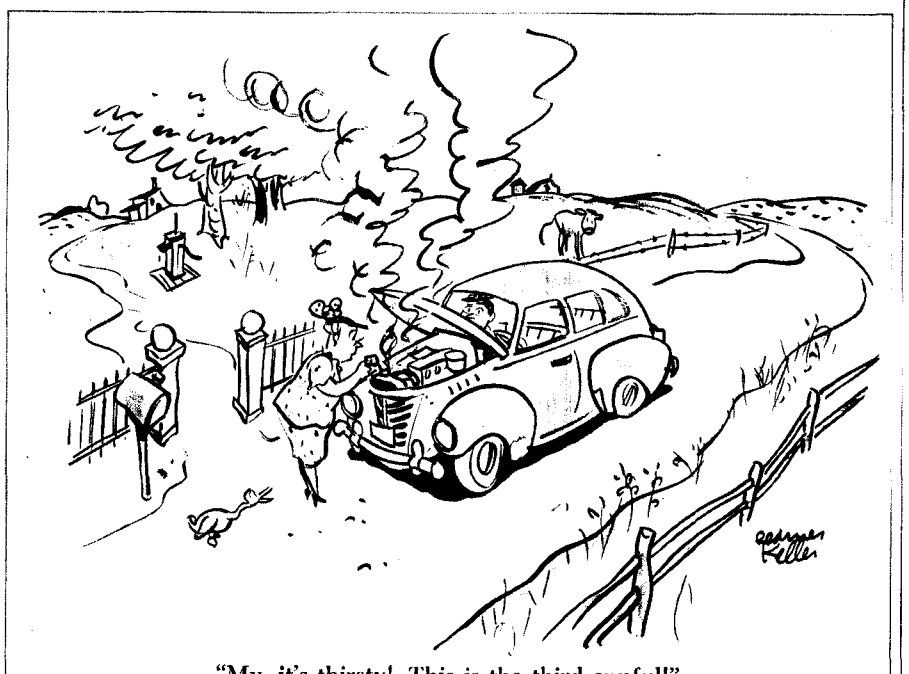
"Yes. I think so. I—well I told him about—er—"

"About everything?"

He actually laughed. "I had to. He said if I didn't he would strangle me and drop me into the estuary and no one in the world would give a damn. I saw he was concerned about your part in it; otherwise I think I would have let him go ahead. He's a very good friend of yours, you know. He said that since you had made up your mind to help me, he wouldn't question the sense of it."

Charlie had been right, up to a point. But he had not realized the extent of Jonathan's weakness where Charlotte was concerned, had not known he was likely to try to keep in touch with her. I could see how easily Jonathan must have agreed with this change of plan which allowed him to stay in England.

"You do understand, don't you," I



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said, "that *her* safety depends on no one discovering that she knows you, and you know her?"

"But of course. That's the essence of the whole thing."

"Will you promise me something?" I asked, and at once wished I had not; it is a bad line to take with anyone.

"I owe you more than a promise."

"Call it a suggestion from me. Look, don't do it again. You might hit something larger than a gate post—and it would take more than a mallet to straighten out the damage."

He was standing close to me. I met his eyes as steadily as I could.

"How did you know?"

I countered with a question, a question of more importance than any I had asked anyone since the thing began.

"Did you ask her where she had been at that hour, whom *she* had seen?"

He stared at me; a jaw less firm than his would have dropped. "Good God!" he said. "What *don't* you know—? I—well, I assumed she couldn't sleep, had gone for a walk. Most natural thing to do. But what do you know about this? About my seeing her?"

"Much more than I wanted to know, for your sake, and very much less than I hope to know before I've finished, for mine," I said, and realized that I had brought our relationship to a point of danger which I had known from the beginning must one day come.

He sat down on the running board of the car and looked at me as if he were seeing me for the first time.

"What *have* you been up to?" he said.

"I'm not going to tell you—yet."

"You're interfering in something that doesn't concern you! I know that! And I won't have it! You—you—"

"My name's Eve—"

THERE was a pause. If I was not red in the face, I felt I was. He was, certainly. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't pretend to understand. But I've a right—"

"And I've none," I spoke quickly. "It is only that I think I see something, the truth of something, more clearly than you do—more than anybody else does, at the moment. Of one thing, though, I am absolutely sure. You won't hold it against me in the long run, although between now and then you can and will hate me, but there it is. I'm working for you—"

"As long as you're not working against Charlotte."

There came the flat faraway bang of a shotgun. He glanced questioningly toward the marshes.

"That's a policeman," I said. "He's just had breakfast with me and is now shooting snipe."

"Snipe? A *policeman!*"

"Exactly. And he has no more idea who is staying in Ship Cottage than the man in the moon."

"Charlie said you generally know what you are about."

"What else did Charlie say?"

"Quite a lot. Among other things, that if you had decided to lend me a hand it was no good trying to stop you."

"Then you have no further objections?"

"I have a thousand, but I realize I'm not in a position to raise them. You've done all that can be done for me."

"I'm glad," I said.

I felt better still when a few moments after I had left him I found the cloakroom ticket I wanted so badly. It was where I had hoped, in the waistcoat of the suit he had been wearing that night and which now hung on a nail behind the door of Charlie's attic. The date was on it, too, scribbled in pencil but perfectly legible.

Jonathan was still busy in the workshop, but I left the cottage by the back door just in case he saw me.

I was learning some perfectly horrible habits.

Sam Page was coming along the road from the village with our newspapers; he saw me, stopped and asked if I would mind taking them with me if I was going up to the house. His rheumatism was better, thank you. There was one paper still in his basket—the Telegraph. He rode on to the cottage with it.

I unfolded the Marsh House copy of the same paper; there was no message for Jonathan in the personal column, but one day there would be, one bright morning like this she would send for him.

IF I had not come straight from Kessingland, from home, and known that Jonathan was securely hidden away in Ship Cottage there, I would have been alarmed at the sight of the police car outside Number 4.

As it was, I was only acutely curious. The house was in a buzz of excitement about something. I heard Havelock's voice raised higher than was seemly, and Mrs. Marshall's only a shade quieter in tone, coming from the kitchen. Somebody, a woman, was shouting on the telephone in the front hall. I wondered what Groves was thinking of, to let such disturbance run riot unchecked. I pulled off my hat, made sure my hair, encouraged by twenty-four hours' freedom, had not crept loose, and went into the kitchen.

"I could even put 'em on tighter than that if I wanted to!"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS

"Suicide—!" I heard Havelock saying. "What troubles did *he* have, I'd like to know? An' he didn't love the old boy all that much, if that's the idea."

Four white faces turned to me; Mrs. Marshall's, Cook's and the two maids'. Mrs. Marshall had been crying. I looked from one to another.

"She doesn't know," said Mrs. Marshall.

"I've just got back—"

It seemed to me they all spoke at once, each wanting to be the breaker of the tragic but nevertheless dramatic news, and out of the spate of words I seized on a few which made sense, which told me why Mr. Groves was failing to keep order in the household.

Mr. Groves was no longer here. Mr. Groves was dead. Mr. Groves had fallen in front of a train at Leicester Square station. Last night. At half past ten. He'd seemed so much more cheerful the last two days— The police had just been able to identify him, with Hewson's help. Madam had notified the police just after lunch that he was missing, when everyone was so worried he hadn't come in last night, hadn't slept in his bed . . .

"I feel awful," I said, and left them.

"Hadn't slept in his bed," had given me a thought. I hurried up to Groves' room, leaving the door open since it would be more suspicious for me to be in there with it shut, and slid my hand under the mattress. I explored from top to bottom, first from one side and then from the other.

But the Manila envelope was no longer under the mattress.

As I stood there, wondering, I heard quiet footsteps coming along the linoleum of the corridor.

I went to the open door in two strides, and stood a few inches inside the room, with my back to whoever was coming, as if I had just arrived there myself and had gone no farther in.

To my instant alarm, a voice I recognized said:

"Who are you and what are you doing here?"

I swung around, keeping my back to the window, which faced west and was full of dangerous sunshine. I blinked at Ordinary Smith through my spectacles and said adenoidally: "Oh! You made me jump, you did! I'm Mrs. Inwood's maid—I—I was just standing here, thinking he'd never sleep in that bed again, poor man, or brush his hair in front of that mirror—" I sniffled and put a handkerchief to my eyes and nose.

"Sit down and tell me about it," he said with a dreadfully put-on sympathy, undoubtedly a vital tool in his trade.

"Sit down *here?*" I said. "Oh no, sir, not here, I couldn't!"

Thank God he was not looking at me with any particular interest. Perhaps my disguise was really good; perhaps he was thinking hard about something else, about Mr. Groves, of course.

I dared to interrupt:

"Surely it—it wasn't suicide—the police—you *are* the police, sir? *You* know it wasn't suicide—"

"Do we? We haven't had much time to find out about him."

"No, of course not—what with the first murder still on your hands, as it were."

He looked at me now.

"First murder? Is there a second one?"

"Oh, dear, I didn't mean that—" I sniffed hard and long, keeping the handkerchief busy. "Of course, it must have been an accident if it wasn't suicide, mustn't it? There have been cases, though, haven't there, sir, of people being p-pushed under trains?"

"Why on earth should anyone want to push this wretched man under a train?" he demanded.

"Perhaps he knew too much about Mr. Inwood's murder. I thought—I—oh, sir, don't take any notice of me. There'll be lots of witnesses to say how he fell, won't there, sir?"

"There's only one man who could tell us anything worth while—" He stopped again.

"I don't think you can help us," he went on, dismissing me.

"Thank you, sir," I said, and escaped, my knees so weak that I was glad my room was near. I locked the door and sat on the bed, lighted a cigarette and tried to calm myself.

That sudden meeting with my Mr. Smith on top of the news about the butler had nearly broken my nerve. My heart felt as though it would never beat normally again.

That money. The envelope had gone with remarkable rapidity considering that the news of his death had only been known a very short time.

It looked as though Charlotte had known earlier than the rest of the household that her butler was dead.

I was shivering. Of course she had had to get the money back. She could not leave it there for anybody—Mr. Smith, for instance—to find.

She had not written that check until the second interview with Groves, the day after he had first shown her what was in his mind. Between those two interviews she had seen Freddy Williams. Even as she wrote it, she had known how temporary would be the inconvenience and expense of being blackmailed by her butler.

The muscles of my jaw were tight and aching. I had wondered, hadn't I, what they had meant by their phrase, "It's going to be all right"?

Well, I thought I knew now.

But how sure was I, from the police point of view? Evidence? They would say, "Where's the *evidence?*" A man rehearses a speech in front of a mirror, but of course you don't *hear* what he says. He spends fifteen minutes with Mrs. Inwood and comes out looking pleased. Next day he sees her again. He goes to the bank with the check. He puts two hundred pounds under his mattress. Did he? Where is it? It would be my word against hers. And when all is said and done, who are you? I fancied someone asking. Not "Dorothy Simpson." Oh, your name's Gill? What are you doing here, pretending to be a maid?

I dared not imagine what they would say—and do to me when I tried to explain *that.* I would be nearer the dock of the Old Bailey than either Charlotte or Freddy Williams, and Jonathan would be in it with me.

I realized with an awful frustration that to know a thing is not necessarily to prove it, and in spite of everything I had done so far to pull Jonathan's chestnut out of the fire, it was still in it, hotter than ever, and my fingers had already been badly burned.

The fact that in Groves' murder was promise of the same fate for Jonathan himself was beginning to put me into wild alarm. Charlotte had told Freddy Williams, hadn't she, that it was *going to be all right* about Jonathan because now she knew how to get in touch with him?

A KNOCK on the door set my overstrung nerves in a jangle; I asked in a strangled voice who was there. Mr. Smith answered, there was a word he wanted to say to me.

"I'm all undressed!" I cried, nasally, and pulled off jacket, blouse and skirt in a frenzy. I could not face him.

"I won't come in," he said. "I can say it from here just as well."

"Yes, sir—"

"It's this. I am giving you advice as a police officer. You might find yourself in trouble with us if you go about spreading rumors with regard to the way this man met his death. It was either suicide or accident. There is no possibility of foul play."

I had a spark of satisfaction. If there was no possibility of foul play, why this heavy warning?



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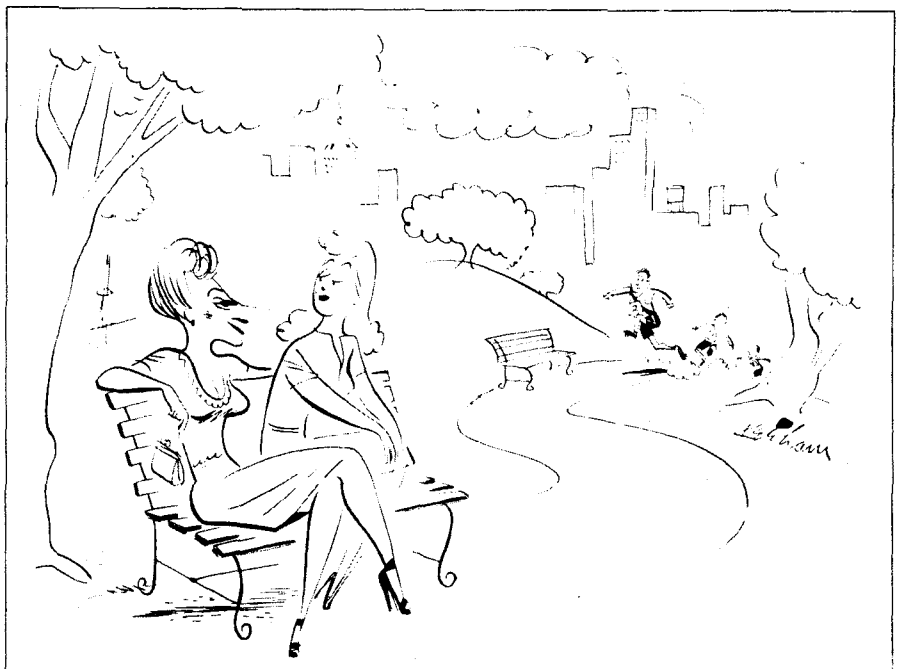

**"Want to see a race for the national championship thrown into complete chaos?"**

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

"Yes, sir," I said. "I didn't mean any harm, I promise. I quite understand."

"Be sure that you do," said the voice of the law, through the closed door.

I sat in my underthings and stared at the wall while it dawned on me that although I might not have exhausted the possibilities of close contact with Charlotte, I might be spending the precious time in other ways to greater profit.

For one thing I must keep watch over Jonathan—and the personal column of the Telegraph.

And there was Freddy Williams, looming so largely now that his shadow lay everywhere I looked. It was no good pretending to myself. If I wanted to get quickly to the heart of the business, it was through him now, rather than Charlotte, that I might do it.

It was obvious from every point of view, in fact, that Dorothy Simpson had done her job.

This brought me to Dorothy's trunk, still sitting by the unpaid taxi driver outside, and I hurriedly put on skirt and jacket again. I was glad that in my eagerness to find out the meaning of the police car I had delayed paying off the taxi. Having decided that Dorothy Simpson must go, she could go now, instantly, in a matter of moments.

I GATHERED up the few bits and pieces of her modest belongings, threw them into the suitcase and ran out of the attic, along the passage to the stairs. Mr. Smith heard the commotion and put his head out of the butler's room.

"I'm not staying in this house another minute!" I shrieked at him hysterically. "People dying right and left! It's not safe!"

"You know best," he said, and returned to his searchings.

Relieved to know that he meant what he said about my being unable to help in their inquiries, I hurried down the stairs, banging the suitcase now and again against the banisters to emphasize a panicky departure. I hoped Charlotte heard me; it would lend color to what she was told about it later.

I burst open the kitchen door.

"Mrs. Marshall," I cried shrilly, "I'm giving notice here and now and I'm off, and if you girls know what's good for you, you'll do the same! Who's going to be next? Have you asked yourselves that? Personally, I don't care because it's not going to be me! House of Death, that's what it is! A House of *Death!*"

I slammed the door before anyone could do anything about it, and ran out of the back door and up the stone steps to the pavement. The taxi was still there, the driver seeming glad I had returned.

"Liverpool Street!" I said loudly, in case anyone had followed me to the basement door, and jumped into the cab. The back of my nose was hurting abominably on account of having had such loud noises forced through it while half closed. I put the spectacles in my handbag.

When we were safely in Fulham Road I told the driver I had changed my mind and gave him the Thurloe Square address.

"Don't blame you, miss, clearing out o' there."

I realized that the tragedy of Groves would be in the evening papers by now, and that Dorothy Simpson's views about spells and "houses of death" were being shared by large numbers of people.

The taxi driver helped me up the steps with the trunk.

A minute later Aunt Florence arrived home from Harrods. She said, "Hullo, dear, don't tell me you've lost that job, though I'm not surprised. I felt science wasn't *you.*" I said I was afraid I had lost it and here I was again to use her house like a hotel.

"Eve, I think you are splendid taking it so bravely, with such unconcern!"

But am I splendid enough? I wondered.

I had some sort of a plan forming. . . .

After dinner I dressed up to the best of my ability, in my nice gray evening frock over one of Miss Vandelte's frilly arrangements. I shook a pair of nylons from their Cellophane wrapping, and added luster to my legs. My hair, after its twenty minutes' brushing, had recovered nearly all its natural effervescence; in fact it was a little beside itself at being let out once more, and produced an aureole effect that I had not noticed before.

I quite liked the look of my face now that it had been brought out from behind the veil of mauve powder and given suitable assistance in the matter of color.

It was getting on for ten o'clock, and I would have to be moving. I tried a large cognac. The trouble lay in the fallacy that there was any bliss in my ignorance about Freddy Williams. I knew little that was definite. I tried to add it up. He was nocturnal of habit in that he made love and killed butlers and generally seemed to be more active after dark than before. He lived in a bachelor flat in North Audley Street and he could be quite without consideration for a lady's finer feelings.

That was about all. It was not a pretty picture, even through the gold of the cognac; however, if I chanced my luck and my few last shreds of virtue, I would probably manage.

I went upstairs for my evening coat



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and purse, kissed Aunt Florence good night, and walked around to the garage for the Daimler.

I drove to North Audley Street and parked in the same place as before, just around the corner.

Lights showed that the room on the third floor which I believed to be his sitting room was tenanted. The two windows were wide to the summer night, the curtains undrawn. I could only hope that he was alone; if he were not, then the whole plan would fail.

The fatefulness of the moment was inescapable. The musical pings as I dropped two pennies in the public telephone across the street were like the first signals after zero hour of the first battle in my small war.

I dialed the Inwood number, and hoped Charlotte would answer it herself for I was working to a close timetable. But I heard Mrs. Marshall's voice.

"This is Simpson, Mrs. Marshall. Please put me through to Madam."

"Mrs. Inwood is unable to speak to anyone, I am afraid, Simpson, and certainly not to you. She was very upset when she heard about your exhibition this afternoon."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said, "but it's important that I should speak to her."

Mrs. Marshall sniffed.

"I suppose you've changed your mind about leaving. Well, I'm sure I don't know what Mrs. Inwood—"

I cut her short, saying in Dorothy's thinnest, nosiest voice: "I don't care what you know or don't know, and I haven't changed my mind. Connect me with Mrs. Inwood—"

*"Really!"*

"Don't bother to go off the deep end, just put the plug into the socket marked 'One' and tell her I have something very urgent to say. Very *urgent.* And I shall go on ringing her up until she *does* speak to me, see?"

"Well, I've never heard—such a way to talk! You'll be in serious trouble if you dare to threaten us!"

"Not as serious as you'll be in if I don't speak to Madam at once."

She muttered angrily, and I heard the lever click as she held my call and spoke to Charlotte on her extension. After a moment she came back on the line.

"Madam will not speak to you," she said with satisfaction, and rang off.

I cursed her, although I was not unprepared, and had two more pennies ready on top of the box. I put them in the slot and dialed. She had to answer it. I gave her no time to ring off again before she heard enough to make her think twice about it.

"It's a police matter concerning *her,*" I said, "which she might prefer to talk over with me."

She digested this indignantly, but spoke again to Charlotte. There was a click, and then Charlotte's cool voice, "Yes, Samson?"

"I can't talk as long as Mrs. Marshall's still in the telephone cupboard."

"Oh? And why not?"

I explained very briefly about the switchboard's weaknesses and added, "Poor Mr. Groves knew about it."

THIS produced the desired effect; she paused before she said, "I have rung for Mrs. Marshall. Well, Samson, I suppose you want to apologize for your ridiculous—*and* selfish behavior."

"Yes, Mrs. Inwood, in a way. I was never one to shirk my duty, I hope. You see, it's about that Mr. Penrose."

"About—whom?" she said calmly.

"You know who—Mr. Penrose."

"Oh, of course. The—the murderer—" she said the word with the right amount of horror.

"You see, I feel I *ought* to go to the police—"

She interrupted to speak away from the telephone, "Mrs. Marshall, I wanted to tell you not to wait up any longer. I am quite all right now. You go up to bed." After a pause she said, "You were saying, Samson?"

"I thought it only fair," I said, "to let you have a chance of deciding for me what I should do about it."

"About just what?"

"About knowing how they could find him."

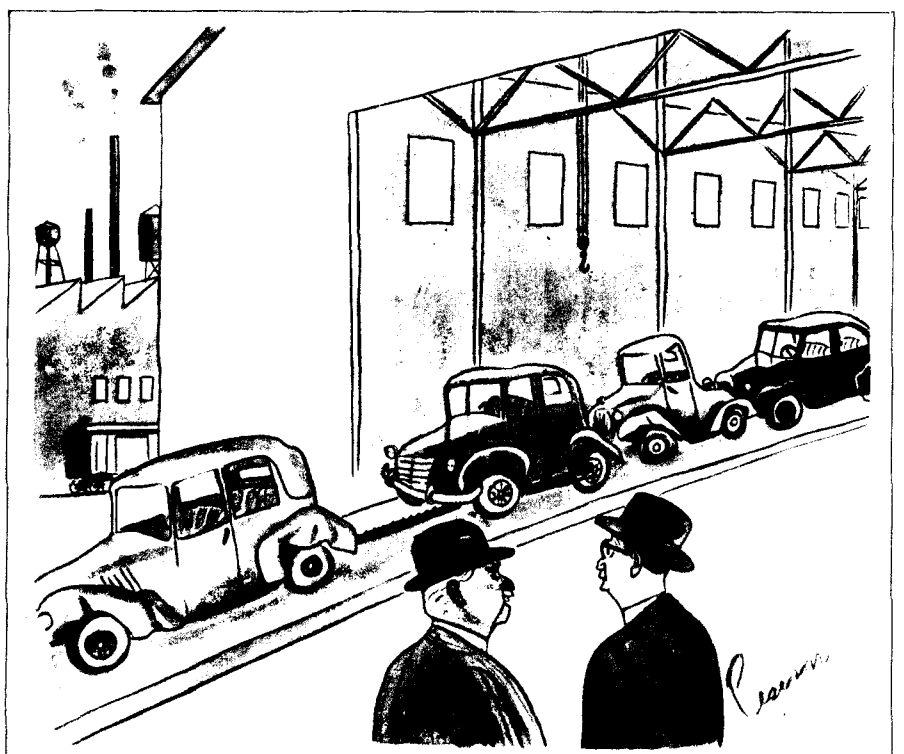
"Good heavens! That *is* important information, isn't it? Surely you should tell the police at once, instead of discussing it with me?"

I had never admired her so much.

"Yes," I said. "I suppose I should. Thank you, Mrs. Inwood. I'm most relieved, really I am."

If I had been she I would not have dared leave it so long before I took up the conversation again. Suppose I had left it at that and rung off? But she knew I wouldn't, and even she would want a moment to recover from the discovery that she had a second blackmailer to deal with.

Finally she said, "As a matter of inter-



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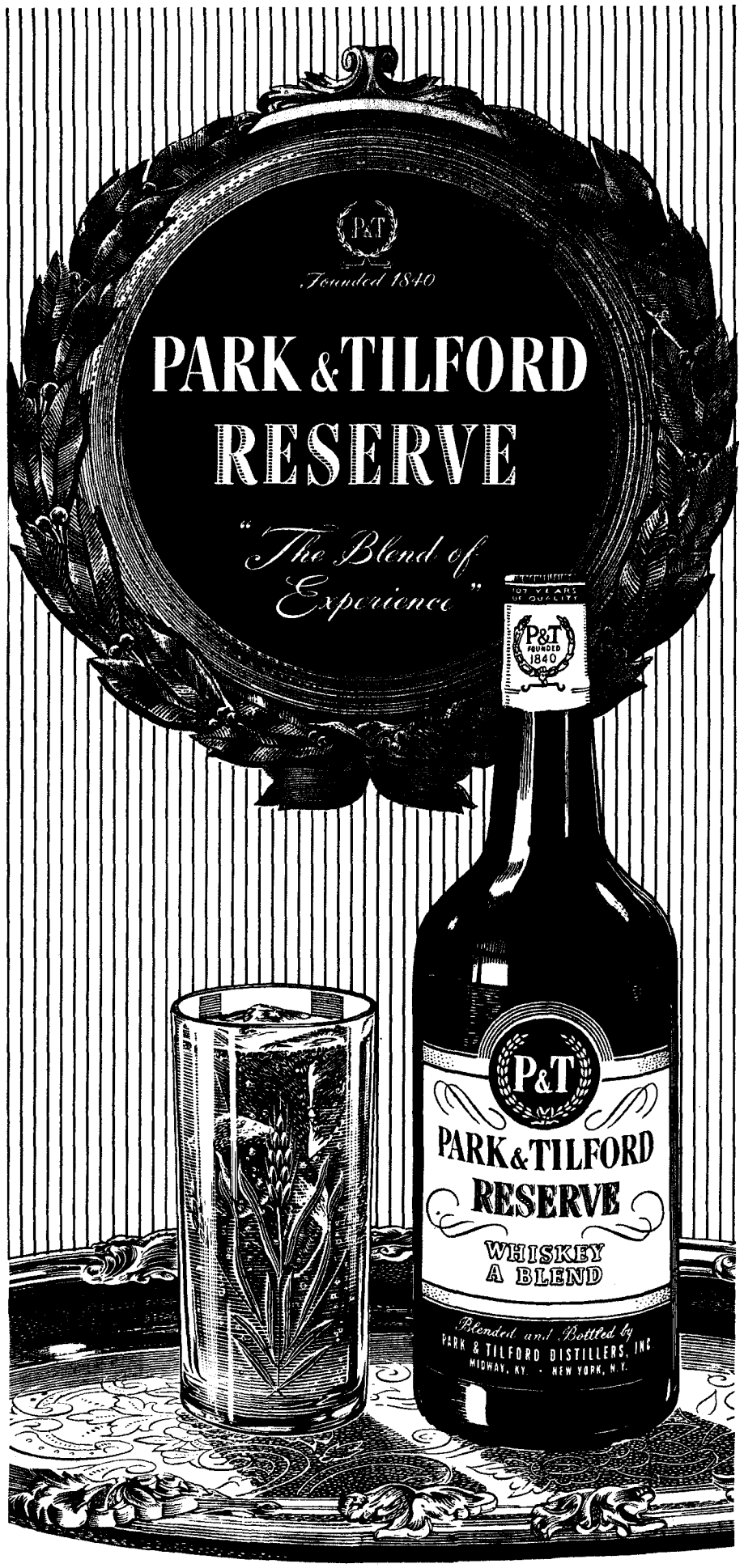
COLLIER'S CHAS. PEARSON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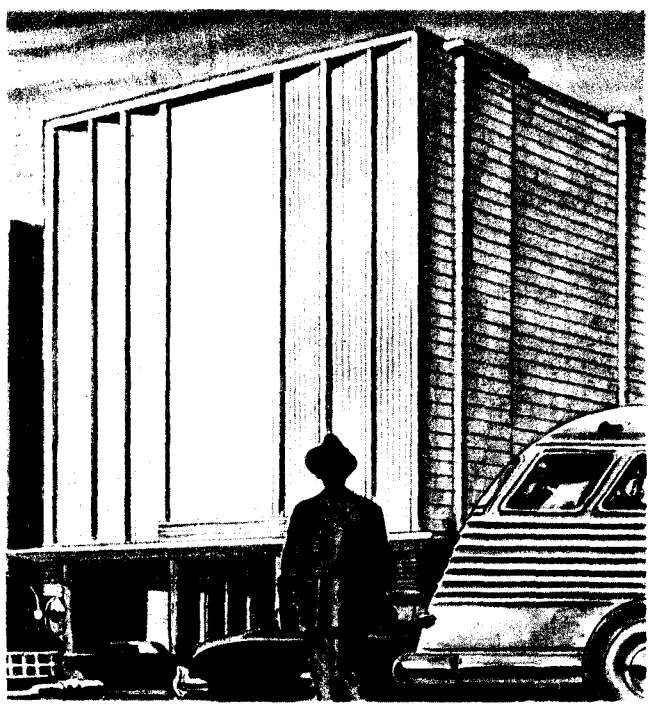
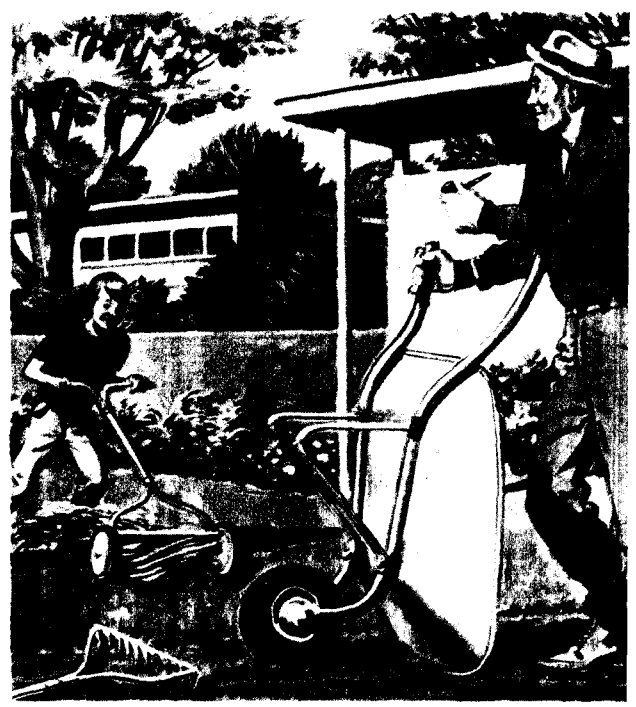
# It's sooner than you think...

. . . when you may step out of an aluminum house . . . to commute on an aluminum bus . . .





to work in an aluminum office building . . . then home to relax on aluminum furniture . . . or work in the yard with aluminum tools

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# Kaiser Aluminum

## a Permanente Metals product

THESE ALUMINUM PRODUCTS are not just idle fancies—manufacturers are making them right now.

They're better products—better looking, longer lasting—because of light, strong, weather-resistant *aluminum.*

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**Get the Manufacturers' names**

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Consumer Service Division, Kaiser Bldg., Oakland 12, California

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est, Samson, how will they be able to find him, in your opinion?"

"Well, I think if they advertised in the newspaper—in the personal column. Of the Telegraph, for instance. A message, I mean, addressed, say, to 'John,' asking him to be at a certain place at such and such a time. I think he'd turn up all right—the sap."

There was another pause.

"I see," she said. "What am I supposed to say to that?"

I laughed as unprettily as possible.

"It's rather for me to say, isn't it? Mrs. Inwood, I've been thinking. You remember you said how you hated other people wearing your clothes? I thought at the time, it's easy for her. For why? Because she's got all the nice frocks and coats and suits and underclothes as anybody could possibly want. Now I'd like to be in that position, Mrs. Inwood, I really would. Then again, Mrs. Inwood, when you hit me with that hairbrush, I thought, if that was *my* hairbrush, my lovely gold and ivory hairbrush with my crest on the back and all, I wouldn't use it for beating my can't-answer-back lady's maid—but then, I had to laugh to myself, even if my leg was hurting cruel, because after all it wasn't my hairbrush

But she hung up before I could finish. I took it as a good sign.

I had to move quickly. She was still connected directly to the exchange line and would not have to go downstairs to the switchboard before being able to ring Freddy Williams, but she would give herself a few minutes to collect her thoughts and decide how to handle him. One thing she would be quite certain about, he would raise all kinds of hell; a man who is just recovering from one murder is not in the best state of mind to hear that he may have to commit another. I thought I could bank on that.

However, I did not walk but ran across the road, and slowed down only for the short time it took me to get past the porter of the flats, which I did with an assured but friendly, "Good evening," conveying the impression that not only did I know to which flat I was going but that I was expected there. The clock in his little office pointed to ten minutes to eleven.

I stepped into a small self-operating elevator and pressed the third-floor button.

It arrived with a grunt at the third floor and I crashed back its doors with relief and found Freddy Williams' door

"I'll come home when I'm good and ready. What time must I be good and ready?"

COLLIER'S — BEN ROTH

and it was silly me thinking what and what not I'd be doing with it. But that doesn't mean I wouldn't like more than anything to have a brush like it, and another to match, and a mirror and little boxes and pots all the same, with a pretty dressing table to put them on—and a room, a pretty bedroom, and the bedroom in an elegant house instead of a tumbledown cottage my mother left me, without enough money to mend the floors, they're that old. It's always money, Mrs. Inwood, it seems to me. You can't do anything, can't buy anything, can't *have* anything, can you, without the needful?"

"I see," said Charlotte again, and then, "I suppose you'll be wanting to discuss this with me in person?"

"Yes indeed, Mrs. Inwood," I agreed. "Sometime I would like to very much. Not tonight?"

"No, not tonight. I am very tired."

"Well, so am I, Mrs. Inwood, and that's a fact. I don't sleep well at the best of times. The *slightest* noise wakes me up."

"So I gather," she said. Under the cold sarcasm of her tone I could hear the anxiety.

"Well, I'll ring off now, and call you again tomorrow, maybe. You mustn't worry, because I'm sure we shall be able to arrange—"

ten yards along the corridor. I put my finger on the bell in two short jabs, which I hoped would indicate the arrival of someone expecting a welcome.

The seconds sped on leaden feet while I listened in a horrible anxiety. If his telephone rang now—before he opened the door, before I could get inside—or had it already rung?

I did not hear him come to the door. Suddenly it had swung back and there he was, a big man with pink, heavy but regular features and tight, curly black hair.

I smiled at him as dazzlingly as I knew how and at the same moment stepped quickly past him, saying, "Thank you—where's Izzy?" And I continued a rapid and undeviating course toward the open door of a sitting room across the small hallway.

"What's all this?" he said behind me. "Izzy? Who's Izzy—and who are you?"

Well into the sitting room now, I turned around on my heel so that my skirts swished and swung, and faced him with wide and puzzled eyes.

"Why, Izzy Brown, of course! This—this is his flat?"

He was looking at me carefully; his eyes left my face, traveled downward then upward again, missing nothing of me; they were the eyes, if ever I saw them, of a man to whom women were more important than any other subject or combination of subjects.

"You mean, this isn't Izzy Brown's?"

"It is not." His voice was a heavy voice, like the rest of him, and it reached into me as I think it was supposed to do.

"Oh, my God!" I said, turning from him abruptly. "Not Izzy's? But this is Flat 3—22 North Audley Street?"

He shook his head. He had decided, I saw with great relief, that I was the sort of girl whom he didn't mind making a mistake about an address.

"Not 22," he said.

"But, oh dear, what must you think of me, stamping in like this!"

His eyes and his rather full lips smiling assured me that he was thinking I was a nice piece of goods. He had the cruelest mouth I had ever seen.

"Well, now," he said, "I wouldn't think badly of you unless, of course, you felt you couldn't wait even a minute before you set off to find Number 22 and Mr. Izzy Brown. If you did that, without even a short drink for the road as it were, I should immediately think very badly of you."

While he was making this little speech of welcome he brought a cocktail cabinet into action by opening its lid, so that an intricate array of glasses, bottles and decanters sprang into the ready position.

"Oh, my!" I said. "What an elegant affair!"

"Neatly accepted," he returned. "What shall it be?"

I STOOD by his side, close by his side, and surveyed the battery. "I see a beautiful bottle there," I said, pointing, and turned my head to smile at him in a friendly fashion.

"I expect Izzy Brown hides his best cognac when you're around," he said, and laughed.

"Izzy Brown," I replied, "is a very rich, kind gentleman and if a girl wanted his *fine maison* of even *eau de vie de Danzig*, as a short one for the road, he would give it to her—but with an almighty roaring noise, for he is a very mean, rich, kind gentleman."

"Which makes me wonder why you should be bothering about him at this time of night."

"That's quite a story," I said.

He poured *fine* into two balloon glasses, and as he put the cork into the bottle, the telephone rang. The smile left him.

He walked across to the table by the fireplace, picked up the receiver, listened, and said, "No, tomorrow"; listened a few moments longer and then repeating, "No, tomorrow," with great firmness put the receiver back on the cradle. He returned for his brandy.

"Quite a story, is it? Let's sit comfortably on that settee, and you tell it to me. I don't know Mr. Brown, so it won't hurt him, and it might help you. How do I know you loathe Mr. Brown's insides? Well, it's the sort of thing I do know, and besides, there's a very good sign of it in the fact that you made a mistake in the address."

"Oh?" I said, looking up at him as a girl does when she knows she is in the presence of her mental superior.

"You see," he explained, steering me to the settee, "we have a machine in our minds, in the subconscious, which works overtime at making us forget what we don't like consciously—all the unpleasant things."

"Oh, dear. I shan't do very well on the stage if *my* subconscious makes me forget where people like Izzy Brown live, particularly when they've said how much they want to help me. You see, he's going to put on a show, and—"

The telephone rang again. This time Freddy Williams frankly scowled at it. It went on ringing.

"Why can't business people learn to stop work at six!" Reaching out a long arm he took off the receiver and put it


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WALL-STREETER FOOT-PALS SHOES FOR MEN




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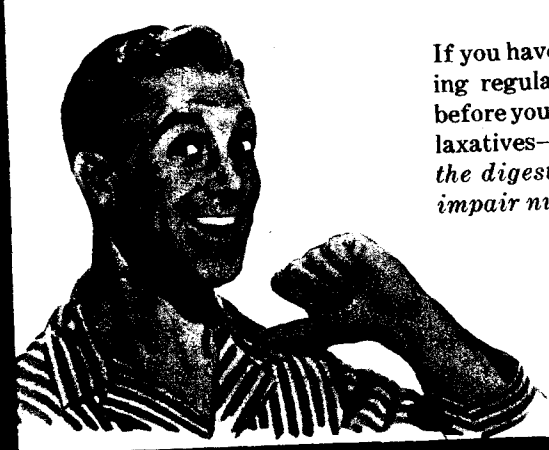

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IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING

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**LEMON and WATER**

**—first thing on arising**


on the table. It cackled futilely. I could not hear what it said, but I was as near certain as I could be that it was a woman's voice. Freddy ignored it, and began talking easily about how wrong it was that the show business could not be run decently, without all these off-stage intrigues. Personally, when he came to put on a show he would make sure things were arranged differently. A girl with talent would have her chance without having to discuss it with men like Izzy Brown at eleven o'clock at night. He stopped abruptly, and said accusingly:

"I don't believe there is such a chap as Izzy Brown! You've heard about my show and you thought you'd try a new method of approach."

I jumped to my feet and blazed denial at him. How the hell did I know he was putting on a show? I didn't even know his name! And if he didn't believe there was an Izzy Brown, "here's the telephone—you ring Mayfair 8754!"

HE TOOK the receiver away from me quickly, made sure the line was dead, and put it back on the table, not on the instrument. It was eleven. Could I play him for another twenty minutes?

"Let's forget Izzy Brown," he said placatingly.

"How can we?" I demanded. "I'm much too cross."

"You're not an actress," he said positively.

"I dare say I'm not, but I want to be, and that's nearly the same thing. I've got to start somehow."

"When I said you aren't an actress, I didn't mean you couldn't act. Most women can. It's the nature of them. I meant you're not one of the profession."

"And how on earth could you know that?"

"Vocabulary," he said, "and drinks. You'd have said 'gin and something' and you wouldn't have known there was such a thing as *eau de vie de Danzig.* In other words, you're a girl of good family and education, of some experience of life and not much, if any of it, gained on the stage. It leaves marks. Your clothes, too. They're too expensive and too quiet for an actress, even a modern one. No, you've decided country life is a dull business, and you can't do shorthand-typing, so you wangled an introduction to Izzy Brown. . . ."

He was enjoying himself. I would be surprised, I said to myself, if you haven't forgotten Mr. Groves for the moment. I rolled the brandy around my tongue, which he noticed and approved.

"You're positively frightening!" I said. "Do you practice clairvoyance professionally? No. I know what the trouble is. You know more about women than most men, and you don't bother to hide the fact. If the women don't like it, they can lump it. But you're safe really, because none of them believes you know about *her.*"

"Please go on," he said. I thought it must be quite a week since he had seduced anybody, he was so pleased with himself.

"You can be gentle and diabolically cruel," I said, "but neither because you can't help it."

"If only more people would understand that," he remarked, as much to his brandy as to me, and then looked at me. For a moment his eyes were naked and he was not smiling. I had got under his skin a little.

"Shall I tell you some more?" I asked. He nodded again.

"You never have the slightest difficulty in making any woman you want let you make love to her. You have proved it so often to yourself that it's a bore. And when I came and said I would stay for a drink instead of going off to Izzy Brown's straight away, you knew I would fall too. Of course you were quite right. Probably it would have gone according to form if I hadn't begun pulling you to pieces—and myself together, saying, 'No, my girl, not even if he really is going to do a show.'" I finished the brandy and gave him the glass. "So now for Izzy Brown and my poor neglected career."

I started to leave the settee. He put a hand on my wrist and held me. I looked at it, at the black hairs and the smooth knuckles between.

"You don't need Izzy Brown," he said. "If you can interest *me* in ten minutes' casual conversation, you can do better than that. I can give you a note to Finglass."

"*Finglass!*" I cried. "You know Finglass?" I took off my coat and threw it on a chair; I straightened my frock, I sat down as close as possible to him, and I sighed the word "Finglass" again.

"Who was pulling herself together?" he asked with a laugh which was more like a giggle; it frightened me more than had anything else about him with its ugly self-assurance.

"I said you could be exceedingly cruel. Why don't you just beat me? *Finglass!* My God!"

"Time enough," he said, and his mouth came down on mine. I let him kiss me while my stomach turned over and over in a fretful nausea. When he stopped I opened my eyes and said I thought if I was to be any later in going to Izzy Brown's, I had better have another *fine maison.* He agreed with me.

While he was pouring it, I said, "I suppose we all say: 'You know, this isn't a bit what I meant, and I don't even know your name.' But for once it's true. I don't know what's come over me and I don't know your name."

He came toward me, with the big glasses, and I went on, "It said Williams against the street bell, but you know what it is with names against street bells. They're never the same when you get upstairs. I thought Izzy Brown had rented it or something."

"Ah!" he said. "You've finally convinced me."

"Of what?"

"That you aren't a phony. My dear, you were bound to have looked at the names downstairs, and it was bothering me."

I sighed secretly. I need not let him kiss me again for a while; he was sufficiently fast on the hook to stay on it long enough for my purpose. It was ten minutes past eleven. The porter would certainly have closed the street door by now. It was seven minutes since Freddy had put back the telephone receiver, and she had not rung since. Another ten or fifteen minutes?

I nursed the brandy glass in my cupped hands; he sat down close to me again, his thigh against mine and told me in this instance the downstairs and upstairs name was the same. His friends called him Freddy.

MEANWHILE I felt I could not bear his hot leg pressing against me a moment longer—so I did a turn up and down the room, getting to know its shape and contents and talking about how troublesome it was to be ambitious, and did he think Felicity Cunningham was a good stage name or should I change it, and so on and so forth, while he sipped his brandy and watched me as he might a horse in a paddock.

"Felicity," he said, lingering on the name, "do you know you're the first one I think I've ever met?"

I resisted the wish to comment that oddly enough I would also be the last, if things went the way I was planning they should. I was not enjoying myself, however. Charlotte might have been so infuriated with him for hanging up on her that she had decided to leave him out of her calculations; my reading of her behavior pattern—that she could not play her scene alone and this man was the only person in the world with whom she could play it—might be terribly wrong.



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In which case I was going to find some difficulty in getting out of this flat with all my clothes on. . . .

"Your caged tigress is most attractive," Freddy Williams broke into my babbling, "but you're making me dizzy. Sit down. We can still talk about your career."

I threw myself on the settee in what I hoped was careless abandon and laughed at him. "Nobody has ever told me so point-blank that I was boring him."

"A number of things seem to be happening for the first time tonight," he said, and put his arm around my shoulders.

A bell rang. My heart leaped. A doorbell, in this flat. I watched his reaction. His brandy glass in his other hand stopped halfway to his mouth.

"Who the devil can that be?" he said, and put the glass on the table. Even if I had been a disinterested onlooker I would have seen he knew perfectly well who it was. He was very, very cross.

The bell rang again, two long rings followed after a pause by a short one, a signal he was expected to recognize and answer.

"Blast it to hell!" he said under his breath, and went across to one of the open windows from which he looked down into the street. He pulled the curtains across both windows and came back to me with his thick black eyebrows drawn together. He looked at me a moment, then said quickly, "I am afraid it's good night for us. I'm very sorry. It's abominably rude of me, but you'll have to run along."

I handed him my glass and got up from the settee; he put down the glass by the side of the other. I said nothing, making my expression blank. He stared at me anxiously. I picked up my coat and purse.

"If it weren't that a very large sum of money is involved," he explained, "the sort of money one could use to put on stage shows and not notice it, I wouldn't do this to you."

"Or to yourself?" I asked brightly. "Never mind, you forget I shouldn't be here at all."

He was returning my brandy glass to the cocktail cabinet.

"That's nonsense," he said. "Will you give me a telephone number or something?"

"I'll have yours in case," I said, and bent down to read it on his dial. Now he must, *must*, say the thing for which I had planned so carefully. Surely he was not going to let her see me? At last, to my infinite relief, he spoke:

"I think if you don't mind, the tactful thing would be for you to avoid being seen. The front door is closed, and I shall have to go down to let them in. I shall bring them up in the elevator. If you could wait at the top of the stairs over there until you hear it start to come up, and then walk down, you won't have to meet them."

"I hope there'll be room for them all in that little box of a thing."

"Please don't tell me, Felicity, that you nag?"

"*Well!*" I said. "What do you expect? How about Finglass? All my hopes dashed to the ground for the sake of some shameless girl with a late night date—like me."

"Don't you trust me?" he asked in a shocked tone. He was wonderful in his belief in his ability.

"Not an inch."

The bell rang again, just over our heads.

"She's wild about something, isn't she?" I remarked. "Not used to being kept waiting."

I STARTED off for the top of the stairs, he just behind me to the elevator, leaving the door of the flat open. His arms came around me, his lips seeking mine. I kept my head back.

"Telephone me at ten o'clock tomorrow morning," he said, "and if you forget the number you'll find it in the book. When I said this was a matter of money, it was absolutely true. I *might* be able to do a show."

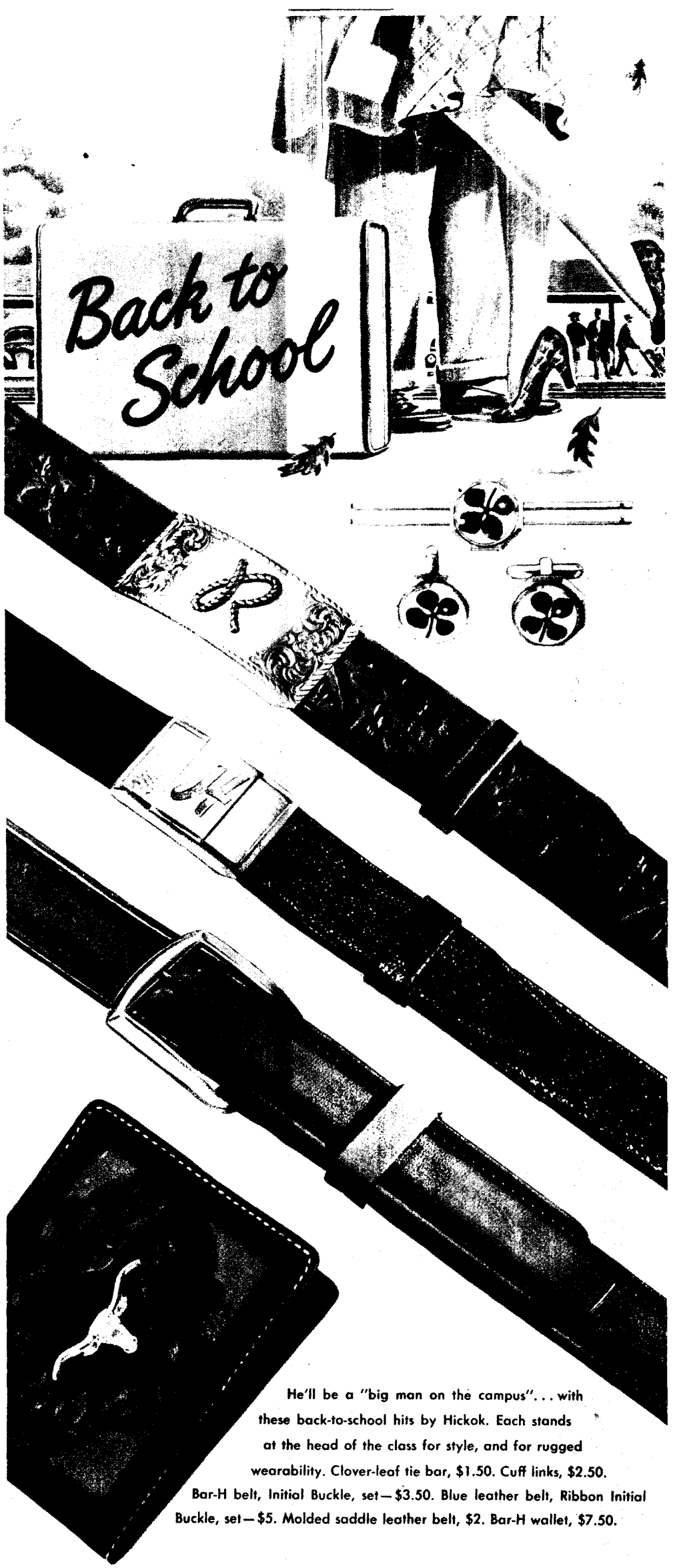
He stepped into the elevator, closed the doors and rattled downward. I turned and went quickly back to the flat, through the door, across the hall and the width of the sitting room and stepped behind the drawn curtains, squeezing myself flat against the wall in the corner by the side of the open window.

I heard the street door below open and close. The first sounds of them came from the elevator, and then, startlingly near and sudden, Charlotte's voice ten feet the other side of the curtain.

*(To be continued next week)*

"The trouble with you men is, you've just been swayed by the evidence"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

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*elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.*

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*86 Proof*

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# THE GRAY HAIR

## BY LOUISE LEE OUTLAW

**Like a loose thread, it could commence unraveling the fabric of Lillian's marriage**

WELL, this is the end. I know it now, with this gray hair in my palm. Someone ought to write an essay about gray—"the subdued arrogance of gray." That's a good phrase. Maybe I ought to take up writing. "Lillian Carstairs' book was spun of heartbreak." No, that's hammy. Bill would say that's hammy.

But it won't matter what Bill would say—after tonight. Not after I tell him: "Bill, I want a divorce." I won't tell him why; I'll never tell him that one gray hair made me leave him.

Usually it's a blond hair. Will I be the first woman in history to ask for a divorce because of a gray hair—my gray hair?

I know how he'll take it. He'll walk up and down, wave his hands, look at me with his dark, green-flecked eyes. He won't believe me. He'll argue, he'll plead, he'll swear he loves me—

He loves me, all right. He's never stopped loving me, even through all the other loves. That's why it's best for me to go now, while I'm fairly well preserved—

How arrogantly this damn' hair cut its way through my top wave! Arrogantly—as if it knew it would soon increase and multiply. Beget. It plans to beget. To beget a falling stomach? Heavy hips? Crow's-feet? A double chin?

Yes, they'll come, the demons, because they have to come. Even to Nonnie. Even to Felice. Yes, even to Marcia.

But Bill won't see me growing old; he won't look at me and remember how I looked when I was twenty. I'll never give him the chance. Let him watch Nonnie or Felice or Marcia grow old. Maybe he'll marry one of them. And then *he'll* be old first—

Of course, it doesn't matter with a man. I've got to be honest with myself. A man like Bill can lose every bit of his hair, and *(Continued on page 60)*

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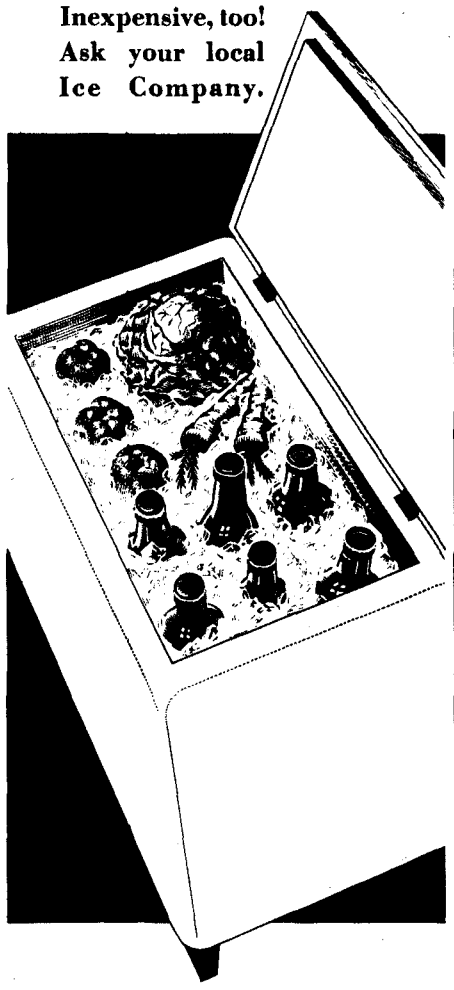

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
1706 L Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

# BROTHER JAZZ

Continued from page 21

play," Fats said suddenly. He hummed a simple, basic pattern of rhythm and melody. When we had it memorized he explained what each of us was to do. "You got that, Charlie?" he said.

Both Charlies said yes. They had it.

We stopped at the Riverside Towers and I got my banjo. At ten minutes before twelve we walked into Liederkrantz Hall. Mr. Adams was waiting for us.

"I see you are punctual," he said to me. "Congratulations." To Fats he said, "Well, Mr. Waller, what is it to be this morning?"

"Well, Mr. Adams," Fats said, "this morning I think we'll start with a little thing we call Harlem Fuss. It's a fast number. Then we got a little ol' slow thing for the other side we call"—he hesitated—"the Minor Drag."

"Excellent," Mr. Adams said. "Let's begin with Harlem Fuss."

We set up our instruments and Fats repeated his instructions. He played the theme for us; as soon as I heard him I knew why we didn't need drums—his left hand would take care of the bass. "Ready?" Fats said.

"Let's go," one of the Charlies said.

The warning lights flashed, and we took off, every man on his own, with Fats holding us together. When we had finished, Mr. Adams came out of the control room. We listened to the playback.

### All's Well That Waxes Well

I had a difficult time believing what I heard because it sounded wonderful. I looked at Mr. Adams. He was smiling.

"You see," he said to me, "what careful rehearsal will do? You have performed your job excellently."

I walked over to Fats. "What are we going to play for the other side?" I whispered. "What is the Minor Drag?"

"We drag the same thing in a minor key much slower," he said.

So we did. When the masters were cut Mr. Adams was delighted.

"I wonder, Mr. Waller," he said, "if we could have some piano solos now?"

"Wonderful!" Fats said. "Perfect! We'll have some piano solos." Without moving from the bench he made Handful of Keys and Numb Fumblin'. Handful of Keys turned out to be the most popular of all his recorded piano solos.

"We must have some more of these dates," Mr. Adams said. "This is an excellent example of the wisdom of planning and preparation."

After that, the Southern Music Company, with careful planning and preparation, brought out the record on a Victor label with the titles reversed: Harlem Fuss was called Minor Drag and Minor Drag was called Harlem Fuss. I got my seventy-five dollars plus recording fee.

The panic was on for us early in 1929. You could make a million dollars in anything but jazz that spring. We ate from hand to mouth and it was somebody else's hand.

Red Nichols said he wanted to take a band on tour through New England during the summer. Would we be it? We said we would; Red couldn't spoil our music all by himself, and he was going to pay us $125 a week. We got Bud Freeman in from Chicago and collected Pee Wee Russell. Dave Tough agreed to play the drums. We got Max Kaminsky of Boston on cornet. Mezzrow and I completed the outfit. While we were rehearsing, Bert Lown, who had an agency in partnership with Rudy Vallee, asked us to play a club date at the Gedney Farms Country Club in Westchester.

"Are you sure you want us?" I asked. "This is a hot band; we don't play society slop."

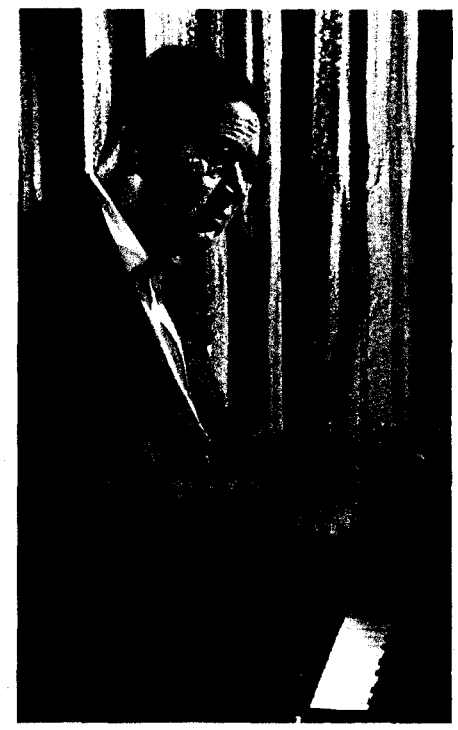
"They'll love it," Lown said. "It will be a novelty."

The day of the date we spent the afternoon listening to Fats Waller and missed the train. We piled into two taxicabs and eighteen dollars later by the meters arrived at our destination. We were an hour late and in bad shape.

The entertainment committee met us and escorted us to the locker room. We were supposed to be dressed in tuxedos and we were, except for the accessories. Kaminsky wore white socks; I had on a red four-in-hand tie. Nobody had a drink left and none was offered us. We were beginning to shake. Tough went to the entertainment committee.

"I'm sorry to tell you this," he said, "but unless we have a drink we cannot go on. We have had a harrowing experience; our lives were nearly lost in a taxicab while coming here."

Without a word the chairman of the committee went to a locker, took out



Like the Negro of the same name, Joe Sullivan is a jazz pianist

MAX P. HAAS

Some of Fats Waller's best performances were almost impromptu

a bottle of gin and handed it to Dave.

"Thank you," Tough said, "your kindness will not go unrewarded."

We ducked behind the lockers and gulped. Then we went upstairs and played. The complaints began at once. There were three generations of Westchesterites present; the kids wanted Tiger Rag, the middle-aged group wanted Alice Blue Gown, the old folks asked for Strauss waltzes. One committee chairman came up and said, "I used to play drums at Yale. Trouble with your man is he doesn't syncopate enough."

"He didn't go to Yale," I said.

Nothing pleased anybody—the music was too fast, too loud, too slow, and where was the melody? Finally we decided to turn our backs on the audience, and enjoy ourselves.

After a while McKenzie and Josh Billings came in. They joined us on the stand. We began playing the blues, Billings picked up a megaphone and sang, improvising as he went along. It was a final insult to the audience:

*I crashed this party thinkin' I would have a good time,*
*I crashed this party thinkin' I would have a good time,*
*I'd sell it for a nickel and a high price would be a dime.*

We finished and went back to town. I waited a few days before calling at the Lown-Vallee office to collect. I figured there had been complaints and I wanted to give Lown a chance to consider them objectively. Finally I walked in and asked his secretary to announce me.

Lown started talking as I entered his office. I managed to sneak in a word about pay.

"Go to the union and try to get it!" he screamed.

I reminded him quietly that we were a jazz band and that I had explained this to him before accepting the job.

"You are a gang of hoodlums!" he shouted. "You have no relationship whatever to music! No band in history has ever drawn so many complaints! You insulted every decent person in Westchester! What's more, you lost the account for us!"

"We played for dancing," I said. "That's what we were asked to do. We insulted nobody."

"Your appearance was an insult—and who were the two Chicago gangsters you brought with you?"

I met McKenzie later on at Plunkett's speak-easy.

"Lown won't pay us," I told him. "We lost the season's contract for him. Besides, he says we brought two Chicago gangsters with us."

Red put down his drink and stared at me.

"You and Billings," I explained.

"Wait for me," Red said. "I'll be right back."

I followed him into the street. "You don't know where the office is!" I hollered.

He stopped and waited for me.

"Point for me," he said. "Just point."

I led him to the office. He walked past the receptionist, found Lown and made a lunge for him.

"Who am I?" he yelled.

Lown retreated. "I don't know," he said nervously. "I never saw you before."

"Then how do you know I'm a Chicago gangster, you mango-head?" McKenzie screamed.

Lown tried to say something but McKenzie hit him with two hundred words a minute. He ran the total into four figures, ending with, "And the next time you call somebody a Chicago gangster get it straight! I'm from St. Louis!"

We were all the way back to Plunkett's



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speak-easy before we realized we still hadn't collected any money for our work at Gedney Farms, not even the eighteen dollars spent for taxi fare.

"I guess people just don't like jazz music," I said.

"Don't worry," Jimmy Plunkett said. "Look what happened to water. For thousands of years people wouldn't drink it for fear of getting poisoned. Now they drink so much of it they think they can get along without whisky."

"Who thinks that?" McKenzie said. He was still looking for a fight.

"The people who voted for prohibition," Jimmy said.

Plunkett's was at 205½ West Fifty-third Street, under the elevated. All sorts of business was transacted there; the telephone rang constantly, bands were organized at the bar, and everybody drank.

### Mr. Dorsey Gets a Shave

One day Tommy Dorsey came in during the afternoon. He had a radio program in half an hour.

"I'll have to drink in a hurry," he said to Jimmy Plunkett. "I need a shave."

"Maybe you need a drink more than you need a shave," Jimmy suggested. He was a practical man.

Tommy looked in the mirror. "I need a shave," he said. "I'll have to skip to the barbershop."

Standing quietly down the bar was Tommy O'Connor, a former wrestler with gnarled fingers and an 18½-inch neck. He was from the Dorsey home town in Pennsylvania.

"Nothing of the sort, Tommy," he said. "You'll not have to stir from this place."

"I need that shave," Dorsey said.

"It so happens that I myself am now in the profession you intend to patronize," O'Connor said. "I am a barber."

He reached into a vest pocket and took out a straight razor.

"It will take but a minute," he said. "Jimmy, run some of that draught beer."

Jimmy ran some beer, and O'Connor shook some salt into it. A fine head of suds formed. O'Connor scooped suds off and put it on Dorsey's face.

"Put that bar rag around his neck, Jimmy," he said to Plunkett. "I don't want to soil his shirt. Now, Tommy, just lay your head back and relax."

In a few minutes it was over, and Dorsey, stunned, bleeding, but shaved, was standing upright with another drink in his hand.

"Just one thing, Tommy," O'Connor said. "Give me a shot of that gin, Jimmy." He poured the gin over his hands and rubbed Tommy's face.

"Finest after-shave lotion in the world," he said.

Dorsey finished his drink, had time for another, and left for Radio City in excellent condition.

Chelsea Queely, a steady patron, came in one night with two black eyes. Jack Bland, another jazz man, studied them a while; then he said, "Chelsea, what you need are some leeches. I'll get them for you at the drugstore." Bland returned shortly with a small box.

"Everything is set, Chelsea," Jack said. "Just lean your head back against the wall and I'll put one on each eye."

Chelsea was amiable. He leaned back and Jack took a leech from the box and dropped it on his right eye. Chelsea tried to move. Jack kept him against the wall and reached for the other leech. Chelsea opened his mouth to holler.

At this point Jack dropped the other leech. He miscalculated. It fell in Chelsea's mouth.

"Spit it out before it dies, Chelsea!" he said.

Chelsea treated his eyes for the rest of the evening with alcohol.

In June we went on the road with Nichols. For three dreary weeks we toured New England and New York State, then returned to New York City. There was no doubt about it, the East was not ready for jazz.

McKenzie was around. "Let's get a drink," he said. "I have plans."

We went to the nearest speak-easy.

Red tasted his drink. "Would you wear a jersey and a cap and play for Mrs. Vanderbilt's dinner parties?"

"I'd rather play in a jazz band."

"Jazz is a luxury. Too bad it's such good music. The poor man likes it, but only the rich man can afford it."

"I guess I wouldn't mind a cap. Bix used to wear one."

"A jersey and a cap. A jersey has horizontal stripes. I hate them but the society folks think they are cute. They won't let you play at parties without them. So you'll do it. Good!"

"At last I've reached the gutter. I'd never have known it except for the company."

"Blow your nose and order another drink." Red grinned. "We're going to play jazz. It'll be disguised so the dudes won't know it, but it'll be jazz."

Rome had a fiddler while it was burning. New York in 1929 had the Mound City Blue Blowers. We played for cocktail parties, dinner parties, parties at night, and parties in the early morning. Our hosts were Jimmy Cromwell, Mary Brown Warburton, Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, Larry Doyle, George Preston Marshall, the various Munn families, Billy Leeds, Marjorie Oelrichs, and a lot of week-end millionaires who were broke or dead a year later.

### Making Society Jazz-Minded

One night we played for a party at Mary Brown Warburton's, across the street from a church. An orthodox musician was entertaining at the piano.

"Mary," McKenzie said to the hostess, "would you like to hear somebody really play that instrument?"

"Isn't he playing it?" Mary asked, looking at the pianist.

"He thinks so," McKenzie said.

He called Joe Sullivan at Riverside Towers.

"I can't come," Joe said. "I haven't subway fare."

"Jump in a taxi and we'll meet you outside," Red said.

Thirty minutes later McKenzie lifted the incumbent from the piano stool and Joe sat down. He went into Sweet Lorraine.

"You're right," Mary said to Red. "Where did this man come from?"

"I made him up," Red said.

The guests gave Joe an ovation and crowded around the piano. Billings took the opportunity to snatch a few bottles of champagne. He walked across the street to the rear of the church and hid them behind a wall. McKenzie was horror-stricken.

"How could you do such a sacrilegious thing?" he said to Billings. "Don't you realize that is sacred property? What do you want to do, get all of us sent to hell? Are you an agent of the devil?"

Billings was shaken. When we left the party he retrieved the bottles from behind the wall. I thought McKenzie was going to break them in the street but he didn't. In the taxicab he gave Billings another tongue-lashing. I have never heard such language. Billings began to weep. By the time we reached Riverside Towers he was on a crying jag. He left and went to his room, sobbing and muttering repentance.

"I don't know what the world is coming to," McKenzie said, opening one of the bottles and pouring himself a drink. "People have no respect for sacred things any more. Imagine stealing champagne and hiding it behind the church!"

He drained his glass and filled it again.

"This is the best wine I ever tasted," he said.

*(To be concluded next week)*




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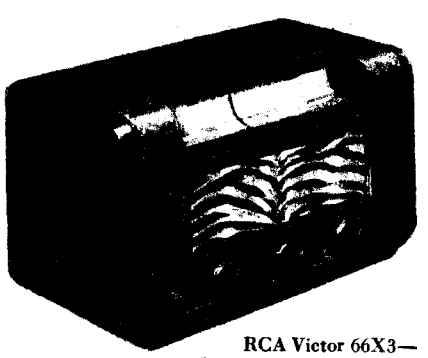

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# THE GREAT EXPERIENCE

## BY WILLIAM FULLER

**A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE**

ELMO YOUNG sat at the bar and nursed his beer. The pay-off, he was thinking. If this ain't the pay-off! You spend four long years in the Army thinking how swell it's going to be to get back to the old hangout. You don't let the ink on your discharge papers dry before you drop by the old place for a slap on the back, then some good serious talk with your old side-kicks. So what do you find? You find a bar lonesome as a preinvasion beach except for some lush moping in his bourbon at the far end. You find a new bartender with a puss looks like he'd swallowed a green apple. You find seventeen-cent beer. You find chromium fittings now, and a plate-glass window with Place de la Concorde written all over it, like the joint was some fancy clip instead of an honest, neighborhood gin mill. Brother! The pay-off.

That's the way Elmo's thoughts were running when Herbie Shultz came into the bar. "Herbie!" he shouted, happily looming beside the little man and shoving forward a huge hand. "Old Herbie!"

"So help me," Herbie said as Elmo pumped his hand. "Elmo! I haven't seen you in—"

"Four years. Four years and three months. Quite a little war we had. Quite a little experience," he said modestly. "We used to say in the Army, we'd say—"

Herbie rubbed his fingers. "Yeah. The guys were telling me. Most of them have been back a year or more." Herbie sat down at the bar. "A beer, Marv," he called to the bartender.

Elmo sat beside him. "Boy, it's good to be back. I remember one night on Leyte, we're sitting around the C.P. and—"

"Say, Marv," Herbie said. "Williams gets three for four today. What've I been telling you?"

"A flash in the pan," said the bartender. "An erratic character. They don't make 'em any more like they used to. You take George Sisler, now there was a boy."

"Sisler!" Herbie said. "Cobb leads the league seven years and you give me Sisler!"

"Ty Cobb ever hit four one five, like Sisler?"

"What about Fitzsimmons?" the man at the end of the bar asked. "Old Bob. My boy."

"Baseball, jerk!" Marv shouted. "Ball, not fighting!"

"Is this a free country or isn't it?" the man asked. "I'll take bourbon and water. Easy on the water."

"George Sisler never hit four one five," Herbie said.

"Nineteen twenty-two. St. Louis," Marv said icily.

Herbie turned to Elmo. "What do you say, Elmo?" He spoke to Marv. "Here's a man, Marv, used to settle all the baseball arguments. A walking record book. Old Mister Baseball. What do you say, Elmo? Does George Sisler hit four one five in nineteen twenty-two?"

Elmo shifted uncomfortably on his bar stool.

"I wouldn't know," he said.

"Elmo," Herbie said. "What's the matter with you, Elmo?"

Elmo felt the story of his great experience welling up inside him. He knew that now the time was ripe for the telling. Now, among familiar things, among people who spoke his language, was his big chance to make someone understand how it was with a guy in war.

"It's like this," Elmo said slowly. "A guy changes. A guy changes all of a sudden, sometimes, in war. All of a sudden, sometimes, he gets slapped in the face with the truth, and he changes. Maybe the stuff is coming over thick and the guy next to you gets his. Maybe it comes to you then. Maybe you happen to be watching a handful of kids—their bellies swollen and their legs thin and spindly—holding out tin cans for the leavings from the company kitchen. Maybe you look at their eyes. Maybe it comes to you then. With me, it came like this: We come ashore at Ormoc, see—and we're moving up the Valencia Valley, fast. Two regiments abreast and one in reserve. My outfit gets the word to look over the terrain on our flank. We move out—"

Marv cleared his throat. "You in Manila?" he asked Elmo.

"I was there," Elmo said. He felt his hands growing clammy as he relived his great experience. "We move out to the flank," he said hoarsely. "A couple of miles out we run into this barrio, this village—"

"I hear they had a pretty fast league in Manila after the war," said Herbie, "what with all them pros they had out there in the Navy and the Air Force, and all."

"I guess so," Elmo said. "The point runs into fire on the outskirts of this barrio. The old man brings up his heavy MGs. The—"

"It must've been tough, boy," Herbie said. "It must've been quite a little war." He turned to Marv. "I tell you what I'll do, Marv. I'll give you a chance to break even. I'll give you Philadelphia and two points tomorrow and take the Red Sox."

Elmo stared at his beer. He was conscious of a frightened, choked-up feeling in his chest.

"I'll take a fin's worth of that," Marv said.

ELMO'S great experience was a livid, painful thing within him. He moved next to the man at the far end of the bar. "The old man calls up his heavy machine guns," he told the man. "He lays his base of fire. He sends for me. He tells me to take my squad wide to the right."

"This is a lousy joint," the man said. "This joint is from hunger. Bourbon like after-shave lotion and a barkeep that don't know baseball from the ring. Place de la Concorde. Place de la Residue!" The man scooped up his change and left.

Elmo stood. He felt the muscles in his cheeks knotting. His legs felt numb. He walked stiff-legged through the door. He walked ten yards along the sidewalk, then turned into the alley between the bar and the adjoining building. Halfway down the dark and littered alley he stumbled over a brick. He picked it up and went back to the Place de la Concorde. He stood behind Herbie. Herbie and Marv were arguing about Sisler and Cobb again. Elmo stood there and listened for a moment. Then he said, "You want to watch this. You might enjoy it."

He took a long, slow windup and hurled the brick at the plate-glass window at the front of the room. The brick hit dead center. There was an entirely satisfying shatter of glass as the window completely collapsed.

Elmo sat down and finished his beer while Marv called the station.

THE cop was over in five minutes. "All right," the cop said wearily, "who's pressing charges?"

"Him," Elmo said, pointing at Marv. "I just tossed a brick through his window." The cop thumbed through his notebook. His feet hurt and he was very tired. "You got anything to say before I run you in?"

"Yeah. I'd like to explain why I tossed a brick through that window."

The cop sighed. "Go ahead."

"I'll have to start at the beginning," Elmo said.

Herbie said, "I'll be running along."

"Oh, no you don't," the cop said. "You was here, weren't you? You're a material witness, ain't you? Have a seat, brother."

"We're moving up the Valencia Valley, see?" Elmo said. "Two regiments abreast and one in reserve. We're moving fast—" He felt the clamminess come into the palms of his hands again as he got into the story. His voice was hoarse with his efforts to give them the great experience so they might live it as he had lived it—and understand its importance as he understood its importance.

Then the story was over. No one spoke for a moment. Elmo looked around the Place de la Concorde. Except for the shattered window, Elmo suddenly realized that the old joint looked pretty natural. Seventeen-cent beer, maybe, and a little new eye-wash, but hell—Elmo figured—things change. They change and there ain't a thing a man can do to keep them from changing.

"You pressing charges?" the cop asked Marv.

"I got to have a new window," Marv said.

"How much you figure that window is worth?" Elmo asked him.

"It's worth forty-five bucks."

Elmo reached happily in his pocket. He counted off five tens and tossed them on the bar. "And four beers," he said.

Marv drew the beers. He slid three of them down the bar to Elmo, Herbie and the cop. He took the fourth one himself. Elmo raised his glass. "Here's to Rogers Hornsby," he said. "Cobb, .410 in nineteen twelve. Sisler, .420 in nineteen twenty-two. Hornsby, .424 in nineteen twenty-four."

The four of them drank to Rogers Hornsby.

**"You want to watch this," Elmo said. "You might enjoy it." He took a wind-up and hurled the brick at the window**

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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# THE GRAY HAIR

Continued from page 55

women will still crane their necks and stare at him and do everything but drop their handkerchiefs as he goes by. It'll be the same when he's eighty.

There's nothing worse than being a woman. Nothing in the world. When you're twenty, when you walk down the street, and the men whistle and watch your legs, you think the world is a full-length mirror, reflecting only you. You toss your head, and a man comes running. You stamp your foot, and a man kneels before you. You say, "Yes" or "No," and a man quivers. You deny him, and he cries.

You don't think about the days that will come after, the days when you will dodge the sunlight because it shows—too clearly—the gratuitous lines, the dulled eyes, the wrinkling neck. When you're twenty, you don't know the demons are waiting for you.

I hate everyone who is twenty. Because I'm thirty-eight today and I have a gray hair in my palm which I've plucked from my head. . .

I AM thirty-eight today. Now all I want to do is go somewhere and be quiet and grow old. Perhaps Arizona. Last year in Arizona—what peace! The quiet got on Bill's nerves, but it soothed me. It made me able to face another year. The green, green grass, the fanleaf palms against the salmon skies, the scrolled clouds that made you want only to lie and look at them.

Yes, Arizona would be nice. I might even take a typewriter with me, try to write something. But writing's introspective. . . . Maybe plastics. . . . I could make plastic cigarette boxes. . . .

Daft—absolutely daft—the women will say. They'll be thinking of this place—this big, cream-colored, shaggy-rugged duplex. They'll be thinking of the view of the river from the bedroom and the smug-faced doorman outside. They'll be thinking of my clothes, and they'll wonder what will happen to the mink. "You can't wear mink in Arizona, my dear," they'll tell each other.

How they'll ache to know what will become of my clothes—my big warehouses of ammunition!

God, I'm tired of ammunition! I'm tired of rushing to Carnegie's for the latest in alligator umbrellas. I'm tired of silk gabardine bustled suits. Bustles! Bustles are for the young, for the small-waisted, bright-eyed, unwittingly flirtatious young. Last year's fashion was off-the-shoulder dresses—the year before, short skirts. Oh, I can go back fifteen years and tell you what the fashions were. I've been tied to them; I've been a check-signing slavey to them, even while I was using them to fight off this day, this moment, this gray hair.

If Bill had stayed in Florida—if we'd stayed in the blue-and-white bungalow on Orange Street, right in back of the crocodile farm! There's a snapshot of us somewhere—Bill looking like a country editor: shirt sleeves rolled up, limp cigarette in hand, green eyeshade over his scowling face. Me in a nice little $5.98 mail-order percale. Me, with my hair just washed, loose and glossy, and no lipstick on my mouth. . . .

If we'd stayed there, we'd be comfortable, middle-aged people now. We'd wear bedroom slippers in the evening and put the milk bottles on the porch. We'd have children to worry about. . . .

But that's not getting me anywhere. Bill wouldn't have stayed put. He was too charming even then, before he had the whipped-cream suavity. He was impatient with Orange Street. He wanted me to have things. Things—1935's ermine cape—1938's pink Cartier boxes—1940's duplex. The hand-tooled books, the original Renoir, the French lingerie.

I've got plenty of things, but I've got a gray hair, too. I'm tired.

Can I hold out another year? No. . . . This is the last. This is the year of Marcia. And next year it will be Sophia or Claudia or Barbara. I've got to be honest with myself.

COLLIER'S — "This is the way I like to sail: right side up" — GARRETT PRICE

"Hello, Alice—er-r—are you sure it's all right for me to come in?"

COLLIER'S — BARNEY TOBEY

That time last year, before we went to Arizona; that could have been the end, too. It was Denise, that time. Denise, white-skinned and curving and red-headed. Dimpled knees in a bathing suit, dimpled elbows in an evening gown, dimpled cheeks when she smiled. And all the dimples for Bill.

"Good Lord, I don't care a thing about her!" That was what he said, while I sat there cool-eyed and looked at the tugboat on the river. My tongue and my head were wise; only my heart was a corkscrew.

"Are you sure, Bill?" I said. "Would you like a divorce?" It was the first time I'd ever said the words. I was tired that day. I was tired of having Denise "pop in" for cocktails, for dinner, for the umbrella she "forgot" the week before. I was tired of watching Bill watching Denise.

"I love you, Lillian," he said. "I've always loved you—and I always will. Denise—she's just—"

Yes, he loves me. And Denise was "just." And now Marcia is "just."

WHO was it the year of the ermine cape? It was Hallie, blond, brown-eyed Hallie. That was the year I began to go to the beauty salon twice a week. Then, as Hallie was followed by Connie and Connie by Laura, I knew there would be no growing up for Bill. I knew, but I was ready to fight for him. I had the strength then; I could almost enjoy the battle. Oh, I can't say watching him at a cocktail party was much fun. Watching his eyes get that yearning look. But I had ways of fighting, in those days. I got svelter and smarter. I had to; there was so much competition. I found that little Hindu man who taught me all about relaxation; I wonder if he kept the wrinkles away—or was it nature smiling at me? Anyway, I did a good job. All the Swedish masseuses did a good job; all the manicurists and permanent wavers and facial experts did a good job. And it paid off, in little ways. Bill saying: "You're the loveliest woman here." Little, important ways.

How I prayed there wouldn't be any more Hallies or Connies or Lauras! I hoped he'd start to grow old. Oh, not old—but more subdued. I hoped he'd get a paunch, a little, unobjectionable, human paunch. But he didn't. Here he is, in his latest photo, smiling from my dressing table, and when I look at him I think: There's a man whom I could fall in love with.

I know that through all the enchantments of slender thighs, piquant smiles and curving cheeks, he loves me. But I've got to be honest with myself. Would he love me if my waist were thirty-two instead of twenty-seven?

AND I mustn't forget Marcia. She is twenty-two and she is dark and elfish. She wears pixie hats. Her cheeks are winesap red and her eyes are like polished mahogany. I can see her charms. I know why Bill is playing Tristan over and over on the phonograph.

No, I can't fight nature any more. Maybe I'm a fool to give in. But then, most women are permitted to grow old with their men. To sit on front porches in Orlando or Milwaukee or Philadelphia and rock and rock.

A gray hair. Hello, gray hair. Here you are in the palm of my hand and because of you I simply can't go on. I feel as if you belong to me. I don't feel like a svelte young woman. I can't giggle at another cocktail party. I can't smile gently and watch Bill watching Marcia. I can't look at another "creation" designed to make me forget my birthdays.

I want to be thirty-eight, an honest thirty-eight. I want to be free of girdles. I want to forget to cream my face at night.

The telephone. Bill saying he can't make it for dinner? Bill speaking from a booth in some little Westchester inn? Well, does it matter? I'm free now. . . .

*Hello? Hello, Maurice? Yes. Maurice, I want it for three o'clock. Today. I don't care if it's the Queen of England. I tell you, it must be today. It's a matter of life—what? Yes, a tint. I said: a tint. I found a gray hair today, and Mr. Carstairs can't stand gray hair, Maurice. I've got to be honest with myself.*

THE END



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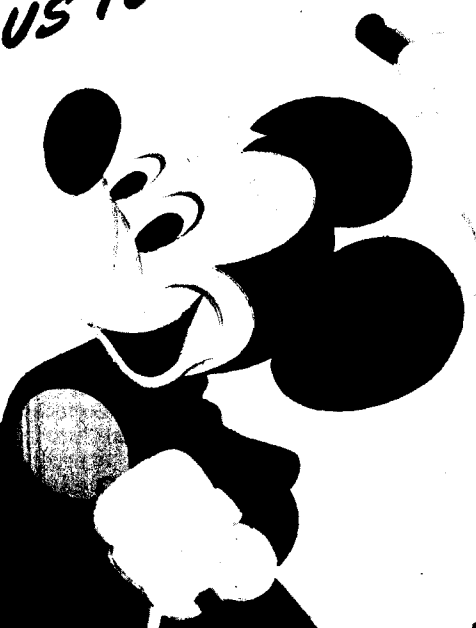
# JUST IMAGINE! See them all together in one hilarious full-length picture!

There's *Mortimer* (Hayseed) *Snerd* vs. *Donald* (The Temper) *Duck*. Timber-r-r-r!

Edgar Bergen...Charlie McCarthy... Mickey Mouse...Mortimer Snerd... Donald Duck...plus three rollicking new Disney characters...*all together* in one of the funniest feature-length pictures you'll ever hope to see.

There's *Mickey* in his most hair-raising adventure.



There's radio's favorite blockhead — *Charlie* (I'll mow 'em down) *McCarthy*.

There's *Bongo*, the frustrated circus bear who wants to get away from it all...

...and little *Lulubelle*, who causes *Bongo* plenty of heartaches.

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FULL-LENGTH MUSICAL CARTOON FEATURE

# "Fun and Fancy Free"

FEATURING

EDGAR BERGEN — DINAH SHORE

IN TECHNICOLOR

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There's *Jiminy Cricket*, who's full of fun—and fancy free.

All these songs and more, too, will be played by MUZAK on Oct. 9th.

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"LAZY COUNTRYSIDE"

"TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE"

"SAY IT WITH A SLAP"

and others you'll be humming soon.

**EDGAR BERGEN** in the flesh with his radio pals *Charlie McCarthy* and *Mortimer Snerd*.

**DINAH SHORE** singing and narrating the tuneful story of *Bongo*—the little circus bear.

*with*

Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Goofy

and introducing 3 lovable new Disney characters

Bongo, Lulubelle, Willie the Giant

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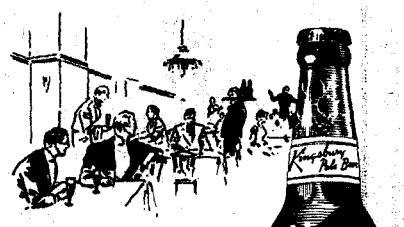

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# WHO TIED A KITE TO FOOD PRICES?

Continued from page 15

Europe that lay in ruins, but Asia as well. This time Europe's factories and fields had taken so bad a beating that recovery would be much slower than after the first World War. Besides, after World War I, unscathed Asia, Japan, Korea, the Philippines and French Indo-China swung into action with food shipments to Europe. This time the Far East shipped no food. It pleaded for it.

With the war's end we shed all rationing (except sugar) and settled down to unrestricted eating. In February, 1946, our unpreparedness for peace caught up with us. President Truman disclosed that "more people face starvation and even actual death for want of food today than in any war year and perhaps more than in all the war years combined."

Former President Herbert Hoover, chairman of the President's Famine Emergency Committee, pleaded with Americans to make sacrifices. In words echoing his immortal "prosperity is just around the corner," he predicted that the famine would be over by July when crops were harvested.

More than a year later in its "Food Report" of June 21, 1947, The American Institute of Food Distribution said:

"We are now up against a Europe in an even worse fix than a year ago, to say nothing of Asia which is in such a mess that no one is paying any attention to what foods will have to be sent there."

### Less for Europe's Hungry to Eat

During Europe's 1946 ordeal we welshed on promises to ship wheat and meat, because we didn't have it. Equally bad, we killed OPA so that soaring prices here forced the governments of starving people and private relief agencies to cut down food buying. The United Jewish Appeal estimated early this year that its relief costs had advanced 40 per cent since last summer, which meant that they could distribute 40 per cent less food to hungry people unless they raised additional money here. And the Army came to Congress for more in occupation funds for the same reason.

Because we failed to do our share of the feeding job last year, Europe's recovery has been delayed, and the political situation has gone from bad to worse until, as Secretary Marshall's plan indicates, only a large-scale relief offensive costing billions of dollars will do the job that adequate food alone might have done earlier.

"We're trying to hold the political line in Europe with food—with belly diplomacy," one Washington official said, "and it presents a problem in food logistics, the problem of getting food supplies to the political front. There's an ideological war going on, and we must make decisions of the same general character as if it were a shooting war.

"Where do we want to concentrate our resources? Trouble is, we're planning to ship out just enough to fight a good one-front war—but we'll scatter it over several fronts: Europe, Asia, India.

"We could fight a good two-front war without any nutritional danger to the American people, but it would take a food dictator to do it.

"If I were that food dictator, here's what I'd have to do:

"First, I'd decide that we could step up our last year's grain shipments of 16,000,000 tons by about 50 per cent. Where would the additional 8,000,000 tons come from? I could pick up two or three million bushels by ordering the milling industry to use wheat more intensively in making flour. The flour would be a shade darker, and the millers would want to shoot me. Then I'd whack the distilling industry, cut down on their corn and barley and probably pick up another million tons that way. The remaining three or four million tons I'd simply have to bid away from the American housewife, and that would mean higher prices.

"We need rice badly for Asia; and I'd have to battle the cereal manufacturers and the brewers to take about half a million tons away from them. It would be necessary to cut down our use of fats and oils as well to send more abroad, and this might mean some food rationing again. And to get more grain to the ports we'd have to take freight cars away from American manufacturers and slow up the deliveries of iceboxes, baby carriages and many other goods.

"Where would the money come from for all this?

"Well there's $350,000,000 of post-UNRRA funds available. Greece and Turkey have a loan of $400,000,000. We're paying the bill in occupied countries. France, England and other European countries have loans from us, and some other countries have the cash to buy, if we would only sell to them." (Foreign governments can only buy the food we allot to them under a system of export controls administered by the Department of Agriculture.)

"Chances are we won't have a food dictator," the official went on. "But if we don't fight an effective food war of some sort, the alternative is a Communist Europe. And that means we ourselves might become an armed camp—with all the costs in money, lost liberties, and food restrictions, that might involve."

So much for what we should do. What are we doing?

Actually we may ship less food during the next 12 months than we did during the last crop year. Government crop experts, tallying up the damage done by spring floods, flashed the news on July 10th that our phenomenal run of luck with bumper crops had run out. The basic corn crop on which the production of livestock, poultry and dairy products depends would be 675,000,000 bushels lower this year than last.

Although the corn carry-over from last year is over 400,000,000 bushels, wheat may have to be diverted to feed livestock and poultry. This would leave less for shipments abroad. As corn prices rose, farmers would send their hogs to market. The flood of livestock this fall would lower meat prices temporarily, but in 1948 meat prices could be higher than ever.

This summer, food prices were becoming a hot political potato and promised to become even hotter in next year's campaigns.

Republicans, alarmed at public rumblings over the death of OPA and the high prices that followed, have launched a counteroffensive. "It wasn't the end of OPA that sent food prices spiraling. It was food shipments abroad," they argue.

### The Administration Viewpoint

To charges that foreign shipments are keeping prices up, Administration champions have two answers:

(1) Sixty million employed Americans and their families are eating 26 per cent more beef (per person) and 21 per cent more pork than before the war. They're consuming 28 per cent more chicken, 20 per cent more milk and cheese, 30 per cent more oranges and lemons, four times as much canned juices and vegetables, and 30 per cent more coffee.

(2) Most of this huge new eating has come from increased food production. Shipments abroad are relatively piddling. It's true we shipped one third of our wheat production abroad last year, but only 2 per cent of our meats were shipped, and of the 23 billion pounds of food we produced, exports took only 2.3 billion pounds, a modest 10 per cent. Curiously enough, government men point out, our food exports are just about "normal." They make up approximately a quarter of all our exports, the same as they did, say, in 1929.

Administration spokesmen could have added a third argument. The food we ship abroad provides a strong prop under our own economy, maintains farm prices and delays the recession that economists have been predicting.

"Think of the terrible drop in farm prices if food shipments were cut," one Administration official pointed out.

"If exports were cut you'd see how fast congressmen would come running to us to boost exports to keep prices up," another said.

No matter who wins the political argument one thing is certain—it looks like high food prices for another year. This news the American housewife will read in her grocery bills.

THE END

# GOOD AS GOLD

Continued from page 34

chenille, hemp and wool spiked with copper and gold—a magnificent, tropical-looking business. She's working with manufacturers of casement cloth, making an airy, silvery screening for windows. There's stiffened, gold-shot fabric for radio grilles; brilliant-colored, tweedy cottons flecked with gold for upholstery and draperies; and more coming up.

Many creators of fabrics are working with the stuff. We've seen taffetas striped with it; ginghams given enough body to become upholstery and drapery materials; an exquisite, airy length of white rayon gauze banded with gold, copied from a museum piece and as lovely as anything out of India. In fact these metal threads have roused interest in India, for possible use in saris. Many an altar cloth is untarnishable, now, because of them. Someday, maybe, the same can be said of an admiral's gold braid.

Various kinds of metal threads have been devised, from broad strips to elastic yarns wound with a coating of metal. There's a *bouclé* yarn twisted with gold that would make a knitter's mouth water. The yarn makers' mouths, in turn, are watering over the fact that there are an estimated 10,000,000 home knitters in the land. They promise them supplies as speedily as possible. Meantime, at least one big manufacturer of sweaters is coming out with some beauties, multicolored and flecked with metal. And if you have three hundred bucks to spare, you can have a whole suit custom knit.

THE END

*The picture on page 34 was taken at Bonwit Teller, New York City. Room interior designed by William Pahlman; drapery and upholstery fabric by Goodall; hostess gown by Dorine Liebert; lounge slippers by Capezio; formal gown and coat by Ceil Chapman.*



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## MAN TO MAN

Continued from page 23

shoulder of the hill and the village was hidden from view. They were divided from the village by the swelling slope of the hill, and from where they stood there was nothing to see but the wide spread of country, russet squares of plowed earth, and green oblongs of pasture, with here and there in the middle distance an occasional farmhouse with its yard and its muddy road running in between untidy hedges.

But these were far away. They were alone here on the hillside, shut away from men, and Johnny Cooper saw that it was nearly time to do it.

A dog barked and soon they saw it, a black retriever running down the hill from above them. For a moment Johnny Cooper thought someone would appear, following it.

He had not counted on meeting anyone up here in the lonely hills. His plan was broken if there were anyone walking in the hills when he came to the place he had chosen.

But the dog yapped excitedly and ran off down the slope, crossing their path ahead of them. It was obviously alone, probably after rabbits, and not concerned with people. It ran on and disappeared lower down the hill among the shrubs.

Johnny Cooper walked on. They were coming very close to the place now. He looked at Tom Willett, tramping along with his empty pipe pointing upward from between his teeth, his stick gripped beneath his arm, and his hands in the pockets of his flannel trousers.

FROM the back of his mind, like an old photograph reached down from a shelf in a cupboard, Johnny brought out a picture—the memory of the first time he saw Tom Willett.

Johnny had been sitting reading the paper in the bar of the Crown in the market square, and the stranger, Tom Willett, came in through the swing door with its stained-glass pattern. He had his pipe and stick then, just as now, and he walked to the bar without hesitating, as though he knew his way—not only there, but anywhere else he might chance to find himself.

Johnny Cooper had watched him then, wondering who he was. He was noticeable in the bar. He had a townsman's air among the country people, wearing his clothes for show and pleasure and not simply from necessity.

He spoke to the barmaid with his pipe still gripped between his strong teeth, and the barmaid smiled and let her eyelids fall.

Johnny Cooper found later that women always looked at Tom Willett like that, staring at him for a moment with interest and then looking away with a tiny fear.

Lucy did it, although she told Johnny that she was not interested in Tom. She said, "He's all right. I hadn't thought about him much, but he's all right."

She insisted that that was all Tom was. She kept saying it every time Johnny asked her. "Oh, he's all right, I suppose."

But Johnny watched her and doubted.

Once he said to her, "Now look here, Lucy." He took pains to make his voice sound stern. He said, "Now look here, Lucy, I won't stand for any nonsense with Tom Willett."

She put her hands on her hips and looked at him. She said, "Oh, dear! Won't you really?"

He said, "No. I've told you; I won't stand for it."

She said nothing but stood looking at him. And then she turned around and went into the house and slammed the door, leaving him alone in the garden, knowing that he had done no good and feeling a fool. He knew that he had done a foolish thing—not in what he had said, but in pretending to a strength which he did not possess. He knew then, perhaps for the first time, that he was a weak man and he was ashamed.

He hated her for a long while after that, but in the end he went back to her humbly because he could not live without her. He despised himself for it but he could not live without her. . . .

He was still angry with himself and ashamed as he remembered it now,

**TIMMY** by HOWARD SPARBER

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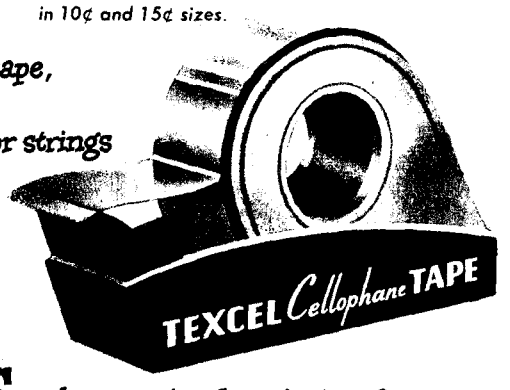

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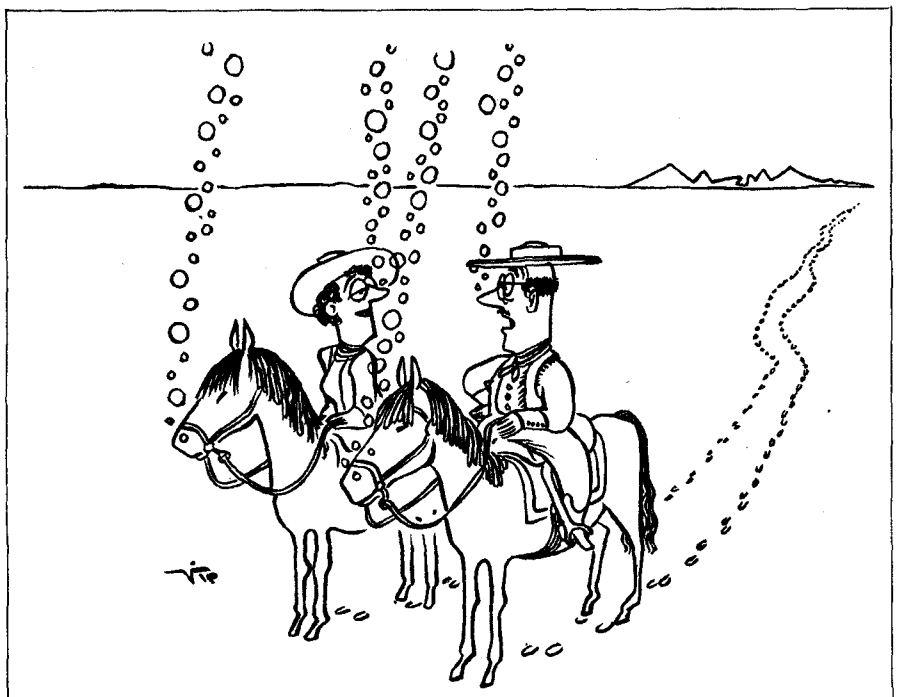
trudging up the steep path behind Tom Willett. The thin grass had given way to rock and loose stone now, with only tufts of dirty, sick-looking weeds sprouting here and there. The path passed between two isolated rocks and came to a gate which had once been painted white but was now a drab and blistered gray.

Tom Willett unchained the gate and opened it. Johnny Cooper watched him do it. His plan started with the opening of the gate, for on the other side of the gate was the place he had chosen to do what he had made up his mind to do.

Tom held open the gate to let him pass through and Johnny asked himself whether Tom could have guessed what he intended to do. Perhaps he knows all the time and intends to walk *behind* me. Perhaps he has known all along.

But Tom closed the gate, chained it, and again took the lead as was his habit. The path here no longer climbed the hill but skirted it and was level, and Tom Willett began to walk briskly along and to sing again:

"And when I told them,
Dee dah dee diddy dee
They wouldn't be-lieve me,
They wouldn't be-lieve me."



COLLIER'S "I don't think that lake was any mirage" VIRGIL PARTCH

He walked and sang with the contented air of a man in good health, who doesn't believe in worrying, and who has had a good meal. He sang, not so much for music, but out of good humor.

Johnny Cooper walked half a pace behind him, as was his plan, and watched him. He thought of Lucy, too, and his lips went tight against his teeth and his hands trembled afresh. With his eye he measured the distance left to the spot which he had chosen. It was a matter of yards now. It was only the distance that a number of steps would cover—a hundred, two hundred maybe.

He walked along, watching the distance grow less and less with every step, and thought of Lucy and pictured her with her long yellow hair falling thick about her shoulders. Once he and Lucy had been merely good friends, almost like brother and sister. Indeed there had been a time when, like a brother, he had often grown impatient and resented her always tagging along wherever he went. But he had grown accustomed to having her with him and never made the effort to get rid of her.

She was useful too, always ready to play a game, as hard and quick as a young tiger, and always eager to walk with him, or argue, or simply to listen to him. And sometimes, at dances, he even kissed her and that was good fun too.

But then things changed suddenly. She no longer wanted to play tennis all the time. Instead she lay in a hammock and smoked and watched him. And one day, when he kissed her, he felt her body cling close to him with a sudden fierceness, and, for a moment, he was frightened, and after that he could never see her, or even think of her, without wanting to touch her, and when he touched her sometimes she would pull herself away from him and laugh, and sometimes she would press herself against him with all her strength and search for his mouth hungrily with her lips.

And from then on he knew no peace, no peace at all. He longed for her all day and all night, and his mind went dizzy when he thought of her—of the smooth roundness of her shoulders, and her waist which had the sad, slender strength of a tree still young and still thrusting eagerly toward the sun, and the rich, womanly swelling of her body. And as he looked at her his heart pounded and his tongue dried up in his mouth.

Thinking of her now he drew in a sharp breath as though he had felt pain.

Tom Willett looked around and said, "What's that? Did you say something?"

Johnny looked down at the ground before his feet. "No," he said. "I didn't."

Tom Willett walked on. "All right," he said over his shoulder. "You don't have to bite my blasted head off." He took his stick from beneath his arm and began to twirl it round his fingers, round and round like a drum major. "They didn't be-lieve me," he sang. "They didn't be-lieve me."

Johnny took a quick pace and came up closer behind Tom Willett. He said to him in his mind: The trouble with you is you want everything. And you push people down if you can't get it.

As soon as he said "push" he felt his throat contract as though the word had hurt him. He walked on behind Tom Willett, close enough to touch him, and he could see now the place he had chosen lying ahead, no farther than he could toss a stone or a pebble.

He said to himself: In a moment—by God, in a moment. . . . He clenched his fingers into the palms of his hands and felt his knees jerking loosely beneath him.

In a moment—

He thought of Tom Willett's car going past him in the evenings with two faces glimpsed for an instant before it was gone. He thought to himself: Why should he have a car when I haven't? He thought of Tom Willett's car coming late to Lucy's little house and standing there for a long while, the headlights off and only the side lights bringing the hedge out living green in the purple darkness, standing there while time went on and on, and then at last the headlights flashing on again and sweeping in a yellow fan across the countryside as he drove away, leaving the light burning in Lucy's window in the dark house.

He thought of the many nights when he had gone to Lucy's house, tormented by desire to see her and touch her and speak to her, only to find the house empty and Lucy gone out.

And he thought of how he had gone home and up to his own room, from the window of which he could see Lucy's house standing dark on the hillside, and how he had sat there night after night, watching the house and waiting for the lights of the car bringing her back, and hearing the church clock strike time after time as the hours went by, and knowing that each time the clock struck, the watching and the waiting and the wondering would grow worse. Often as he sat there he would tell himself to go to bed and not be a fool, but the dark house on the hillside drew his eyes and he could not look away. He must know when she came back to the house. He must see the car come and the headlights burn out, and he must sit watching while the church clock struck the quarters, each with its own small tune, until at last the car drove away and then he must watch the light in Lucy's window until that too went out in the end, and only the moonlight lay silver on the sloping tiles. And then, and only then, could he turn away and lie down upon his bed and nurse the wound in his heart that was like a long knife stabbing through and through.

HE THOUGHT of those nights; he thought of the days which followed them when he went to her house angrily and she would sit smiling at him, and Tom would be there too, sprawled in a chair with his thick legs stuck out before him and his pipe in his mouth—Tom Willett with his huge shoulders and his good-humored thoughtlessness. "That's right, old boy. What about organizing a pint, old boy? Old boy—old boy—"

Johnny Cooper looked about him. This was the place.

The path here ran along the edge of a quarry for a matter of twenty yards. There was no wall and no fence, but only the sheer drop of jutting rock far down to the quarry below. A string of railway trucks stood like a small toy train on the siding below in the quarry. Johnny Cooper raised his hands and pushed Tom Willett with all his might.

For a moment Tom Willett's heavy shoes scrabbled on the loose flints of the path, and then, with outstretched hands, he toppled slowly outward.

For a moment his body seemed to hover in mid-air. And then he started to fall, sprawling, reaching for the safety of the rock with his hands. Quickly, Johnny Cooper drew back from the gaping edge.

As he fell, Tom twisted himself in the air and his chest hit the stone edge of the path. For another moment he remained checked, and then the weight of his body hanging below the ledge dragged him down and he began to slide down into the emptiness below. His outflung hands trailed palm downward through the loose stones on the path. Johnny Cooper shrank back against the hill and watched the hands with their bent fingers dragging through the shifting stones like small rakes furrowing the ground. He saw them turn up the flints and he saw the flints fall back and lie still behind them. He saw Tom Willett's head slip out of sight below the sharp rock of the path's edge above the quarry.

And then the fingers stopped.

The hands clamped upon a narrow

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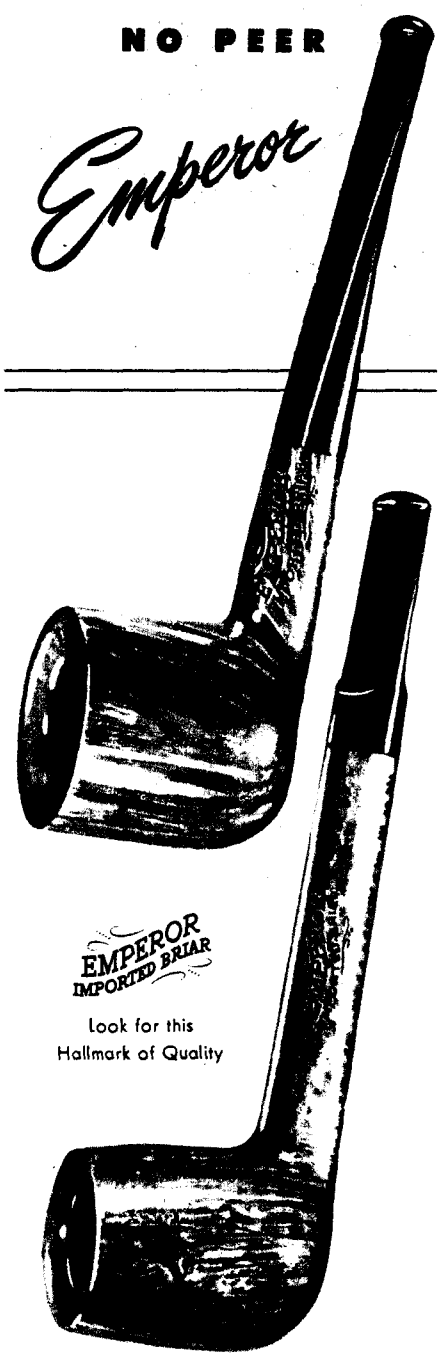


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ridge in the rock's surface and stayed still. He watched the knuckles grow white with the strain of gripping and he shrank back against the hill.

The hands stayed still. Only the hands and an inch of wrist were there, reaching up over the edge of the quarry. He stood stock still and sweated and watched them.

"Johnny! Johnny!"

He heard the voice come back from the empty space below the ledge. It was shrill and stifled. He stood frozen and terrified, his head sunk between his shoulders and his eyes staring with the whites showing.

"Johnny, for God's sake—"

He saw the fingers bend tighter against the ridge in the rock and the knuckles grow whiter and whiter as though the bones were bursting out through the flesh.

THEN, slowly, he moved forward and knelt down on the path and leaned forward until he could see over the rim and down into the quarry. He could see Tom Willett hanging there. He looked down into Tom Willett's face. He saw Tom Willett's mouth open and twisted like a crying child's. And he saw Tom Willett's eyes looking back at him. He felt his own heart turn over and beat against his ribs like a thickly padded hammer.

Tom Willett looked up at him and screamed, "Johnny! *Johnny—*"

Johnny Cooper closed his eyes. He could not bear to look either at the quarry below or at the face looking up at him.

And then he opened his eyes and reached down and took hold of Tom Willett's collar and began to pull.

He bent his arms until the muscles cracked but he could not lift the weight beneath him. He could not raise it an inch. He knew he could not. He shouted to Tom, "Pull!" But he saw that Tom's grip upon the rock was not sufficient. The clutch of his fingers on the rock gave him no leverage and he could not help himself. Johnny Cooper let go of his hold on Tom's collar and pulled himself back from the edge. He heard Tom Willett gasping, "I can't hold on—quick—I can't hold—"

Johnny Cooper stood up and looked around him for a rope, for a plank, for anything.

There were only the bare rock and the flinty stones.

He looked down at the gripped fingers at his feet. He said to himself: Why should I do anything? Why? WHY—?

But he knew at once that he could not watch Tom Willett fall. He knew that he could not watch anything fall—not even a dog or a sheep or a dying bird. He said to himself: Weak! You fool, you weak fool! You weak, helpless, stupid fool!

He began to sob in terror and tears started to his eyes. He took a wild step without purpose or direction. His foot hit something hard and metallic. He bent down and saw a piece of iron standing up a quarter of an inch from the loose stones.

He scrabbled round it with his fingers, flinging back shingle like a dog digging in the earth. He saw a small iron rod driven into the rock. Once it had been part of an old railing, but it had been broken off a few inches from the rock and bent back close to the stone.

Tom Willett screamed, "I'm going—I'm going—"

Johnny Cooper shouted, "Don't let go! Hold on!" and put his hands around the iron rod. There was just room for both his hands with the fingers overlapping like a man's grip on a golf club. He tugged at the iron rod and it was as firmly embedded as the rock it sprang from. He shouted, "Hold on, Tom. Hold on!" He saw one of the fingers gripped on the

**"They've got some wonderful fur sales in the city tomorrow!"**

COLLIER'S — BARNEY TOBEY

ridge of rock slip a quarter of an inch. He shouted, "Hold on! I'm coming. Hold on!"

Stretching out on the path, he slithered his body along, feeling with his feet until he found the edge of the rock. He pushed his feet out over the rim and began slowly to lower himself.

As he felt himself without the strong support of the rock, fear struck like ice through his brain. He began to whimper with terror, his cheek pressed against the sharp flints.

But the iron was strong and hard between his hands and he pushed his body out and over the cliff. Panic clutched his throat like a rope strangling him.

He was hanging over the edge of the cliff now, close beside Tom Willett. Only the top of his head and his arms were above the ledge. He gripped the iron rod with all the power of his hands. The iron bit into his fingers but it was strong and immovable.

He looked at Tom Willett hanging from the rock close by his side. He said, "Tom—Tom—"

Tom Willett turned his head toward him, and Johnny saw his face was purple and the veins stood out like worms beneath his skin. He saw Tom Willett's lips writhe in an attempt to speak, but only strangled gasps came out. Johnny felt foul-tasting bile run into his mouth. He knew that he could not watch Tom Willett let go and crash down hundreds of feet onto the jagged rocks in the quarry below. He knew that if Tom let go he would let go himself. He would not be able to face life alive and alone if he watched Tom Willett fall.

He began to shift one hand from the iron rod to take hold of Tom, but as soon as he relaxed his grip he knew that he would fall. He gripped the hard iron tighter with both hands and put out one foot with a vague idea of supporting Tom upon it. But he knew at once that that was no good either.

He thought: If I could lift him an inch or two he would pull himself the rest. He's strong—

He crossed his ankles and hooked his feet together, one over the other like a man climbing a rope. He shouted to Tom Willett, "Stick your foot between my ankles. Quick. Stick your toe in between my legs. I can hold you."

He saw Tom bend his head and look downward. He heard Tom's feet scrabbling along the cliff face. Then he felt Tom's toe touch his calves, feel about, and then force its way between his locked ankles. He saw the wormlike veins on Tom's forehead bulge and writhe, and then he felt the weight pressing downward. At once his fingers were torn by the roughness of the iron rod. His whole body was pulled and stretched as though on a torture rack. He thought: I can't hold him. I can't hold him. He's too heavy.

He shouted, "Quick, Tom. Get up for God's sake. I can't hold you."

He felt Tom Willett's body move upward. Pressing down with his foot against Johnny Cooper's locked ankles he had heaved himself upward nearly a foot. He was no longer hanging from the full extent of his arms and his fingers, but was bending his elbows, hauling himself upward.

TOM lay for a moment gathering his strength. He was immensely strong still, even though he was exhausted. His body smothered Johnny and pressed his cheek against the sharp rock. Johnny grunted. And then he felt Tom heave himself higher and felt his hand come down over his own on the iron rod. Another jerk and both Tom Willett's hands were fastened like steel traps over Johnny's fingers round the iron stump. They pressed in, squeezing Johnny's fingers into the jagged iron until he felt the blood running hot into his palms.

And then he felt Tom Willett's heavy body slither slowly upward over his head. A steel-tipped heel kicked him above the eye but he was not aware of any pain. And then he was hanging free in the empty air.

As soon as Tom Willett's weight was shifted off him the strength seemed to pour out of his body. He felt that he had made all the effort he was capable of. He was too tired to do anything else. His fingers were numb and without power or feeling.

He let the breath run out of his body and began to loose his fingers. The pain ceasing in his hands was like sleep falling over aching eyes. He began to let go. He did not care any more.

He wondered idly for a moment why he did not sink down. And then he felt a hand upon his coat, lifting him upward. He closed his hands about the hard iron again and began to pull himself upward, almost against his will. He felt the



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muscles of his arms knot like ropes beneath his skin. He felt himself rising. And then he found himself sprawling on the rough pathway. He lay there without moving, his feet still in mid-air above the quarry.

For a long while both men lay face downward upon the path, dragging air into their lungs like men who have run a long race. And then, slowly they sat up.

Tom Willett pulled a handerchief from his pocket and began to mop his face.

"Hell's bells," he said. "That was close enough."

Johnny sat with his head upon his chest, gulping in his breath. He looked up at Tom Willett but did not speak.

Tom Willett took a cigarette from his pocket and lighted it. He sat luxuriously upon the jagged flints and sucked at the cigarette.

Johnny said, "Give me a cigarette, Tom."

Tom Willett gave him one.

"Johnny," he said, "did you push me?"

Johnny pulled at the cigarette and looked out over the edge of the path into the quarry and down at the little toy train of trucks in the siding below.

"Yes," he said. "I did."

Tom Willett nodded and blew smoke through his nostrils. "Lucy, I suppose," he said.

Johnny tapped off ash carefully against a stone. "Yes," he said.

Tom said, "You'd have swung for it, old boy."

"I might have. But I don't think so. It could have been an accident."

Tom sucked at his teeth. "What a hope!" he said. "You'd have swung sure as eggs are eggs. You'd have swung for that girl—you'd have swung for a fancy piece like that. Good God, it's amazing!"

Johnny Cooper looked at him. For a moment he felt anger. And then he could not even raise anger inside him. He felt as though he had been pumped out and was empty.

Tom Willett said, "If you want her back you can have her. If you want her that bad—"

Johnny Cooper flipped his cigarette end over the cliff edge and watched it twirl away out of sight. His last puff of smoke hung twining above his head. He said, "No, I don't want her. Not now, I don't."

It was true. He did not want her. He began to think about her and all she had done and he knew he didn't want her and would never want her again. It was as though bandages had been removed from the eyes of a blind man, and instead of darkness he saw everything suddenly standing bright about him. He saw Lucy like a stranger and he did not want her.

He said, "I tried to murder you, Tom."

Tom rubbed his soiled hands along the sides of his trouser legs. He said, "Yes, you did, old boy. Well, what do you know about that?" and sat staring at Johnny Cooper.

LATER that evening they came into the Red Lion, both drunk and unsteady on their feet. They leaned against the bar and kept saying to the barmaid, "Roll it out, Jeannie. We're celebrating." And then they would burst out into raucous laughter.

Many of the older men in the bar resented the uproar and looked at them with annoyance.

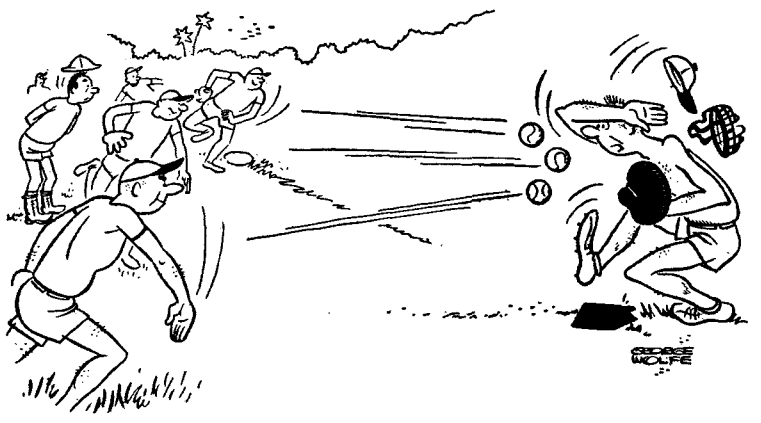
The barmaid told them to behave or she would have to fetch the governor. She said, "And my name's not Jeannie. What are you supposed to be celebrating, anyhow?"

But they only went on drinking and slapping each other foolishly on the back.

"We've saved each other," they kept shouting. "Saved each other from a terrible fate."

And then they would giggle with laughter and tumble helplessly against the bar.

THE END




GEORGE WOLFE

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**With a runner on third, the batter slammed a sizzler directly into the mound of balls, scattering them in all directions. The catcher jerked off his mask and called for the ball to cut off the run. The first baseman, the shortstop and the third baseman, each thinking he had the ball in play, rifled a ball to the catcher. All three balls arrived simultaneously. The runner was safe, but the catcher was out—until he came to in a hospital with a broken nose and assorted contusions.**

**—Frank C. Wallower, Jr., Joplin, Mo.**

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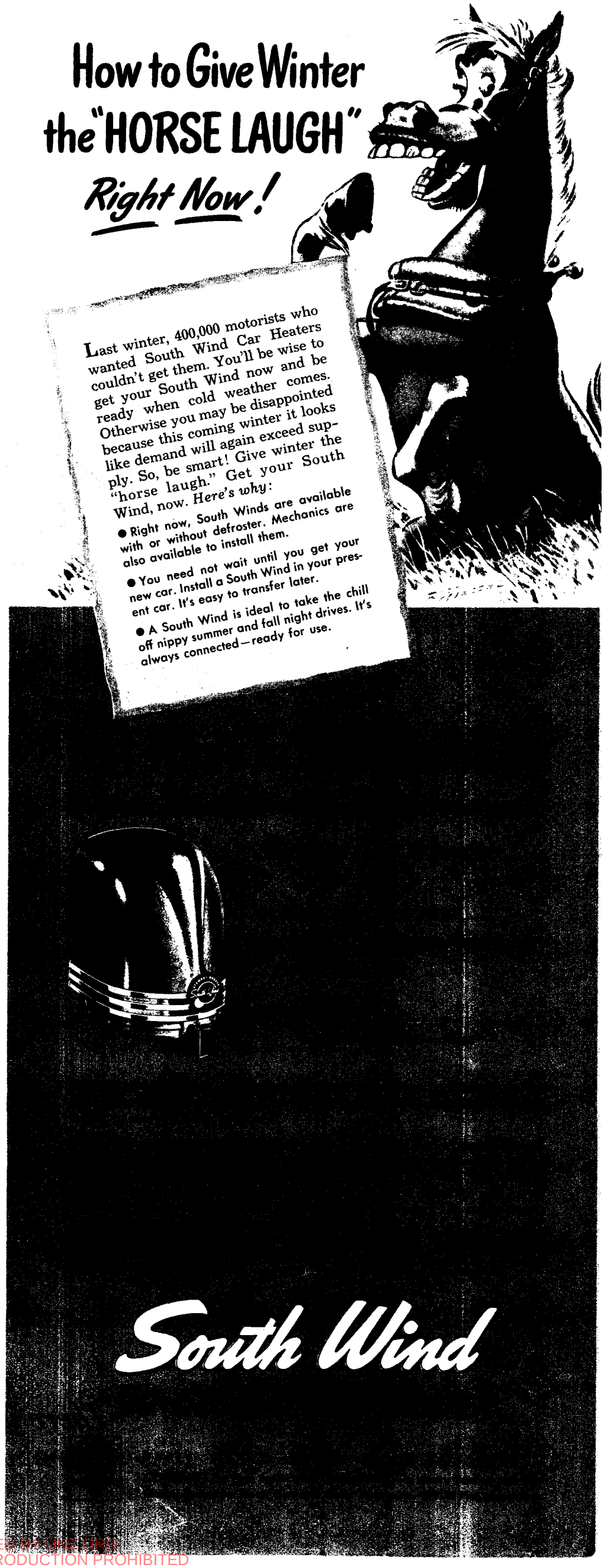

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# STORMY WEATHER

Continued from page 17

One of the girls, dark and vivacious and about thirty pounds overweight, was apparently telling a story to the others. Two of the girls were probably sisters, although she couldn't see the face of the one with her back to her. Helen thought they looked very ladylike in their print dresses and white cardigans and their neat pigtails tied with red ribbons. The fat girl wore sloppy dungarees and a striped shirt open at the neck, and her hair hung lankly down her back.

"Now do you think they all came here together—and, if so, can you understand why the fat one is with them?"

CHARLES glanced carelessly over and shrugged his shoulders. It was evident that such speculation bored him, but Helen persisted.

"Now which one of them do you think has the best chance of getting married?"

Charles glanced over again.

"I don't know what the one with her back to us looks like."

"Well, I think she and the other girl are sisters. They're dressed rather alike. But anyway, then, which of the two?"

"Sure. Fatty."

"Charles! You're fooling!"

"No. It's a nice face. Got some spirit in it. Nice teeth, too. Nice eyes. Blondie looks like a cold potato."

"But she's neat, and you like neatness. And you've always said you disliked fat women!" Helen pursued the subject as if it were a really important matter.

"Nuts," said Charles inelegantly. "You asked me a question and I answered it. What do I care about three strange women sitting in the Oceanside bar?"

"Well, I like people. I'm interested."

"You like people!" he exclaimed in what Helen thought was exasperation. "That's a silly thing to say!"

The irritability behind his remark unnerved her, and for a moment there were tears in her eyes. The whole day had gone wrong. Somehow her self-esteem had slipped away from her little by little, and as she considered that its vanishing was due to Charles' putting her in the wrong, she felt a hard knot of resentment in the pit of her stomach.

She would not speak again until Charles did.

She watched her husband remove a cigarette from his package, and as he tapped it on the table, shaking down the tobacco, she reflected with irritation that Charles always tapped the cigarette more than necessary—twelve or thirteen times. She never did any tapping herself, and now—although she had just declined one—she asked for a cigarette so that she could have the pleasure of lighting it just as it came from the package. Later, when with her fingers she removed a piece of loose tobacco from the tip of her tongue, she noticed that Charles was watching her, and she wondered if perhaps he hated this gesture as much as she disliked his tapping. She had just lowered her finger toward her dress when she caught Charles' eye watching it, and suddenly she laughed.

"How disgusting!" she exclaimed. "Do I always wipe it off on my skirt?"

Charles laughed too, and the tension was broken. He gave her his pocket handkerchief, and she vowed privately to break herself of the habit.

Toward the end of the second Martini their conversation became for the first time really spirited, and they felt so relieved that they ordered a third. They went to Guy's for dinner and had steamed clams and broiled live lobsters, and Guy himself came out of the kitchen to talk to them. It was pleasant to be remembered, and Helen felt that everything would turn out just beautifully.

An old picture that they had both seen was being shown at the one movie theater, and because there was nothing else to do they walked several blocks through the rain to a new place Guy had told them about, the Whaler, where there was some music. Helen had expected to drink beer, as she usually did when she'd drunk more than two cocktails before dinner, but there was no beer, so they each ordered a Scotch and soda.

The music started up as soon as they had ordered: a good pianist and an indifferent violinist, who played old popular tunes in a rather bored manner. Charles seemed to be satisfied, so Helen refrained from mentioning the fact that the violinist's intonation left something to be desired.

Charles, full of a sense of well-being after a good dinner, was in an expansive mood, and he talked about what they would do when the weather changed. They had never gone out in a fishing boat, for example, nor had they been through the historical museum. He wanted to do things this year, get to know the island better, might settle down here sometime. His enthusiasm was contagious, and Helen was as eager as he to explore the island, but it occurred to her that Charles was just the least bit pompous whenever he talked of the future. Oh, she was glad he could be so self-confident, sure of his eventual partnership in the firm, but—oh, dear, she was ashamed of the disloyal thought. Why *shouldn't* Charles be a little arrogant, when he was the white-haired boy? He'd already gone twice as far as most of his classmates.

"What was the name of that friend of yours?" he was asking. "The one who got drunk at the reception."

"Oh. Hilda Hawley."

"That's it. Well, if I remember correctly, she said her old man owned quite a lot of property on the island. Maybe you should look her up sometime."

"All right." She couldn't do any such thing, of course. Hilda had been her best friend until her marriage. Charles had said simply and firmly that he couldn't stand her. So she had given up Hilda, seeing her only for lunch occasionally and finally not at all. She hadn't thought of it before, but it now occurred to her that it had been unreasonable and tyrannical of Charles. There were a couple of friends of Charles' whom *she* disapproved of, and hadn't she welcomed them into her home without ever giving the slightest indication of her feelings?

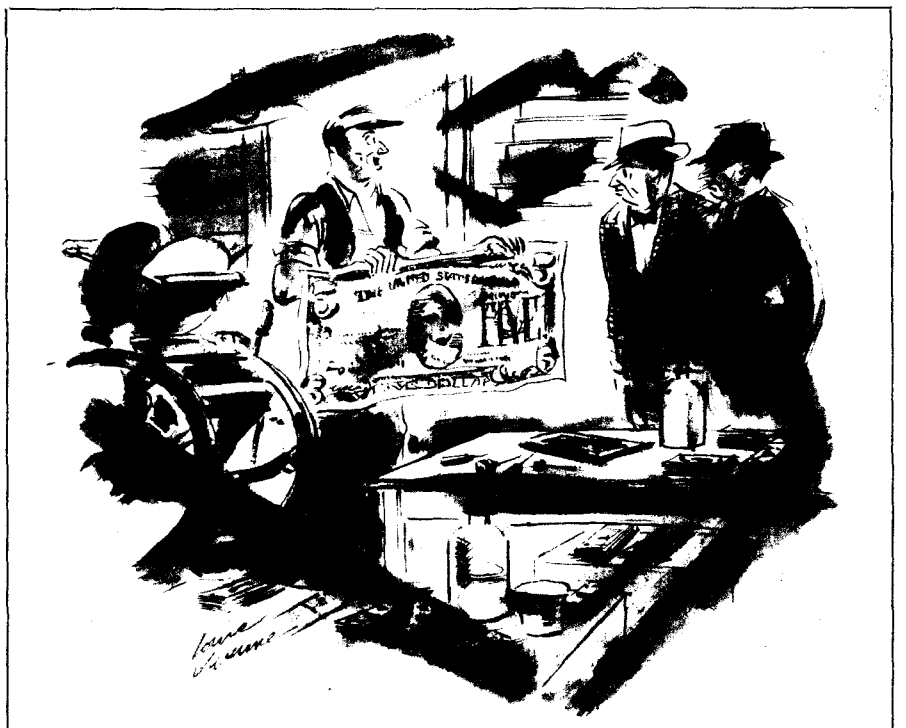
Why, I'm feeling peevish, she thought; I should be ashamed. As if it weren't bad enough for me to be a dull companion—

Presently Charles went over to speak to the musicians, and when he came back he was smiling slyly.

"Now, don't talk," he said. "I've got a surprise for you. They're going to play something you like!"

Helen beamed expectantly, and in a moment the musicians had launched into the Flight of the Bumblebee.

She couldn't help it; it was a reflex over which she had no control. But she laughed, laughed aloud as she seldom did. And because she wanted desperately not to laugh, and tried to stifle the sounds—for the sake of the musicians as well as Charles—she became hysterical, and when the tears ran down her cheeks they turned into real tears because of shame.



"Suppose it isn't practical! It's still the biggest five-dollar bill ever printed!"

COLLIER'S — LOUIS JAMME

"Oh, darling, I'm sorry!" she said finally, when she could speak at all. "I'm awfully sorry!"

"Well, I should think so, making a scene like that. May I ask what was so amusing?"

"Oh, Charles, it isn't as funny as you think. It was just that I was expecting to hear something very different, like All the Things You Are or If I Loved You or one of the songs we both like so much." She was weakly drying her eyes, and she still felt a tiny dangerous spark of hysteria waiting inside her to be set off if Charles should say the wrong thing.

"But you like classical music! You don't usually go into hysterics over it!"

"I know, Charles, but the Flight of the Bumblebee!"

"You don't like the Flight of the Bumblebee!"

"It's all right, darling, but it's been kicked around so—you know, on the radio. I'm sorry. I'm all right now. I'll have to think of something to say to the musicians."

"No. I will apologize for you. I shall tell them that my wife is feeble-minded."

Of course she had been wrong, but it was horrible to hear Charles being so stuffy. He was always so affable, so charming, so unruffled. She wished—oh, how much she wished—that Lee and Pete Brooks had come with them!

When she went to sleep she prayed that it would be a lovely clear day tomorrow. The island weather was capricious; you could never tell when you went to bed at night what the sky would look like in the morning. The stars might be twinkling brightly at midnight, but an hour later a fog bank might blow in, and in the morning the sky would be gray.

When she awoke, the rain had dwindled to a drizzle, but the wind was still blowing southwest and no one saw any sign of its clearing. Charles announced that he wasn't going to shave until after breakfast, which was most unlike him.

He ordered prunes and cream, ham and two fried eggs, blueberry muffins and marmalade and coffee. Charles always breakfasted with a lusty appetite of which Helen had often boasted to her friends, but this morning she wondered if he realized he was beginning to have a roll of fat around his waist. His father had a corporation, and Charles really ought to watch his figure.

Helen felt virtuous, having ordered simply orange juice, toast and coffee, although there was no need for her to diet. In fact, she had very little appetite at any time and didn't really care about food at all; anything would do. She had never dared confess this to Charles, who was something of a gourmet and rather despised people to whom roast beef was roast beef no matter how it had been cooked. Eating, to Charles, was an art.

It was funny, Helen thought, how Charles' two enthusiasms were literature and food, whereas hers were music and painting. It had not occurred to her before that they were perhaps not so perfectly mated as they might be.

AFTER breakfast Helen wanted to buy some post cards, and she selected ten, all brightly colored and showing gay young people lying on the beach or sailing in the harbor. When Charles went off to the lending library Helen returned to their room to address the cards.

"Lee darling," she wrote, "the island is as lovely as ever, although we've had rather bad luck with the weather so far. . . ." (Funny, they hadn't been here twenty-four hours yet, and she was writing as if they'd been here a week.) "Cocktails last night in the Oceanside bar, and lobsters at Guy's, just like the old days. But it isn't the same without you and Pete. Love. H. and C."

She knew that if the Brookses were here they would all be sitting on the twin beds engaged in some mad form of excitement; they had spent many a hilarious rainy day with the Brookses. Helen had supposed right along that some peculiar chemical reaction set in when the four were together, a chemistry to which each of the four contributed. It was a blow to find out now that it had always been the Brookses to whom they owed their fun. It was, in fact, shocking. It meant that the Brookses could go anywhere, and be with anyone, and still be the center of all the crazy activity.

Worst of all, she realized that Lee and Peter must have something together that was lacking in Helen and Charles. And this was an appalling revelation.

She thought back to the time of their marriage, when no two could have been more thoroughly in love than they. What had they possessed then that was so right, that had somehow been lost during the six years of their marriage?

They had had scarcely any money in the beginning, but neither of them minded being poor. And Charles had talked to her about his work—why, it must be years since he'd even mentioned one of his cases to her. And she had



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listened in admiration, proud of that legal mind of his, and pleased too that he thought her an intelligent listener.

Could it be that he had found her less than intelligent, that it wasn't true—as she had supposed—that with his increasing duties had grown a greater need to relax at home? This was something that needed thinking about; it couldn't go on. Perhaps they could talk it over sometime when the circumstances were just right. On the beach some quiet afternoon. "Something has happened to us," she could hear herself begin. "We've lost something that we've got to get back."

When Charles returned from the lending library he brought four books and a jigsaw puzzle, and he looked cheerful.

"Just the thing for a rainy day," he explained heartily.

They hadn't worked a jigsaw puzzle since their early poverty-haunted days, when they couldn't afford any other means of entertainment. It made Helen feel very fond of him that he should have thought of it. Working the puzzle together, they might be able to recapture the thing that had gone.

IT WAS fun at first, even though it did go slowly. She had a knack for being able to select the right piece for a certain spot without having to experiment first, while Charles used the trial-and-error method, yet they both worked at about the same speed. But presently Helen became conscious that the tune Charles was whistling was the first four bars of In the Gloaming, over and over. At first she was amused and fascinated, and then she whistled along with him so that she could steer him safely into the next four bars and let him finish the song. He did finish the song, but all unconscious of his wife's machinations, when he began the song again he went over and over the first four bars until Helen thought she couldn't bear it. She had a strange urge to be violent, to tear her hair or smash something. Instead she calmed herself.

"Darling," she said gently, "how would you like to change the record?"

"Huh? What'd you say? Oh. What was I whistling?"

"In the Gloaming."

"I'm sorry I'm getting on your nerves." His mouth made a straight line.

She had done it again—injected a discordant note into their relationship. Oh, why couldn't she have held her tongue? What if he *had* been whistling monotonously? Hadn't she always loved his jaunty off-key whistle when he came home every day? Hadn't the very imperfection of it endeared him to her?

The whole day passed like that. There were only moments in which she felt they were on the old affectionate basis, and most of these occurred when they had been drinking, so that Helen could hardly wait till drinking time. They had cocktails before lunch as well as before dinner, and Helen felt that Charles was as eager as she to induce these periods of easy companionship. The next day passed in the same way, and the next. The islanders said it was the rainiest August in the island's history. There seemed to be no end to it. It was very bad indeed for business.

It was very bad indeed for Helen. When she was occasionally away from Charles she brooded over the intangible thing they had once shared, the thing they had lost, and thought a great deal about the talk they would have on the beach when at last the clouds blew away and the sun was shining. She wondered if things would have been different if they had had a child. Charles always said there was plenty of time, but perhaps children were what kept people together.

After seven days of rain Helen at last awoke to a blue island day. She and Charles dressed hurriedly, eager not to waste a moment of the sunshine.

It was almost heartbreakingly beautiful. The sky was cloudless. All the trees were green and shining. The little gray-and-white houses looked scrubbed. They walked down to the water and gloried in its lambent blueness. The world was so dazzling that Helen's pale eyes squinted against its impact.

Charles was in a fine humor: affectionate and ebullient. He made little quips all through breakfast, and under the stimulation of his wit she found herself responding. After breakfast he deliberately put his arm around her, and in front of everyone walked thus along the street to the hotel. This, she thought, is the day for us to have our talk.

They packed a lunch to take to the beach, and Charles poured some bourbon into the vacuum. It was like old times.

On the beach they collected shells as they used to. (They always thought they were going to take them home, but each year at the end of their holiday they'd end by leaving them on the mantelpiece.) Then they lay down on their backs with their eyes closed, and felt very lazy and Helen thought she must guard this moment carefully and do nothing to disturb the sweet serenity of the mood.

Later on Charles went away to build one of his comical sand men, and while he worked he whistled the first four bars of In the Gloaming over and over. It delighted Helen; it made her feel maternal toward him. Carrying a tune, she thought affectionately, was the one thing in the world that Charles didn't do perfectly. For no reason at all she thought of Hilda Hawley and how she'd made a fool of herself over Charles at their reception, coming repeatedly back from the punch bowl to kiss the bridegroom until it was positively embarrassing. It must have been pretty boring for Charles. Hilda had always been a terrible man chaser, of course, and considered other women's husbands fair game. Helen wondered why she had ever liked her.

WHILE she lay watching Charles, she gloried in the vigor that kept him so active on the beach when she herself could lie there all day without stirring. She thought affectionately of that great family of his, so lively and vital. How lucky she was to have married one of them! She believed she actually drew strength from Charles; he had plenty for two.

He called to her, having just thought up an absurd pun. She laughed delightedly, and then found herself returning one even more ridiculous. How he stimulated her! She would be nothing without him. And this was what she had been looking forward to, these intimate days on the beach. How glad she was that the Brookses hadn't come!

Loving him as she did at this moment, she knew she would be safe now in bringing up the subject of the lack in their marriage. She waited until he came back, and when he came he lay down beside her and looked at her with such love in his eyes that her heart turned over.

"What a glorious day!" he marveled. "And what a glorious girl! I love you!" He spoke the three words as if he had just made a great discovery.

"And I love you too," she answered. "Darling—"

But what was there, after all, to talk to him about? What *were* those strange feelings she'd had that something was wrong between them? What *was* there, that she could put her finger on, that had made her feel their marriage was in jeopardy? Why, she couldn't remember a thing. She must have been mad. Nothing had been lost, certainly, as long as they could look at each other like this and feel like this.

"What is it, dear?"

She laid her cheek against the hot sand and looked at him adoringly.

"Nothing. I'm just happy."

THE END



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# OLD SNAKE IN THE GRASS

Continued from page 13

they can get and as much of it as they can. We'll accept the listing with thanks and we'll run an ad in the city papers tomorrow."

Linda contrived a smile. "Well, at least it's nice to have you show some interest in the business. Of course, that will be a hard bit of property to sell, so if anyone *should* show any interest I think I'll come along to help. Keep everyone's mind on the business at hand."

Chuckling to himself, the commodore left the office. Everything, he thought, was working out splendidly. Linda had walked right into it. One trip to Smugglers Reach on a foul day would be enough to open Jerry's eyes to the nature of woman. The commodore chuckled some more as he walked down the street. He would get George Otis to answer the ad. George was an old sailor who had had woman trouble and who would be delighted to help a young lad like Jerry claw off a lee shore. The weather reports would forecast when sailing was likely to be the most unpleasant.

"I am," the commodore told himself complacently, "an old snake in the grass."

SO IT was that one morning about a week later Slick Chick, with one reef in her mainsail and only her staysail bent on forward, nosed down the coast into a wind that drove slanting rain and spray into the faces of the four oilskin-clad people huddled in her cockpit.

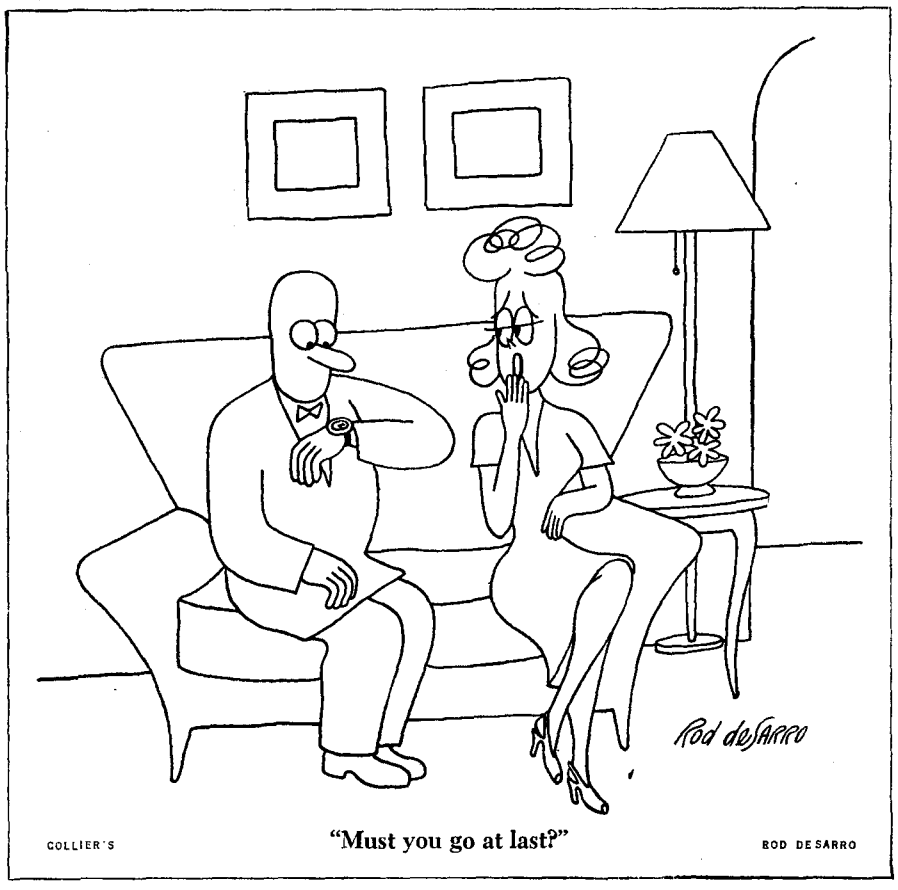
Conditions, the commodore thought happily, could hardly have been more ideal. The damp cold was creeping through his oilskins and water had gotten down into one of his boots. Only a true sailor could find any relish in being out on a small sailboat this day. He glanced at Linda. Her face was small beneath the sou'wester and he noted with satisfaction that she was cold. Jerry was sailing Slick Chick as easily as possible, to lessen the discomfort for Linda as much as he could, but it wouldn't do any good. She was bound to become waspish before the day was over. The commodore did feel sorry for Jerry, though. The disillusionment in store for him today was going to hurt. But time and sparkling days of good sailing would eventually heal the wound and Jerry would look back upon his narrow escape from matrimonial chains with gratitude toward the commodore.

The commodore was also pleased with his old friend, George Otis. When he had arrived from the city that morning and Linda had suggested that perhaps another day would be pleasanter, George had made his weathered old face look something like a carved coconut and said there was never anything especially pleasant about buying real estate and if he couldn't get to Smugglers Reach on a bad day he wouldn't be interested in the place at all.

For a moment there, the commodore had been afraid that Linda would back out of going along. But Jerry had solicitously suggested that she remain behind and that had been that. Linda had come.

The commodore would have been even more pleased had he known how completely Linda had made up her mind to have nothing further to do with boats again if she ever got ashore. But he would not have been surprised. He would have pointed out that Linda was running true to feminine psychology as he knew it. What would have surprised him, however, was the fact that Linda had also made up her mind that Jerry was going to have nothing to do with boats any more in the future, either.

But Linda was amazed at the compact neatness and comfort of Slick Chick's cabin. It was as modern as tomorrow. The chrome galley and enameled ice chest were immaculate and glistening. The china and glassware shone in their racks. The two berths were deep and wide and the sheets on them were snow white where they were turned down over the blankets. There was a place for everything and everything was in its place. Linda's brows went up. For the first time she realized that to Jerry sailing was not just a means of escape from work but an end in itself. She decided that the only reason he didn't spend more time ashore was that he had everything he needed right here. Linda could see the work Jerry had put into his boat to achieve perfection. By the same token, if he could be lured ashore, the furnace in his house would never be out of order nor the lawn




COLLIER'S "Must you go at last?" ROD DESARRO

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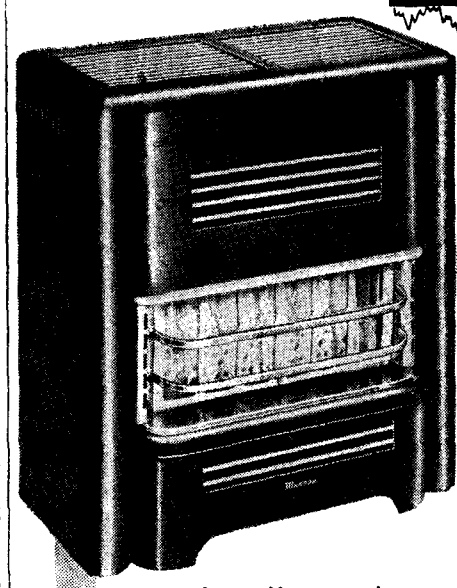

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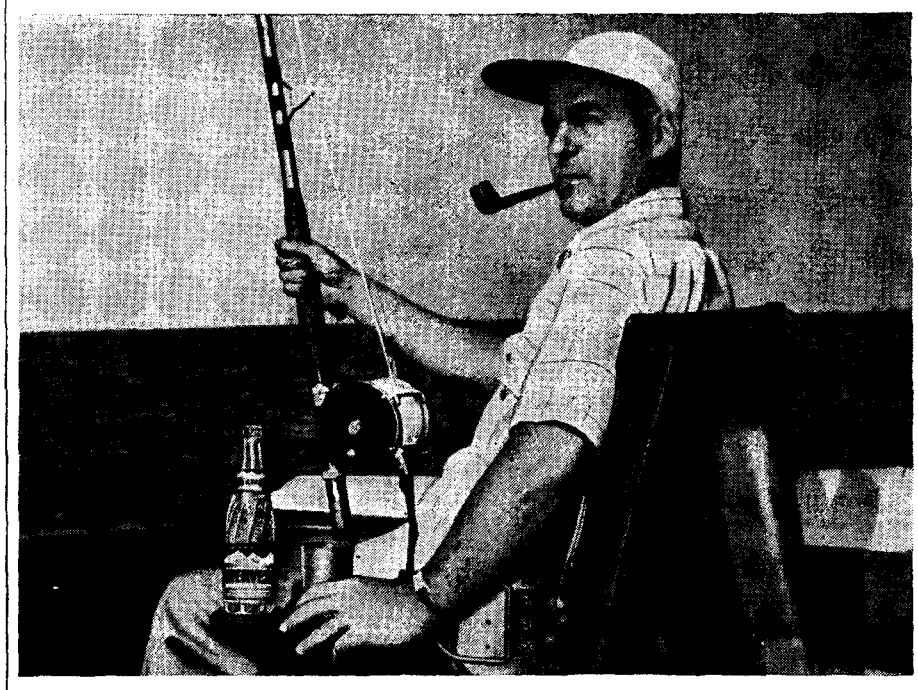

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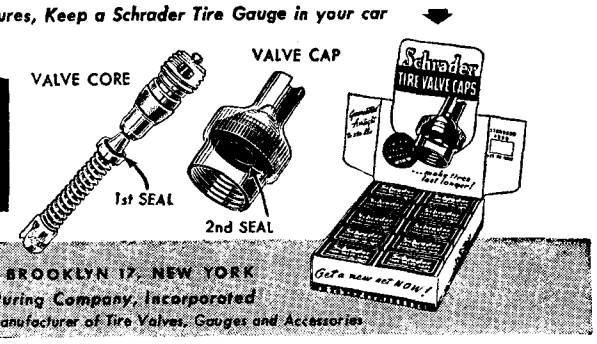


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ever rank. Linda's domestic soul quivered.

And there were books on the shelves over the berths. Half of them dealt with boats and navigation but the other half were the same kind she liked herself, a mixture of serious works and mysteries. To Linda's mind came the picture of Jerry's loose-jointed frame sprawled out on his berth as he smoked a pipe and read those books. Her domestic soul quivered again. She saw herself in a Cape Cod-type cottage with Jerry. She saw him mowing the lawn and putting up screens and painting eaves. She saw herself stretched out beside him on a couch before a fireplace with her head on his shoulder while they both read until it was time to see if all was well in the nursery before retiring. Inside the heavy boots she was wearing, Linda's toes curled deliciously, and the determination was born that in her life with Jerry there would be no boots. There would be only slippers she could kick off under the breakfast table so she could slide her feet up along Jerry's shins when she felt like it. The only problem remaining was that of making Jerry want her more than he wanted his boat.

A trickle of cold water ran down Linda's back from the collar of her oilskin coat and she hated the sea and Slick Chick with a ferocity that would have delighted the commodore. She glanced with detached cynicism at the commodore and George Otis, who sat huddled across the cockpit from her, sensing that in some way both of them were against her. She suspected that Mr. Otis was exactly what he was, a phony prospect. She reasoned that the purpose was to get her out on enough unpleasant days to discourage her from coming along any more and that, after that, Smugglers Reach would be a convenient reason for Jerry to go sailing any time he wanted. A grim little smile flickered momentarily at the corners of Linda's mouth. All three of the men, she felt, had made the mistake of underestimating her capabilities.

Rising to her feet, Linda climbed up out of the cockpit to the narrow, windward strip of deck between the cockpit and the rail. She swayed there, balancing dangerously against the cutter's movement.

"Hey!" Jerry said. "Where are you going?"

"I'm just going to move around," Linda said. "Find out what kind of a sailor I am."

"Listen, be careful. Get hold of something before you . . . Hey!"

THE instant the water closed over her head, Linda regretted her act. The water was much colder than she had thought and her oilskins and rubber boots were heavy. Panic seized her. She struggled desperately to rise against the weight that was pulling her down into the icy depths. She tried to call Jerry's name, and swallowed a strangling mouthful of water.

In all Linda's life nothing had ever felt so wonderful as the sudden crushing strength of the arm that encircled her and the thrashing power of the body close to her fighting to the surface. Gasping and gulping air into her lungs, she heard Jerry's voice rasp, "Idiot! And stop hanging on so tight. Swim, dammit, swim! Kick your boots off!"

Somehow, as Jerry supported her and at the same time swam hard to keep himself above the surface with the weight of his oilskins which he had not had time to shed, Linda managed to get her boots off. She could see Slick Chick, with the commodore at the helm and George Otis at the sheets, just coming down-wind toward them. Slick Chick shot by and Mr. Otis tossed a life preserver. Linda and Jerry clung to it while the boat came smartly up into the wind again and, pointing high, nosed up slowly toward them. Mr. Otis knelt on the deck hanging onto the lee shrouds with one hand and extending the other out toward them.

"Dammit, girl!" Mr. Otis snapped, "that was a fool thing to do!"

"It was an accident," Linda lied through chattering teeth as she came over the rail.

"People who can have those kinds of accidents have no business aboard boats," Mr. Otis growled.

Linda could have hugged him for saying that so Jerry could hear it as he came over the rail. But she nodded humbly. "I know it now. I'll never be a sailor."

"Balderdash," Jerry said. "Get below. I've got dry clothes that'll be warm and another pair of boots in the cabin."

Jerry followed her below and closed the companionway hatch after him. They got out of their oilskins. Now, Linda thought, was the time. While he was still breathing hard and looking at her the way he was as she stood there with her wet clothes molded to the curves of her body.

THERE was no pretense when Linda stepped up to him and put her arms around Jerry's neck. Earnestly and sincerely and enthusiastically she went to work on him. She felt him tremble, and then his arms went around her and her feet left the cabin flooring so that the water dripped from the ends of her wriggling, stockinged feet.

"D-dar-r-ling!" Linda gasped. "B-be careful! You almost lost me once."

A big, wide, spreading grin came over Jerry's face. "Baby," he said, "I don't think that'll ever happen again."

Linda nodded. This was the time to get things settled. "It's the last time I'll ever step on a boat where those things happen," she said. "From now on we'll stay ashore, darling. We'll work and play and love on land where . . ."

Jerry placed a finger under her chin and looked down at her. "You're all wet, funny face," he said.

Before Linda could make up her mind whether he meant it literally or figuratively Jerry stepped over to a locker and began bringing out dry clothes. Linda decided he probably meant it literally. He tossed some clothes on one berth and some on the other. "There isn't any curtain," he said, "but we can keep our backs turned. Get into those dry clothes. They'll be too big but they'll be warm."

When Linda and Jerry emerged once more in the cockpit, Jerry took the helm from the commodore and said, "Will you break out the jib, commodore? Mr. Otis, please shake the reef out of the mains'l."

Both these old salts and Linda looked questioningly at Jerry.

"Uh . . . my boy," said the commodore with a trace of anxiety, "we're practically rail down now. Don't you think you're carrying about all the canvas you should?"

Jerry laughed. "Slick Chick'll take it. Let's get her going."

Linda remembered that Jerry had once tried to tell her that a boat was about the nearest thing to a living creation man had ever achieved. At the time, Linda had sniffed disdainfully. But now it seemed that perhaps there was something to what Jerry had said. Under the additional canvas Slick Chick seemed to have declared war on the sea. She heeled far over and buried her lee rail. Water boiled and hissed along her deck to the cockpit coaming. But she was driving hard into the oncoming seas; punching them viciously into smothers of spray that whipped back along the deck.

Linda saw the commodore and Mr. Otis watching both Jerry and the way Slick Chick sailed. She saw the slow look of admiration come into the eyes of Mr. Otis. She saw the trace of anxiety in the commodore's eyes.

"Jerry, you'll take the stick right out of her," the commodore said.

Linda shivered. She was frightened



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and puzzled. She heard Jerry laugh again. "Hell," he said. "She isn't even straining. Linda can handle her."

And before Linda knew what was happening, Jerry had reached over to where she sat on the other side of the tiller and had taken both her hands in one of his. Then she was grasping the tiller. Jerry grinned. "Here you are, Linda—she's all yours!"

Linda squealed with fright as Jerry slid away along the cockpit seat. The commodore's jaw sagged. Mr. Otis blinked and then slowly began to grin.

Linda squealed again. She gripped the tiller until her knuckles showed white. There, through the tiller, she could feel the surging power of the cutter. Slick Chick seemed to her to be rushing through the seas at a fearful pace. "Jerry! You come back here!" Linda bleated frantically. "I—I don't know what to do!"

"It's time you found out," Jerry said heartlessly.

"Darn you!" Linda wailed. "I'll drown us all! You come back here! I . . . Look out!"

A huge wave hit Slick Chick hard on the weather bow. The cutter shuddered; spray blotted her bow from sight. Then she seemed to shake herself and with a wild, leaping surge smashed through the sea that had hit her. Linda felt the living power under her; it was something infinitely more powerful than herself. Another sea rushed at the cutter. Jerry slid over and put his hand over Linda's on the tiller. He moved it gently and this time Slick Chick eased over the sea in a long, twisting roll.

"Gentle her," Jerry said, and moved away.

Gentle her, Linda thought bitterly. Gentle this damn' boat! Oh, by all means! Fury filled her, replacing fear. She'd drive Slick Chick to the bottom of the sea and Jerry with her. She'd sail her so that the mast would come right out of her.

A savage exultation filled Linda at the sound of the wind tearing at the rigging and slamming the taut sails. She began to feel just how to move the tiller so that Slick Chick would plow through the seas, throwing spray high and smashing solid water hard. Something, Linda felt, would have to give.

Only nothing did give and Linda became aware of the fact that gradually, without knowing it, she had been easing Slick Chick through the seas. Sailing her more and more smoothly. A tingling exhilaration went through Linda. The cutter's immediate response to the slightest move of the tiller thrilled her. Without knowing it the grim look had faded away from her face. Her lips were parted and her eyes began to sparkle.

"Take it easy," Jerry said. "You can't learn everything in one day."

No, Linda thought, not everything. But you could learn a lot. You could learn that when you sailed a boat you couldn't have everything your own way. You could learn that by yielding a little here and being a little firm there, you might lose some but you gained a lot more. When you allowed yourself to become a part of something else it became a part of you, and the sum of the two blended into one was greater than the sum of the two apart. When her hand on the tiller gentled the cutter she could feel the power of the wind gathered smoothly by the curved sails and transmitted as through her own body to the swift hull beneath her and it was as though she and the cutter were a living whole.

IT WAS the way, Linda knew in that moment, that all things should be. The way it should be with her and Jerry.

She looked at Jerry and smiled and he grinned back and then Linda knew that what she wanted of life, Jerry would give her, even as she would give him what he wanted.

"Jerry," the commodore said, "there's Smugglers Reach. Time to come over on the other tack and head in."

Mr. Otis snorted. "The hell with Smugglers Reach. This cutter is what I want." He looked at Jerry. "Give you fifteen thousand for her."

Quickly Jerry glanced at Linda. "That's almost a house and lot right away, baby," he said. "How about it?"

Linda didn't have to stop to think. "When it's time for a house and lot we'll work for it the way we've worked for Slick Chick," she said, "together."...

Which are the facts upon which the commodore bases his belief that he is a very wise old snake in the grass without whose help Linda and Jerry would never have found out the answer to it all.

THE END

"We've got some made with ham, too—but we don't know what to call them"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA




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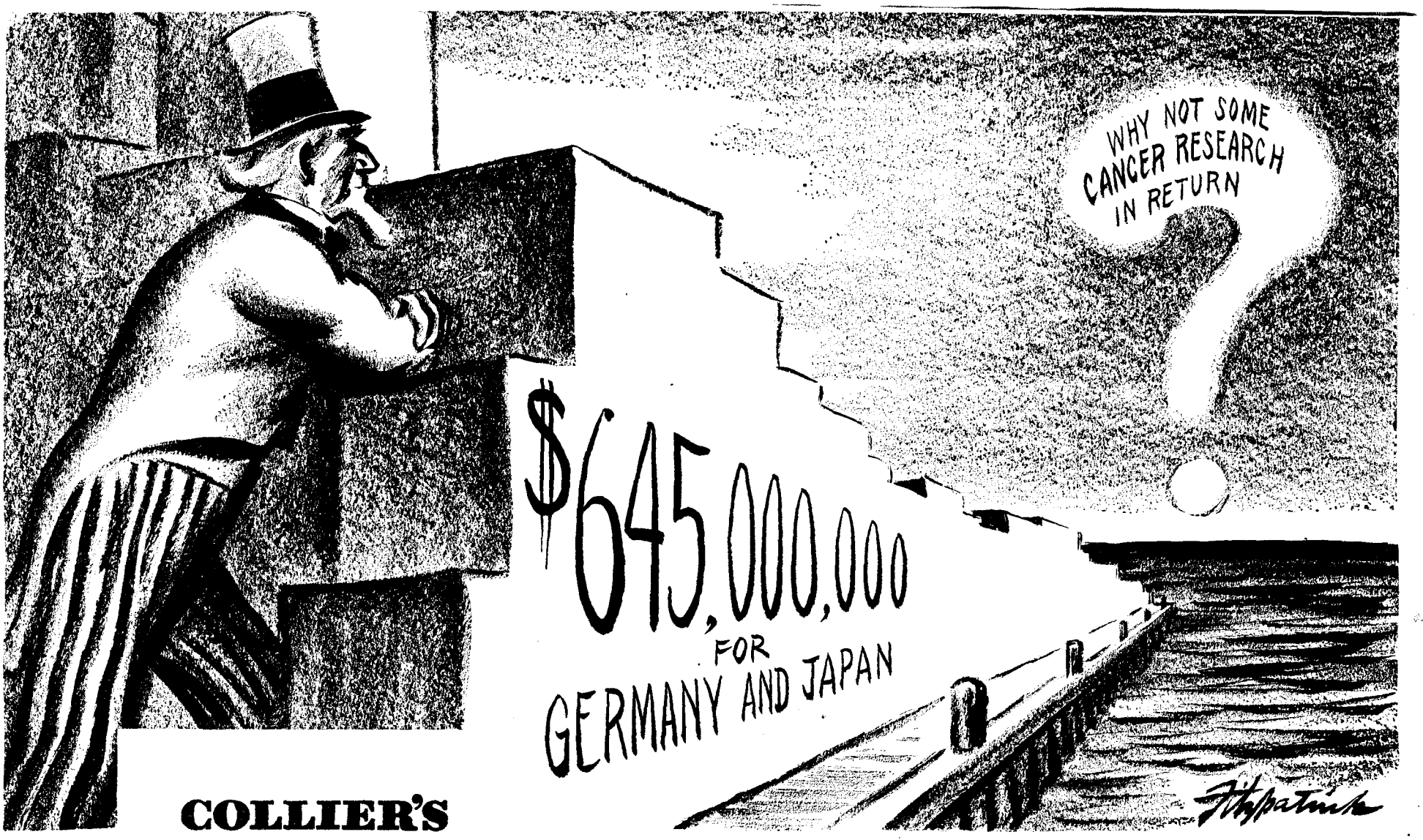


**COLLIER'S**

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# $100,000,000 WORTH OF CANCER RESEARCH

AS MOST of us know or should know, cancer is one of the most murderous of diseases, and as a general rule it can be cured only if caught at an early stage.

It is so insidious in some of its forms that few of its victims suspect the truth about their troubles in time for their physicians to be able to render the best possible help.

Cancer in all its varieties killed 181,600 Americans last year. Stomach cancer alone got 38,000—and this form of the disease is commonly not detected until it is too far advanced for surgery to do any good.

It is estimated that 17,000,000 Americans now living will die of cancer eventually; and that one third of these could be saved by methods of treatment which are well known already, IF qualified physicians could go to work on them soon enough.

What we need—what the human race needs—is a cure for cancer that will be as reliable as the cures we now have for diphtheria, syphilis, most forms of pneumonia.

While it is true that we can't buy a cure for cancer by simply laying out large sums of money, as we bought the atom bomb for some $2,000,000,000, it is also true that cancer research is not nearly so well financed as it ought to be.

The American Cancer Society is trying to raise $12,000,000 this year for its unremitting war against the disease, but it can allot only about one fourth of this sum for research. Other agencies are forever fighting cancer and conducting research with what money they can round up. From time to time, emotional and entirely worthy appeals like Walter Winchell's Damon Runyon Cancer Fund help considerably.

We're not trying to slur any of these endeavors. They have our very best wishes. But we would like to inquire whether it isn't possible to enlarge cancer research by several hundred per cent, in the hope of conquering the disease that much sooner.

Here is an idea which has walked into Collier's office, and which we want to pass along for general discussion:

As every U.S. taxpayer knows, this country, two years after the end of the shooting part of the war, is still carrying on enormous relief and rehabilitation activities in many parts of the world.

One of these jobs consists in relief work in the U.S. zone of occupied Germany, and in all of Japan. Budgeted for that job is the rather husky sum of $645,000,000 with which to buy assorted supplies for civilians in those areas.

These supplies are to be sold to consumers there, and are to be paid for in local currency—marks in Germany and yen in Japan. Obviously, the U.S. government can't spend that money anywhere except in Japan and Germany.

Well, then, it is suggested, why not set up big cancer-research projects in Germany and Japan and finance them with part of these funds?

Suppose $100,000,000 were to be earmarked for such projects out of the total of $645,000,000. That would pay for around 10 times as much cancer research as is now being carried on in the United States. Or, to say it in terms of time, we could finance as much cancer research in one year by this method as we can finance in 20 years at present rates of expenditure. In five years, we could carry out a program which normally would take 100 years.

We don't like to sound a defeatist note in this connection; but if 100 years' worth of cancer research won't produce a cure for cancer, maybe there never will be a cure.

There are several other obvious advantages in this plan, it seems to us.

For one, it wouldn't cost the American taxpayer an extra thin dime. The research projects in Japan and Germany would be financed by a clever shifting of money which the American taxpayer already is destined to spend.

For another, German and Japanese scientists would probably be attracted to these local projects in considerable numbers—meaning that the talents which they employed so energetically for war purposes would be given a peaceable and constructive outlet.

For a third advantage, the Germans and Japanese would realize that, in respect to cancer research at least, they were paying their own way in large part, instead of depending wholly on U.S. charity. That ought to restore considerable self-respect to these conquered peoples, which should be a gain all around.

Large cancer-research projects abroad, too, should be attractive to some of our young and promising research scientists who would like to get around and see something of the world outside their own country.

As we understand the matter, Congressional action would not be necessary to put this plan into operation. It could be got under way by combined action of the State and War Departments, with the co-operation of General MacArthur in Japan and of General Lucius Clay in Germany.

Outstanding cancer specialists in the United States could supervise the setting up of the projects, and our information is that some of them would be more than glad to do so.

The result would be an all-out attack on one of the most dreaded and mysterious of all diseases—an attack manned by the best scientific brains of three countries and amply financed. In the end, a specific for cancer might be developed.

As indicated above, we're not dogmatizing on this subject, or waving the arms and shouting that the thing has got to be done or else.

We're not sure that it is feasible. But on the other hand, we can't pick any serious flaws in it.

We do want to toss it into the U.S. forum for general debate, discussion, analysis and all that, and to ask that this plan for at least $100,000,000 worth of cancer research be carefully considered by anybody and everybody who has anything constructive to contribute to the argument.



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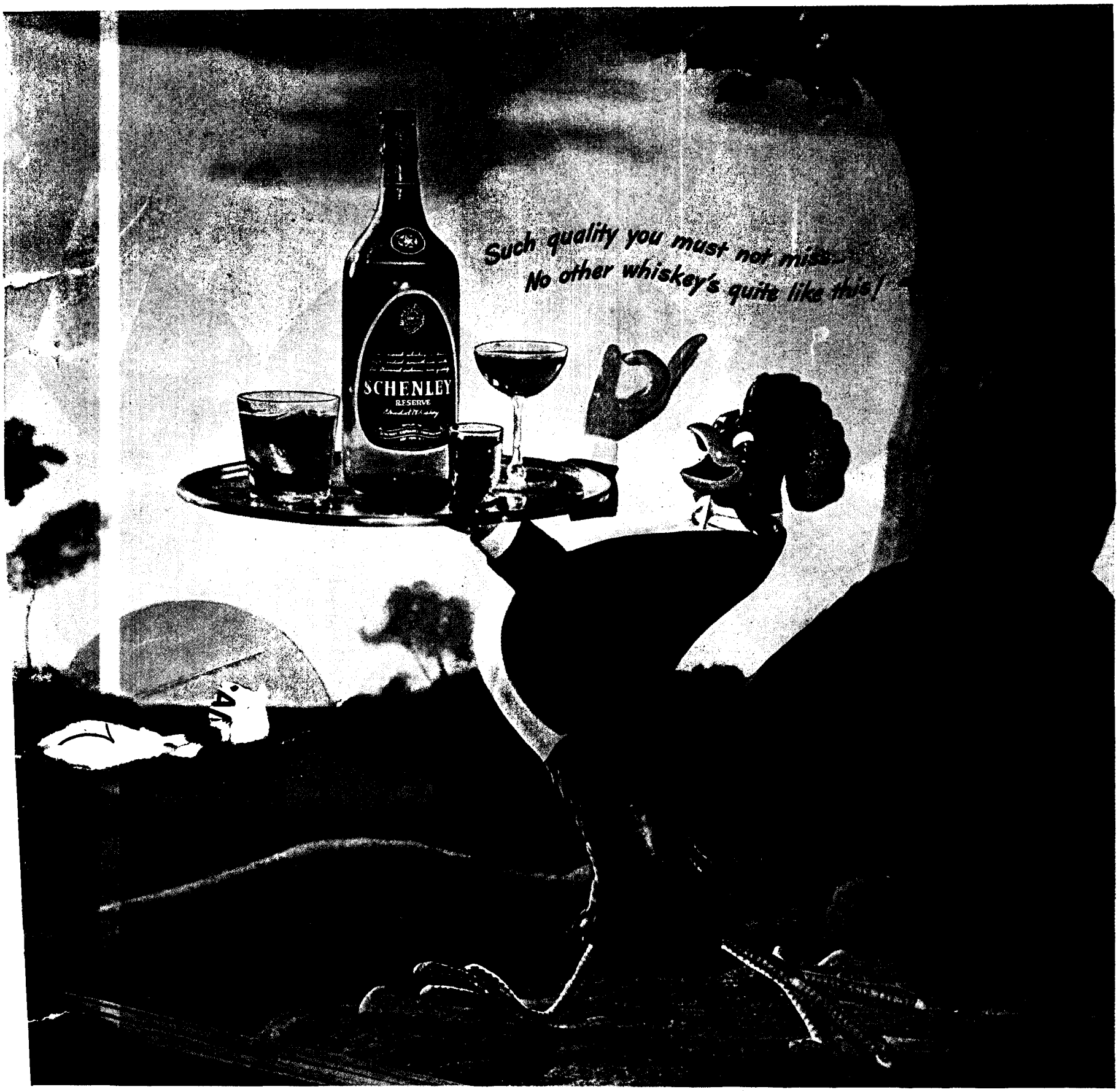


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**The wartime cigarette shortage was an experience that switched millions of critical smokers to Camels**

BRONC-RIDING champion Jerry Ambler is just one of millions, but his *experience* during the wartime cigarette shortage is typical: "I took any brand I could get. I couldn't help comparing. Camels suit me best in every way. It's swell to get Camels again regularly."

Yes, those choice Camel quality tobaccos are available again in sufficient quantity to insure all the Camels you want. And, when you smoke Camels, you can be sure of this: We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel-way, are used in Camels.

*According to a recent Nationwide survey:*

# MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

*than any other cigarette*

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU
...T for Taste...T for Throat...
that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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